

Germans Not Starving, but Badly Pinched for Food; Situation Not Likely to Improve

SHORT RATIONS ARE DUE TO THE BAD HARVESTS. Lack of Labor a Handicap; British Soon to Restrict Imports.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

BERNE (Switzerland), Feb. 16. (Via London.)—The food situation in Germany may not grow worse, but it scarcely can become better. This is the outstanding feature of Germany's great problem.

The German people as yet are not starving, and they still have provisions in adequate quantities to support life, while in the case of other countries the situation is becoming desperate. The German people are still in the possession of a large stock of food, but the situation is becoming desperate. The German people are still in the possession of a large stock of food, but the situation is becoming desperate.

Many agricultural experts believe that the Central Empire did as well in both years as can be expected, and that the population of Germany and Austria must reconcile themselves to getting along during the common harvest year on no greater allowance than in the past. The problem, as far as the agricultural situation is concerned, is not one of more land for cultivation, but of labor and fertilizer to cultivate the land already available advantageously.

Even the normal supply of potatoes—a fertilizing material indigenous to Germany in quantities which will not be available the coming season owing to the labor shortage. The many factors which are working against the normal supply of potatoes are the labor shortage, the many factors which are working against the normal supply of potatoes are the labor shortage, the many factors which are working against the normal supply of potatoes are the labor shortage.

LABOR ALSO SHORT.—The steadily short supply of labor, even by working and the inhabitants of occupied districts, is not enough for the intensive cultivation which made Germany a world leader in big crop farming.

Taking all these factors into consideration, it is highly improbable that there will be any increase in general crop production in 1917 and 1918. Weather conditions may, as in 1915, produce a bumper crop of wheat and a poor grain crop, or the reverse, but the general result probably will be about the same.

IN EAST PRUSSIA.—In the small towns and villages of East Prussia, the food situation is becoming desperate. The food situation is becoming desperate. The food situation is becoming desperate. The food situation is becoming desperate.

The food distribution department, which has been working for some time to bring the entire supply of such articles within the food distribution scheme to insure that the food supply is adequate, is now working to bring the entire supply of such articles within the food distribution scheme to insure that the food supply is adequate.

HELP FOR FUTURE.—Very little help, Altdorf, president of the food regulation board, said, that a wheat and rye crop can be expected from outside sources in the future. Neighboring countries, he said, being under the steadily increasing pressure of the British sea control, would have little or nothing available for export to Germany.

The food expert of New Cologne, one of the municipalities of Greater Berlin, stated recently that the current allowance of meat, fat, bread and potatoes was inadequate for winter conditions, and that the food situation was becoming desperate. The food situation is becoming desperate. The food situation is becoming desperate. The food situation is becoming desperate.

So far the people of Germany are holding out well, though with a year's delay.

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great deal of grumbling in urban and industrial regions, where conditions are worst. The German people are still well disciplined and for the present are not apt to give way to pressure and to abandon the war, in which they now feel they are standing with their backs to the wall with no alternative except to fight on the struggle for national existence.

The government has had no trouble of moment in keeping citizens from deserting, though the reported from time to time in the foreign press are either inventions or exaggerated accounts of unemployment demonstrations. As to actual conditions: Potatoes are still in short supply, and the government is planning to return as soon as possible to the normal supply of potatoes. The government is planning to return as soon as possible to the normal supply of potatoes.

Meat rations may and probably will be increased from the present 150 grams of half a pound, to 160 grams weekly, though at the expense of next year's prospective supply. There is no hope for an increase in the production of meat, though the government is planning to return as soon as possible to the normal supply of meat.

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S.O.S. FAKIR IS ARRESTED.

Brooklyn Boy's False Call Brings Swift Action by Radio Men.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—A false "S.O.S." message, "We are sinking," William F. Eckhoff, a 16-year-old Brooklyn boy with a wireless apparatus on the roof of his home, was arrested today and held in \$500 bail by a United States Commissioner. Louis Kruman, chief radio officer of the battery, Eckhoff is charged with sending out a message January 11, and signing the name of the Arlington station. The Arlington's wireless operator caught the message and assumed a ship was in distress. Investigation showed, however, that the Arlington station had not sent the message. Eckhoff was located by the Federal authorities, when, after a search, he was arrested.

Denounces Fakes.

(Continued from First Page.)

organization "believes the American people should enter war without any more 'wasteful waiting.'"

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—Transportation conditions in the section west of New York, extending from the Mississippi River, are chiefly responsible for the freight congestion throughout the country, and not the lack of shipping tonnage, according to a statement issued today. The statement was issued by the American Railway Union, which is in better condition to handle freight than the winter season.

Where it is not for the embargo placed by the lines west of Buffalo, the freight situation would be much better. The freight situation would be much better. The freight situation would be much better. The freight situation would be much better.

SITUATION IN BRITAIN. (BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

LONDON, Feb. 16, 6:10 p.m.—Premier Lloyd George will not make his anticipated announcement Monday regarding the further restriction of imports, which was to be made at the request of stockholders, it was learned tonight, to look into the financial affairs of the Astra.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—A committee of bankers has been formed at the request of stockholders, it was learned tonight, to look into the financial affairs of the Astra.

ACQUIT LOS ANGELES WOMAN OF THEFT.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

BOSTON, Feb. 16.—Mrs. Charlotte Therk of Los Angeles was found not guilty by a jury in the Federal court today of the theft of \$10,000 in cash and jewelry from the National Shawmut Bank of this city. Therk, who had been employed as a manager in the bank, had been charged with the theft of the money. Her defense was that she had been employed in the bank, and that she had been charged with the theft of the money.

OBITUARY.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

PARIS, Feb. 16, 5:30 p.m.—The Petit Journal reports the death at Meudon, after a long and painful illness, of the famous sculptor, Mme. Rodin, whose maiden name was Rose Beuret, married January 29, to the sculptor.

DETROIT THREATENS FUEL CONFISCATION.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

DETROIT, Feb. 16.—To relieve a threatened fuel famine here, Mayor Mears in a statement to the public today announced that if any dealer who had coal on public tender tracks anywhere in the city, refused to deliver it from the cars to the consumer at a "reasonable price," the city would confiscate the coal and deliver it to citizens in need.

TURKS TO MAKE GRAND EFFORT.

Will Fight to Last Man to Keep Constantinople.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

ITALIANS SHELL AUSTRIANS SOUTH OF GORIZIA.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

French in Surprise Attacks in Argonne Region.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

LONDON, Feb. 16.—Turkey will fight to the last man to keep Constantinople, declared a Bey of the Turkish Grand Vizier, in a statement before the chamber on the policy of the new Cabinet, according to a Constantinople telegram forwarded by Reuter's Amsterdam correspondent. After referring to the sacrifice of Turkey, he said: "We shall preserve in this gigantic struggle in close fraternity of arms with our allies."

It was impossible in the present internal reforms, he said, to concentrate on the difficulties created by the war. The Chamber passed a unanimous vote of confidence in the government.

FIGHT NEAR GORIZIA.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

ROME, Feb. 16 (via London), 6:30 p.m.—The War Office today reported: "Last night we shelled enemy infantry, collecting in the neighborhood of St. Catherine. East of Gorizia some hostile detachments, which were our lines were surrounded and taken prisoner. South of Gorizia the enemy attempted to advance towards our Sober and Verbova positions, but were promptly stopped by our fire."

There was the usual artillery fire all along the front yesterday.

THE GERMAN POSITIONS.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

LONDON, Feb. 16, 10:10 p.m.—British headquarters in France report: "We entered German positions southeast of Soches during the night and captured several prisoners. All our party returned safely. An enemy party that reached our lines northeast of Armentieres early this morning was promptly stopped by our fire."

The enemy's artillery has shown great activity in the neighborhood of Saluette (Somme). There was considerable activity by both sides near the front.

Yesterday one British airplane and three German ones were seen. The British airplane was shot down in aerial fight. Five other enemy machines were seen. The British airplane was shot down in aerial fight. Five other enemy machines were seen.

PARIS VERSION.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

PARIS, Feb. 16.—The War Office tonight reported: "At 11 o'clock last night in the region of Berry-au-Bac, in the Argonne, our troops surprised and captured about thirty prisoners. To the west of Les Malons de."

Battle Sortie.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

BERLIN, Feb. 16 (via Saville).—Troops of the German Crown Prince in an attack against French positions south of Ripont, in the Champagne yesterday, the War Office announced today, on a front of about a mile and a half, captured a depth of half a mile. The German troops captured a depth of half a mile. The German troops captured a depth of half a mile.

The attack, prompted by intense artillery fire, was made mainly against French positions at Malsons de Champagne farm and hill No. 185, about one-third of a mile south of the farm. Four lines of French positions were stormed in the attack. The French made counterattacks last night and this morning, but were repulsed with losses. The German losses are said to have been small. The statement issued today by the German General Headquarters reads:

"Eastern front, front of Prince Leopold: Between the Baltic and the Danube, during the snowstorms and cold weather, there was fighting activity only in a few sectors. On the Quersven Solovina, our outpost southwest of Borchendorf (Galicia) repulsed a Russian attack. 'Army group of Field Marshal von Mackensen: The situation is quiet. 'Macedonian front: There is nothing new to report."

AIR RAID NEAR DUNKIRK.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

BERLIN, Feb. 16 (via London), 10:44 p.m.—An official communication today said: "Naval airplanes again Wednesday evening successfully bombed the aerodrome near Dunkirk. Hits and a confusion were observed in the airfield. All the airplanes returned without damage."

RAISER CONGRATULATES SON.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

BERLIN, Feb. 16, 7:47 p.m.—An official communication says Emperor William has congratulated his grandson Crown Prince, congratulating him and his troops for their successful defense of the French in Champagne, which has maintained their reputation for smart action.

PLEASE GET OFF THE LINE!

Colorado Farmers Ask the State to Bar Goats' from Pastures.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

DENVER, Feb. 16.—The State House Utilities Commission today was asked to prevent women in Southern Colorado from monopolizing rural telephone lines with neighborhood gossip. D. A. Strong of Mead, Colo., testifying before the commission in the interest of the rate and service of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, said the farmers were unable to transact business over the telephone, and requested the State commission to remedy conditions.

Champaign, the artillery activity continues. The fire of our heavy batteries caused the enemy to abandon the region of Louvain, an ammunition depot at Mancre, to the north of Tabora.

Louvain, near Normey, a German reconnaissance party was surprised by our fire and scattered. The enemy left behind several dead. In the Vosges, to the south of St. Marie Pass, an enemy long-range gun fired several shells in the direction of Nancy.

All along the Belgian front artillery activity is being maintained day and night.

WOULD CREATE STATE TO PAY VIRGINIA DEBT.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

CHARLESTON (W. Va.) Feb. 16.—A resolution was introduced in the West Virginia House of Delegates today to create a new State from the counties of Ohio, Brooke, Hancock and Marshall, with a view of thereby providing sufficient revenue to pay the Virginia debt judgment. The four counties have an area of 553 square miles.

GUARD CRADLE OF LIBERTY.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 16.—A board of commissioners to care for, control and superintend the internal arrangements of Independence Hall and its historical annexes, Congress Hall and the old City Hall, was organized yesterday by the city council. The municipal legislators also repealed all ordinances granting permission to societies to use any of the buildings constituting the Independence Hall group.

FRENCH ADVANCE LEGAL TIME.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

PARIS, Feb. 16, 8:45 p.m.—The Chamber of Deputies today adopted a bill permanently advancing the legal time one hour during the summer. The setting forward of the clock is to begin on the first of April and will be in force until the first Sunday in October.

GRAND OPERA IN ST. LOUIS.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 16.—The first production of the grand opera, "The Barber of Seville," was given tonight. The principal parts were taken by Florence Constancio.

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WILSON FIRM FOR INAUGURAL.

Will Strain the Railroads, but Fete will be Held.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

Lines at Service of Country Should War Break Out.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

Coal and Sugar Famine is Reported at Capital.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Feb. 16.—In spite of appeals from railroad and coal magnates who are standing every effort to relieve the freight congestion, the inaugural fete March 5, will neither be called off nor abridged in any way. This statement was made at the White House tonight after the receipt of a telegram from C. W. Watson, president of the Consolidation Coal Company, who told Secretary Tamm that the calling off the inaugural festivities would take a big load off the railroads. His views had the endorsement of prominent railroad men.

The show will go on. Washington hotels are preparing for the record business of their history. Souvenir merchants have laid in their stocks. Enormous reviewing stands are being erected the length of Pennsylvania avenue. Spare rooms are being fitted up with collapsible beds for lodgers.

TO RUN MANY SPECIALS.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

To haul the scores of thousands who will come here to see President Wilson take his second oath, the railroads will run hundreds of special passenger trains to and from Washington in the few days preceding the inauguration. They hope to do it with the maximum of dispatch and the minimum of inconvenience. But they admit that right at this moment, when passenger traffic is normal, the traffic situation is terrifying.

Today Washington is in the throes of a coal famine and a sugar famine. The situation is becoming desperate. The situation is becoming desperate. The situation is becoming desperate.

There was a good deal of disappointment among railroad men gathered here for a conference on the freight tie-up, when the answer of the White House came back without even a moment's hesitation. The proposal to call off the celebration was not even laid before the President. It was said, but was said on by Secretary Tamm and the committee in charge of the inaugural plans.

WIRE TO PRESIDENT.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—A telegram of congratulatory and congratulatory conditions to the President, which was sent to the President's residence, was received by the President's residence, which was received by the President's residence, which was received by the President's residence.

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Riverside Beats San Mateo at Polo-Relay Carnival is this Afternoon at Bovard Field

RIVERSIDE POLO FOUR AGAIN BEAT SAN MATEO.

Northerners Nosed Out by Hugh Drury's Team by One Score in a Battle Which Closely Resembles Monday's Fracas—Tournament to End Tomorrow—Pasadena Players Cancel Today's Game.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

RIVERSIDE, Feb. 16.—In a game for the polo title, Riverside's polo team took the that was free from penalties, victory from San Mateo again today that was horse-race every by one goal and by almost identical foot of the way and that taxed play-ly the same score that was made on ere and ponies to their utmost ef- Monday, 9 to 7.

MOTOR CAR DEALERS ASSOCIATION DIRECTORY

BUICK—HOWARD AUTO CO., 1323 So. Flower St. Home 60009; Main 9040.

CADILLAC "8"—G. M. C. TRUCK—Don Lee, 12th and Main Sts. Phone: Main 8763; 60339.

CHALMERS—HUPMOBILE—Greer-Robbins Co., Twelfth and Flower Streets. Broadway 5410; A1187.

CHANDLER—Earl V. Armstrong, Inc. 1144 South Hope Street. Main 3459—60895.

MITCHELL—SAXON—J. V. BALDWIN MOTOR COMPANY, 12th & Olive. Phone: Bdwy. 148; 60517.

Times Directory of Motor Trucks MORELAND

"To die for nobody knows what, at the call of nobody knows whom—that is the current definition of patriotism."

Thus speaks Dr. David Starr Jordan. He knows. In May, 1914, he was in the Balkans studying the aftermath of the two Balkan wars. He describes the fearful horrors, the wailing misery that was the heritage of a small, short conflict. What of the misery that will follow the Great War? His brilliant summary of conditions in the world's powder magazine—the Balkans—is worth the attention of every thoughtful person.

One mine harnessed tiny air bubbles to its mill and through them saved fifty million pounds of copper in a year. In another mine these air bubbles increased the production of zinc from the same amount of ore by 200,000 pounds every day. In "Golden Bubbles" Walter V. Woehike describes the most important discovery of the mining industry since the days of '49 in his usual entertaining manner.

Other important features are:

The Raised Fist of Labor

An analysis of the trades union problem confronting the Far West.

Giving the New Settler a Lift

Showing the damage caused by land speculation and pointing out a remedy.

"Go and Sin No More"

An account of the underworld's sensational answer to the "vice crusaders" of San Francisco.

Motor Money for the Miner

How the auto is helping the prospector to develop claims in isolated districts.

The Star-Spangled Sockeye

How Canadian salmon was abducted and forcibly naturalized in the U. S. A.

The Pulse of the Pacific

Terse editorial discussion of live Far West topics.

Butterfly Trees

The mystery of the Monarch and its unusual winter home.

Over the Border

A smashing timely novel by Herman Whitaker.

Bremington's Job

The story of a big hearted miner and a proud widow; by Ross B. Davis.

"Si, Senior!"

A picturesque lesson in contentment, by Torrey Connor.

Interesting Westerners

Who's Who West of the Rockies.

and six other features all in

SUNSET for March

Out Today. Fifteen Cents on All Newstands.

PLAYERS TO BE SOLDIERS.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—American League baseball parks during the playing season are to be turned into military training camps and the players are to devote one hour a day to instruction. The league has adopted a resolution to this effect.

The resolution directs that the military instruction shall begin in each spring training camp and that the travel from the hotels to the grounds be executed in military fashion. Major league players, it is stated, are looked upon as heroes by the boys and young men of America, "and appearances upon the field, trained in military tactics, we believe, would arouse in the hearts of our boys an ambition to emulate their example in doing something for the country."

And from the two exhibitions that have been given, all that the polo lover can ask in the way of excitement will be furnished in the third meeting on Sunday afternoon, the match that will mark the close of the Riverside tournament. It had been planned to continue the tournament to Washington's birthday. Because the players at Coronado refused to come and San Mateo was already scheduled for a game in Santa Barbara on the 22nd, it was decided today to make Sunday's event the final.

A BATTLE ROYAL.

The sport lover who would not have thrilled under the tenacious of today's game would have had to be content with the old-fashioned polo from the starting signal, victory shifting first to one side and then the other and the outcome in doubt until the final bugle call.

Riverside started off in the lead with two goals in the opening period. San Mateo made it 2-all in the second. The third ended 3-all. In the fourth San Mateo took a 3-goal lead and in the fifth Harry Patterson tied it up again, 4-all, amid great excitement. Then the locals cut loose and bunched their hits, Hudson scoring twice and Feltz once, giving Riverside a lead, 8 to 5.

ALL OVER? NO! All over? Not on your life. Tom Driscoll and Harry Hastings brought

it up to 8 to 7 in the seventh. A single goal would have tied it up again and the two teams were then did fight. But Hugh Drury's men were fighting with equal determination and held their opponents scoreless until the bugle call sounded the finish.

Heaving a deep-seated sigh of relief the Riverside fans started home-ward tramping with the thought of victory and determined if they lived till Sunday, to see the final game. It was a rough game. Every player was playing his hardest, but in all the tangles Referee Robert Lee Bettner failed to detect a single foul that called for a penalty. Time and again one team or the other saved a goal by blocking the ball in the short posts but not a safety was necessary.

The Northerners admitted their defeat fairly and without question but it was a defeat which carried with it no dishonor. They are a plucky lot of sportsmen, those northerners and Capt. Driscoll says they proposed to play on there on there of effort to winning Sunday's match and carrying home the handsome trophy offered by Walter Duppe of Coronado.

The box score follows:

RIVERIDE	SAN MATEO
Goals: Hudson 3, Feltz 2, Patterson 2, Driscoll 1	Goals: Driscoll 3, Hastings 2, Bettner 1
Shots: 15	Shots: 12
Goals: 8	Goals: 5

TRUSTY RIFLES TO BE PRIMED.

EXPERTS TO TRY OUT SIGHTS TOMORROW.

Los Angeles Rifle and Revolver Club to Hold Opening Shoot a Week from Sunday and Plan to Test Eyes and Arms on Monkey Drill Course.

BY E. C. CROSSMAN.

A considerable "bill" of near-rifle shots are engaged in getting the kinks out of their spavined systems this week in preparation for the shoot a week from Sunday, or February 25, for the L. O. Gardner trophy, to be shot for over the justly celebrated "monkey drill" course. The coming Sunday is to be devoted to sighting the rifle and the elimination of the "don't-know-where-my-rifle-is-sighted" alibi usually sprung at the opening of a new season.

The trophy goes to the gentleman who wins it three times, not necessarily consecutive, but the sharks are to be "beaten" down to man's size by the introduction of a introduction of a sliding handicap system which gives the better shooter the lead in the pit. The game is a show for their white allies. That is, out of the hundred points possible to make, the sharks will make just as many as the marksmen, while the poorer shots will be handed little extra points of five or ten or more, to add to what they get.

In the official "monkey drill," known in small circles as changing position first, the rifle is caused to flop up and down at intervals of five seconds, five down and five up in sight. During all this excitement in the pit, the shooter fires one shot, another kneeling, a third squatting, a fourth kneeling and the last prone, having to fire during the exposure of the target, and to change position, reload and get ready for the target again, while the pit men are on the pit. Wherefore great joy is anticipated when such gyras appear as Walter Potter, Boynton and Doc Leavitt. Admission is free, but it ought to cost at least a dollar.

The target pistol hung up by E. C. Price, one of the California Rifle Team of 1916, will also be shot for on the 25th, conditions to be announced later.

REDLANDS TO HAVE FIRST TRACK TEAM.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

REDLANDS, Feb. 16.—The track men of the University of Redlands have been preparing for the dual meet with Whittier College to be held here with an interclass meet that has been in progress for several days. The juniors won the contest today by taking sixteen points in the last five events. The total score was juniors, 41; seniors, 18; freshmen, 23; seniors, 18.

Coach Cunningham is more optimistic about the chances of the team winning from Whittier since the meet was held. "Vic" Jones, who won the 100-yard dash today, stepped it off in time that shows up well even in collegiate circles. Olliet won the discus throw, having it about 100 feet, but he was much better. Ford won the half-mile, the mile and the two-mile runs. Fendleton and Sawyer were pushing him hard at the finish of the half-mile.

Abbey showed up well in the 220 dash and Weed, Silke and Trine are doing some good work in the pole vault.

This will be the first time a track team of the university has ever competed with another college in a dual meet and the result will be watched with great interest. Cunningham has more track material this year than he has ever had.

JACK DILLON BEATS GUNBOAT.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 16.—Jack Dillon of Indianapolis was awarded the referee's decision over Gunboat Smith of Philadelphia at the end of a twenty-round bout here tonight. Dillon was the aggressor throughout and was never in much danger. Both the heavyweights were fighting furiously when the final gong rang.

HILLMEN SLIP ONE ON ORANGE

Huntington Park Wins a Semi-final Round.

Profusion of Basketball at the L.A.A.C.

Crescents of Whittier Have Things Easy.

There was a profusion of basketball yesterday. Early in the afternoon Huntington Park defeated San Fernando 27 (semi-finals).

Following are the results:

Huntington Park, 25; San Fernando, 27 (semi-finals).

L.A.A.C., 25; Whittier, 25 (145-pound teams).

Whittier Crescents, 45; L.A.A.C., 23 (heavyweights).

Orange, 29; Hollywood, 43 (semi-finals).

In the opening exhibition of the afternoon Huntington Park had a little too much on the ball and the men from San Fernando couldn't quite fall into their stride.

The game was good in spite of the fact that it started rough. Soon the squads settled down to steady, hard work and from then on Referee Hardesty and Van Matre were the basket shooting stars for the winning team. Both of these gents had numerous chances at the basket and they managed to convert on most of the occasions. East team suffered the loss of one man, due to the work early in the game.

In the other semi-final match Orange ran into hard luck and Hollywood swiped the honors, 43 to 29. The first half was entirely Hollywood and they were ahead at the scheduled meeting here today. The league playing schedule for 1917 was adopted, but it will not be made public until February 24. The season will consist of 113 games, opening April 17.

President Barrow said the league took no action in reference to the Baseball Players' Fraternity.

TWO RIDERS DROP OUT OF BIKE RACE.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

CHICAGO, Feb. 16.—Charles Pfeiffer of Australia and Tom Smith of Newark, N. J., riding in the six-day bicycle race at the Smith-Pfeiffer track, dropped out of the contest late today, the strain having told on them to an extent that made further exertion unsafe. The two riders were dropped from the race had gone 1974 miles and four laps at the end of the 11th hour tonight.

BILLY MURRAY TO BOX AT MEXICALI.

Joe Flores, one of the boxing promoters of Mexicali, reported last night that Joe Ferro would box Billy Murray twenty-rounds in the new arena at Mexicali on the border on Washington's Birthday.

"I have just received a telegram," he said, "from Matchmaker John Morris in which he says that he has matched the two. We expect to put on some big bouts, finally ending up with some championship affairs."

NAVAL ACADEMY TO HOLD ATHLETICS.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

ANNAPOLIS, Feb. 16.—The stringent restrictions that have been enforced at the naval academy will be loosened this week by allowing the week-end athletic events, but the public will be barred. Events scheduled for Saturday include a gymnastic meet and fencing bouts with teams of the University of Pennsylvania and a wrestling meet with the University of Pittsburgh.

KID HERMAN HOLDS ERTLE TO A DRAW.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 16.—"Kid" Herman, Pekin, Ill., bantamweight boxer, held Johnny Ertle, St. Paul, to a draw here tonight in a ten-round no-decision contest, the majority of sporting writers agreed.

Feels Strong and Fast.

DEMETRAL TALKS ABOUT DOWNING GUS IN HURRY.

BY HOWARD ANGUS.

"Demetral thinks because he can throw a few amateurs around that he is a draw here tonight in a ten-round no-decision contest, the majority of sporting writers agreed."

Bill Demetral did not waste yesterday in the morning he went on the road and was afraid that more work in one day would make him sick. He was in excellent condition now, having just finished training for his Santel match.

Kervaras worked out as usual for an hour on the mat. For fifteen minutes he wrestled with Connor, trying out various holds under the eagle eye and directions of Romanoff.

Kervaras wrestled with the big Russian.

Kervaras is limiting his training to mat work. He is doing no running, and for the time being has abandoned mountain climbing. Romanoff, who is in the line of his last match with Lewis and that his wrestler needs more mat work, speed and science.

"Gus is strong enough and has wind enough. What he needs is wrestling and plenty of it."

JOE STECHER SAYS HE'S READY

[DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

SAN FRANCISCO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Feb. 16.—Joe Stecher, heavyweight wrestling champion of the world from a professional standpoint, but the youngest looking, unassuming champion in appearance, that has graced the athletic game in many a day, reached San Francisco tonight. Stecher is prepared to go through with his two and a half-hour match against Ad Santel on Thursday afternoon, and declared that three or four days of work will put him in the shape for the bout.

With Stecher was Antonio Stecher, brother and trainer; Mrs. Antonio Stecher and Joe F. Hetman, manager. The Stechers have come to the West prepared not alone to meet the Santel bout, but anxious to accept other matches if they are offered. There are exceptions to this programme, however, as in the case of both Santel and Lewis and John Olin, Stecher preferring to meet them in Omaha if he meets them at all.

DONALDSON'S COMING EXCITES SEMI-PROS.

The Los Angeles White Sox will not play San Diego at Vernon tomorrow; the southern team has run out on them, evidently fearing Donaldson's prowess.

Joe Orendorf, however, will accompany the White Sox by sending a team of picked major and Coast League players against Donaldson. "We'll find out," said Joe, "whether the Donaldson is a 'colored Waddell' or not. McGraw says he's worth \$50,000 to a club. We're from Missouri."

The San Diego Merchants, the semi-pro champions of Southern California, are also looking for a chance at Donaldson. Manager Hendrie last night issued a challenge to the negro team.

"They have been dodging us all season," he said. "We're just as ready to meet them as they are without him. If they are hard up for a game, why don't they ask us to play?"

The Merchants are willing to risk their title and all for a chance at Donaldson. Pete Schneider is the Merchants' twirler and a moving battle between that big major leaguer and Donaldson would be worth seeing.

HOLD A MEETING OF INTERNATIONALS.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

NEWARK (N. J.), Feb. 16.—All of the International League baseball clubs are expected to hold a meeting here today. The league playing schedule for 1917 was adopted, but it will not be made public until February 24. The season will consist of 113 games, opening April 17.

President Barrow said the league took no action in reference to the Baseball Players' Fraternity.

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RELAY RACES TO BE TODAY

Three Hundred Athletes Entered.

Keppla Cancels the Feature Event.

Adkinson and Banks in Competition.

BY WARDE POWELL.

Wild carnivals will take place at relay carnivals this afternoon. Three hundred athletes are entered in the relay events and the show will be to be started between the hours of 1:30 and 5 o'clock. Now the gang can look around the Bovard Field in that time.

In several of the larger events, teams will be made to start at the same time, or to go away with several teams would provide all the excitement in the world. With thirty or more teams tearing into the tape at the same time, or trying to pass a team waiting colleague, something would happen.

The springs, of course, will be divided up and early heats will be run at the start of the relay events.

The finals about 4:30 o'clock. The high school 100-yard relay heats will be necessary to the finals. From test to the finals, the members of the City Com-tee will be necessary to the finals.

The fourth race, which has been featured, is the 100-yard relay. Verle Murray, has been mostly called off. Driscoll, Keppla, when questioned about the abandonment of this race, the question by claiming that he had heard of this event of the coming of the City Com-tee. It thought, however, that it was afraid he would have to be called the race off. It was a great event, he said.

Ray Adkinson and Charles Keppla are scheduled to start in the 100-yard relay. The building site is a lot of dirt, just north of the post-office. The entire lot and is to face a Worcester avenue.

San Diego. The Oriental auto bags, \$2 to Grace Nicholson's Shop. The shop should have one of the cars.

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WANTED—
Help, Male.

The Times uses every reasonable precaution to
 secure fair and accurate advertising from its
 columns. To this end, advertising patrons, as
 well as those who answer Times advertisements,
 are requested to report the results of inquiries
 and communications to The Times Local Classified

WANTED - YOUNG WOMEN
 desiring
PERMANENT POSITIONS
 as **TELEPHONE OPERATORS**
EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITIES
FOR ADVANCEMENT.
THE PACIFIC
TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH
COMPANY,
 1200 S. Hope st.

WANTED-AT HAMBURGERS--
THOROUGHLY EXPERIENCED MAKERS AND
TRIMMERS APPLY SUPERINTENDENT'S OF
FICE, BEFORE 11 A.M.

WANTED-RELIABLE GIRL FOR COOKING AND
managing general housework, family 3 adults
2 children; wages \$30. 600 ELDEN AVE. 1118
car.

WANTED-GIRL WHO TAKES GOOD IN PRO-
tecting; experience unnecessary. Call today at
CONTINENTAL HOTEL, 620 S. MIL. C. BUREAU.
from 12 a.m. to 1 p.m.

WANTED-AN EXPERIENCED SECOND GIRL

BEAUTY BLIND.
WANTED - LADIES TO LEARN BEAUTY COURSE. FLORENTINE HAIRDRESSING COLLEGE, largest, 2211 Metropolitan Place, No. 2.
WANTED - GIRL JUST OUT OF SCHOOL. Work in office, home, or outside of country. No charge and not afraid of work. DIAMOND LANE LRY, 241 E. 9th.
WANTED - WOMAN TO DO CHAMBER WORK part of day for suite of furnished rooms at \$12 a week. Apply 1010 Franklin Ave. Phone 571.
WANTED - YOUNG LADY STUDENT TO ASSIST in housework or room board and small occupation. 6020 FRANKLIN AVE. Phone 571.
WANTED - EXPERIENCED MILLINERY SALE

WANTED—GIRL TO ASSIST YOUNG MOTHER
\$10 per month, room and board. Apply
W. 40TH ST.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED ARM WAITRESS
Sunday work. Apply—ORIGINAL ALTA LIND
ROOM, 304 E. Seventh St.

WANTED—BRIGHT INTELLIGENT WOMAN
Address
box 552, THREE SPRING ST. BRANCH

WANTED—EXPERIENCED GERMAN OR H
garian cook, none other need apply.
A. BALEFART. Phone Winifree 6099.

WANTED—YOUNG GERMAN GIRL TO AS
sist with housework. Apply 1280 GINARD ST
WINIFREE

WANTED—COLORED WOMAN 1800 GINARD ST

WANTED—OFFICE GIRL (HALF DAYS) for change for tuition. CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, 1000 Commercial Bldg.

WANTED—MAKERS, APPRENTICES AND STUDENTS for wholesale millinery. Apply MILLER & BAAS CO., 720 S. Broadway.

WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED GLOVE FITTER. WOOD'S EXCLUSIVE GLOVE HOUSE, 424 S. Broadway.

WANTED—CHINESE GIRLS IMMEDIATELY. Experience unnecessary. Apply ARIAL THEATRE.

WANTED—SECOND GIRL, GOOD REFERENCER, for Pasadena, two in family, French, some of English preferred. COLORADO 2302.

WANTED—FIVE EXPERIENCED WAITRESSES
 \$300 room and board per month. Phone MA
 4283. 00004. Beverly Hills Hotel.

WANTED—EXPERT WHITE WOMAN COOK FOR
 six in family must have excellent references.
 Salary \$100 per month between 9 and 18, COLO-
 RADO 279, Pasadena.

WANTED—GOOD EXPERIENCED WHITE WOMAN
 to work in kitchen in restaurant; wage
 \$1 per day. 1811 CAMUENGA AVE., Hollywood.

WANTED—3 SALESMEN APPLY 271 S.
 MAIN ST.

WANTED—TANNER, DORRIN MILLER, 27
 S. COLONIAL ST., Pasadena.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED WAITRESSES

WANTED—EXPERIENCED WAITRESS AT COUNTRY HOUSES—COUNTRY COUNTER, 108 W. Main.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED CANDY GIRL, A VERY CRISPAL CONFECTIONERY, 861 S. Main.

WANTED—HELPER ON FINE MADE-TO-ORDER SUITS, 410 TITLE GUARANTEE BLDG.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED MANGLE GIRL, 201 W. 415 N. SIXTH ST. Call Travel Agency.

WANTED—LIVE WIRE, MINING STOCK SALESMAN. 878 WILCOX BLDG.

WANTED—
Help, Male and Female.

Space is not given under this heading to advertisements.

WANTED—ALL COLORED—
 and wife in private families, \$50 to \$75 month;
 over 150 women domestics, from \$20 to \$40
 month; 2 chambermaids, big hotel, Imperial Val-
 ley, \$40 month and lunch, tickets at my office,
 1000 Broadway, Los Angeles, 2000; 2 female bar-
 tenders, \$45 month; hotel runner and waiter, Ari-
 zona, \$40 month and board; ball dancer to
 travel with show, \$30 month and board; woman
 to travel with show, \$25 month and board;
 ready now. Women in big demand all over.
 See me quick.
 COLEMAN, The Old Redline,
 1000 Broadway, 2100.

WANTED—CHINA MAKERS FOR MOLD WORK.
 Best. Ready. Address JES DEB-
 BARD, 717 19th St., Madison.

**Help, Male and Female.
To Learn Trades.**

**WANTED—LEARN BEAUTY CULTURE, HAIR-
manufacturing. LEADER COLLEGE OF HAIR-
DRESSING, 228 Maroonville Place, Mrs. Harris.**

WANTED—

**Help, Male and Female.
(Instruction Courses.)**

**WANTED—EXPERT AUTOMOBILE INSTRUCTION.
Low rates. NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ENGINEER-
ING & PNEUMATICS, Catalogue free.**

**WANTED—MAGNIFICENT PIANO PLAYING FAULTLESS
TASTE. Write for Brochure. CHARTER
PENN SCHOOL OF POPULAR MUSIC, 22 Walnut
St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

WANTED - YOUNG MEN. PREPARE FOR MAIL-
ing mail clerks. WILSON, 601 West-
ern Bldg.

WANTED - YOUNG MAN TO LEARN AUTO-
mobile business. Good proposition. Call at
720 CENTRAL AVENUE.

WANTED - MEMBERS WITH TALENT TO JOIN
amateur sports club. Address R. box 582,
1005 SPRING ST. BRANCH.

WANTED - INSTRUCTION COURSE; LADIES
and GENTLEMEN. For further particulars, con-
sulting. MAC DONALD'S, 204, Newcastle Place.

WANTED - ONE V.M.C.A. AUTO SCHOOL. ONE
started right. 781 S. HOPE.

WANTED - SALESMEN -

WANTED—EXPERIENCED, ENERGETIC SALESMAN to sell top-selling machinery and supplies to travel Southern California. Must be able to sell and produce results. Address, **Wanted Salesman**, care of this office, 1400 **U. S. 10th St.,** **LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**

WANTED—BEER SALESMAN, MUST BE FIRST class, sober, associated with trade in Los Angeles vicinity. Make qualifications, salary and references, **Address G. box 184, TIMES OFFICE.**

WANTED—AGENTS TO SELL AUTOMATIC BLACK and white cameras. The cameras are made of automatically glass windows, colorfast houses, banks, electric signs, factories, etc. **PACIFIC COAST ELECTRIC TIME CONTROL CO., 305 Pine, Long Beach.**

SITUATIONS, Male.

Business is not given under this heading to ad-
vertisers soliciting business partners.

WANTED—BY EXPERIENCED JAPANESE. POSITION
at waiter, general house worker, small
business, or as a cook, restaurant, 1114
15 Calhoun ave. Holmden, N. J. 87914.

WANTED—POSITION AS CHAUFFEUR IN FAMILY
by experienced Japanese auto driver, with
license. No objection for side work. GEORGE
TSA, 822 Wall st.

WANTED—CHINESE FIRST-CLASS COOK.
Wanted position in family. 800 K ALAMEDA
CHINA PALACE, CHINA HOUSE 221.

WANTED—POSITION GARDEN LANE FLORIST.

WANTED - JAPANESE, PORTION IN PRIVATE
home as first-class cook, many years expe-
rience; needs FRANK. Phone 1200, MA
WANTED - RELIABLE JAPANESE YOUNG MAN
wants position as school boy, c. 5:30pm. Phone
560, FRANK.

WANTED - FIRST-CLASS COOK, CHAUFFEUR,
young Japanese, thoroughly competent; will
do your errands. Key F0241.

WANTED - GARDENING BY FIRST-CLASS GAR-
dener by month or day. PHONE 1200, MA
WANTED - POSITION JAPANESE COOK OR
housework; good experience. Address R, box
10. TIME SPRING ST. BRANCH.

WHERE. WRET 2800.
ANTED-POSITION AS CHAUFFEUR. WHITE
 man, do not drink or use tobacco; own working
 garage. CARL BERGGUOT, 200 E. 52nd st.
ANTED-PLASTERER WANTS DAY WORK on
 all work, cement and brick work. WRET
 2800.
ANTED-OFFICE POSITION BY YOUNG MAN
 experienced in book-keeping, stenography, etc.
 nations; moderate salary. HARRY TIGLIT.
ANTED-POSITION AS STEWARD OR AID
 at and stateroom man. References. Ad-
 vs N. box 258. TIMES OFFICE.
WANTED-JAPANESE, FIRST-CLASS COOK
 and waiter, experienced; highly re-
 commended. O. OLIVE. 6422N. 14th
 ST. N. W.

... private family. Could do anything.
... VIKKI, aka South Olive.

Lines

[illegible]

10 Lines

A vertical strip of film, likely from a microfilm or microfiche, showing a dark, textured surface with a series of sprocket holes along the right edge. The film strip is oriented vertically, and the sprocket holes are visible as a series of white, semi-circular shapes against the dark background. The film itself has a grainy, slightly mottled appearance, typical of older film stock.

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Now Showing
The Fall of a Nation
Three Sessions
Morning, 9 to
1 to 6, admission
limited, 50c.

PEN POINTS

BY THE STAFF

Doesn't look very much like America is to become a Channel.

It will be some time before the Danish look wears off these islands. That "leak" appears to have been mended down to merely a case of thought waves.

"Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" Recruits are needed in both army and navy.

There are nineteen farmers in Congress. Nothing too good for farmers these days.

It is claimed that the new general recall nothing so much as a chicken. Chicken or beef?

Why is it that a mother who thinks well of an unweaned child sometimes quits, but never?

Local fishermen claim that dogfish makes excellent food. Possibly does—for those who eat dogfish.

The Washington Legislature passed a "bone-dry" bill. But the bill is no reason for living in Washington, anyhow.

A local woman has a pet cat called Caruso. Last Caruso the who got into trouble feeding the monkey's case?

Maud Adams has sued her husband, George H. Adams, for \$100,000. Didn't know that Peter Pan Babbie was married.

It is reported that the fleet of submarines is only in the Atlantic. Is the Mole also out on guard on watch?

In Illinois preparations are made to wipe out all smoking and commissions. If the law only strikes California!

Congressional note—"After two hours to a Senate adjourned for the day."

Something else to worry about. The new silver coins are as shiny as the old ones, but they seem of slight holes in the metal.

Some discussion as to whether the better claim on the river and fame of Buffalo Bill, who says every State west of the Mississippi River.

It is simply impossible to get the ink used in stamping on eggs is easily removed. Indefinite ink is poisonous.

Irving Berlin is writing a musical comedy, depicting the life of a man when he was a child and the life of a child when he was a man.

The scene of delicious experience when a cat goes to the rear fence of Buffalo Bill, who says every State west of the Mississippi River.

It is the opinion of officials that a break is sure to come in Germany, but just how or when is the lap of the gods.

When Ambassador Sharp is in a Paris operation, the audience house and the audience house and the audience house and the audience house.

The President of the Board of Health says that there are living nine years ago.

It is claimed that the counting on getting the United States, for the United States, for the United States, for the United States.

Richard Cleveland, son of the President, is one of the members of the revolt against the President, for the President, for the President, for the President.

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SEARCH OF MYSTERY SHIP.

Continued in Pursuit of the Mystery Ship.

Searchers Say It's Warship or Smuggler.

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Will Wed Southern Pacific Official.

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CITY'S FORCED TO SELL LAND.

Water Board Takes Steps to Dispose of Holdings.

Non-sale of Hollywood Bonds Puts Crimp in Finances.

Property Involved Valued at Over Half Million.

Because of the crimp that has been put in the finances of the water department by the failure of plans to sell the Hollywood district water bonds the Board of Public Service Commissioners decided yesterday that it must undertake an immediate campaign for the sale of several parcels of real estate now in the control of the commission. Included in these will be the lot at the southwest corner of Fifth and Olive streets, which has been held as the site for a general administration building, and on which it was proposed to erect a twelve or thirteen-story building.

In order to lose no time in the betterment of services in the Hollywood district, money was advanced from the city water revenues, after the city took over the Union Hollywood Water Company's system, to carry on the work, with the understanding that it should be refunded as soon as the bond money was secured. When this will occur is now very indefinite, it is stated, and there are various demands that cannot be met, because of this drain upon the water revenues; hence the decision to proceed with the real estate sales.

Upon recommendation of President Del Valle, the commission yesterday instructed Land Agent Martin and Commissioner Eriksen to make an immediate appraisal and report on the Olive-street site, the lands in the Hollywood district, the reservoir, lands in the immediate vicinity of Burbank, and a tract of land at Hyde Park.

The Hyde Park lot is 90x160 feet, purchased about six years ago for \$155,000, and estimated to be worth \$250,000. There are 400 acres of land at Burbank, with an average value of \$450 per acre, and thirty acres at Hyde Park, with an average value of \$450 per acre.

Members of the commission stated yesterday that this move does not mean an abandonment of the project of erecting a large building for permanent quarters for the water and power department, but simply a postponement of that project.

"Had we undertaken to build at the Olive-street site," said Commissioner Eriksen, "there would have been much opposition from the library purposes. If they want to buy the property from us, they can have it for a suitable site for the proposed building."

Harry Depp, an actor of this city, filed a petition in bankruptcy in the United States District Court yesterday. His assets are but \$150 to pay liabilities amounting to \$39,771.

Noted actor and director, Colin Campbell, the "movie" director, is a creditor.

Thousands of People Avoid the Congestion on the Times telephone switchboard by telephoning their Sunday calls Friday or Saturday.

Classified Real Estate Advertisements in the Sunday Times must be received by 8 a. m. on Saturday. Ads. will be accepted until 11 p. m. Saturday.

DUNKERLY FUNERAL. Funeral services for Edwin Dunkerly, 73 years old, who died Thursday at his home, No. 238 St. Andrews place, will be held at the residence at 2 o'clock this afternoon. Rev. Noel Porter will officiate. The body will be put in the mausoleum at Inglewood.

Mr. Dunkerly resided in California twelve years and was active in the building business before he retired some years ago. He leaves a widow, Mrs. Eliza A. Dunkerly, one daughter, Mrs. Grace Beam, and one son, William Dunkerly, connected with the Chamber of Commerce foreign trade department.

KILLED BY FALL. Frederick J. Martin of No. 539 South San Pedro street died yesterday at the San Pedro Hospital as a result of a fall from a motorcycle on Harbor boulevard Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Martin was riding on a tandem machine driven by L. P. Lindley and fell off. Mr. Lindley was uninjured.

He was found with a fractured skull. He leaves a widow.

SON OF WARRIORS. Mr. Christopher comes of fighting stock, his father having been a soldier in the Franco-Prussian war, while his grandfather followed Napoleon through his eventful but disastrous career.

While he was fighting in the forest of Aragon, during the early months of the war, Mr. Christopher's wife asked for and secured a divorce, alleging desertion. She was formerly Miss Hazel Cartwright of this city.

The couple met and held their first conversation through the grill of the cashier's cage at the International Bank. When the Christopher boys answered the call of the mother country, Mrs. Emile Christopher was not informed and decided romance was dead. She secured an interlocutory decree of divorce April 1, 1915, but two weeks later, hearing of the brave deeds of her husband, declared she did not know whether to refuse the privilege bestowed by the courts or accept. It was Easter morning, so, instead of casting dice, slipping a coin or taking some other common mode of deciding fate by chance, she placed a number of eggs in a basket. Half the eggs were hard-boiled, the others "raw." She said she would draw out an egg and if it proved hard-boiled she would take her divorce, and if not she would wait the husband. The egg she picked was adamant, and for once the soldier was a loser.

TELLS OF FIGHTING. In speaking of his experiences in the army, Mr. Christopher last evening said: "In the twenty-nine months I was in the army I entirely escaped injury or illness. Hundreds, yes thousands, of my companions lie interred in the trenches they so nobly defended. But our house has escaped, neither of my brothers being injured as yet."

"I was all through the eventful days in front of Verdun and in a few short days returns to that inferno. I am not permitted to talk of even my minor experiences, one of the duties of the soldier being the oath of silence from which has sprung the saying, 'Somewhere in France' Even a mourning parent may not tell where his son fell in battle."

"Americans are everywhere in both the Allied armies and in the Central Powers. Most of them

KEEP IT FLYING.

Beautiful New Flag Unfurled by Universal City Stars.

"That's right, now let us keep the flag flying every day at Universal City, rain or shine."

Thus spoke Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal company, after a beautiful new flag was unfurled yesterday on one of the tall flagpoles at the motion-picture municipality by Mignon Anderson and Molly Malone, dainty stars of the big U company.

"There is nothing under the sun more attractive than the American flag," continued President Laemmle, "and I want the employees of the Universal City to have the national emblem constantly before their view. It is gratifying to see such a hearty patriotic spirit among the Universal salutes, many of whom tell me they are ready to serve should the country call upon them."

Evidence? SAYS HIS ALIBI IS AN UNCHANGED NAME

MAN CHARGED WITH MURDER MAKES A STATEMENT.

Declares Proof that He's not Guilty Lies in Constant Use of Patronym by Which He was Known Here and Having Baggage Marked in Glaring Black.

The "cast iron alibi" of C. K. Whittington, alias Harrison, alias Washington, check worker and alleged murderer of Mrs. Frances Harrison in this city in July, 1915, is the simple fact that after leaving Los Angeles he never changed his name.

Exhibiting an engraved card, showing that he had been employed by Gaston, Williams & Wigmore, Inc., tobacco manufacturers of No. 140 Broadway, New York, the prisoner declared that he could trace every movement since leaving here.

"I registered at hotels from San Francisco to New York, and from New York to New Orleans, and into Texas, using my own name," the prisoner declared. He also pointed to the fact that his extensive array of baggage was all marked in glaring black letters, "C. K. W."

Letters found in his possession indicated that he had been in the Atlantic City hotel, having reserved a suite of rooms at \$14 a day for "C. K. Whittington and wife." That was in last July. Another letter in his possession contained a card admitting to the privileges of the Pandemonium Club in Louisville. Still another letter was an introduction from a New York firm to Paul Ladreux at Paris, France, a wholesale tobacco merchant.

A nation-wide search which started yesterday for Mrs. Harrison's diamond ring, it being thought that they would be traced through some pawnbroker or dealer in precious stones.

Detectives King and Cline, who are working the case, declare that, in their belief, Mrs. Harrison was murdered during a quarrel brought on by the excessive indulgence on the part of Whittington in liquor. Evidence of a debauch were found in the Harrison home.

Although possessed of but \$5 and a few small diamonds, Whittington, demanded the privilege of the "best" tank in the County Jail, where he at once went into consultation with his Port Worth jail friend Thomas, Leonard, the forger and check palmer.

Thompson, the forger and check palmer, would supply him with money for incidental expenses.

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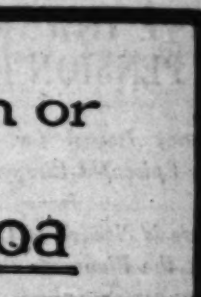
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"Americans are everywhere in both the Allied armies and in the Central Powers. Most of them



For either brain or muscle
Baker's Cocoa
is refreshing.
"Cocoa contains more nourishment than beef"



Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
ESTABLISHED 1780
DORCHESTER, MASS.



IF Your Pay Check Stops



—if sickness lays you up
—if old age overtakes you
—if death comes unexpectedly

—will the little "nest egg" you have laid aside—or the \$2000 or more life insurance that you are depending on—give you or yours a living income?

Just take your pencil and figure how much of an income it would bring you when invested at 5 or even 6 per cent.

We Have a Plan That Means
\$50 Monthly to You and Yours For Life

—in case of total disability or death, \$50 a week to you when laid up by sickness or accident (limit 52 weeks). An old age pension to you after you are 65, \$5000 in cash to your family—in addition to monthly income—if your death is accidental.

These are the leading features of the new Multiple Protection Income policy, written only by "Your Own Home Company," that gives you and yours complete protection, 3 BENEFITS IN ONE POLICY—for one premium.

Established 1885 Assets \$38,000,000

Pacific Mutual Life

Phone 7714 "Your Own Home Company" Phone Main 3441
Manager, Home Agency, 215-229 South Broadway, Los Angeles.

COULTER DRY GOODS CO.

EXCLUSIVE LOS ANGELES AGENTS FOR

John S. Brown's Shamrock Linens St. Mary's Woolen Blankets

SEE DAILY ADVERTISEMENTS FOR OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST.

215-229 South Broadway. 224-228 South Hill Street



GOLDEN STATE LIMITED

Suits that will go on giving satisfaction and building a reputation for value—wear—service. Clothes that are "tremendously good" in every point that you consider important. Men's suits—styles and sizes for stout men, tall men and short men.

And, at the outset of the season, we wish to again commit ourselves to the policy of "value-satisfaction" giving.

SUIT VALUES
\$15, \$18, \$20
\$25 to \$50

2 hours to Chicago

Southern Pacific El Paso & Southwestern Rock Island Lines

212 West 7th Street 207 Groves Building 672 South Spring St.

California Orange Day March 10, 1917

See the Apache Trail of Arizona

SMITH PIANO CO.

406 WEST SEVENTH ST. 725 SOUTH HILL ST.

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215-229 South Broadway—224-228 South Hill Street Cafe Open Between 11:00 and 3:00

Coulter's
FOUNDED IN 1878
U. S. Postoffice Sub-Station.
American Express Branch.

Pattern Veils, 1 1/4 Yards Long, Special at 1/2
For Today—and Today only—we offer handsome and distinctive pattern veils, 1 1/4 yards long, in various designs in velvet, chenille and hand run patterns; many with narrow borders and with large scroll or one cluster; black, navy, brown, taupe and purple; values to \$2.50, at Half (Velvets; Main Floor)

Today's 50c Luncheon
Fruit Cocktail
Cream of Chicken with Rice
Fried Eastern Oysters (or)
Chicken Patties Supreme (or)
Braised Premium Ham, New Spinach
Baked or Mashed Potatoes
Hot or Cold Home-made Mince Pie (or)
French Vanilla Ice Cream and Cake
Tea, Coffee or Milk
(Cafe; Fourth Floor)

ALL REMAINS WITH FAMILY.
Long Beach Capitalist's Will Filed for Probate.
Says Property Community, Widow to Take Half.
Remainder Goes to Children and Student Grandson.

The will of Jotham Bixby, lovingly called the "Father of Long Beach," who died last Friday, was filed for probate yesterday on the petition of George H. Bixby, Jotham W. Bixby, Llewellyn Bixby and E. N. Grant, executors. While the petition gives the value of the property as in excess of \$25,000, a conservative estimate of his holdings places it at about \$20,000.

The executor's briefs state that Mr. Bixby owned real and personal property and stock in various corporations, the list of which the petitioners were unable to give at this time. He was an extensive owner of real property in this city and county. Ten thousand shares of the Jotham Bixby Company are listed, valued at \$10,000 or more.

The will was executed November 15, 1911. A codicil dated May 19, 1913, adds the name of Mr. Grant to the executors, and trustees. The heirs are the widow, Mrs. Margaret H. Bixby; the children, George H. Bixby, Jotham Bixby, Simpson W. Bixby and the grandson, Harry L. Bixby, a student at the Thacher school, Northridge. The will was filed through Attorneys O'Melveny, Stevens & Milliken.

Mr. Bixby declared the property community, the widow to take her half as the law provides. He disposed of his half of the community property as follows:
A one-fourth interest to George H. Bixby, a one-fourth interest to Jotham W. Bixby, and a one-eighth interest to Fanny Bixby. A one-eighth interest is left in trust to George, Jotham, Llewellyn Bixby, a nephew, and E. N. Grant, as trustees, for Fanny Bixby, who will be paid a monthly or quarterly income. At the end of ten years the trust will terminate; at Miss Bixby's death it will be distributed to the existing heirs.

One-half of the remaining one-quarter interest is left in trust for the benefit of the grandson, Harry L. Bixby, and his mother, Juliette G. Bixby. The trustees are to advance funds for the maintenance, support and education of the grandson. When he comes of age the property is to be distributed to him and his mother. Out of the other half of the one-quarter Mrs. Juliette G. Bixby is to receive \$15,000 and the residue is to go to other heirs not mentioned.

CONTESTANTS FORBIDDEN.
Mr. Bixby provides in his will that if either of the trustees are declared insolvent or void by the court, the final distribution of the estate, the distribution shall be made without endeavoring to continue such trustee. The will also provides that if any devise named in the will contests it, he or she shall forfeit any right to the estate, and the share distributed to the heirs not contesting.

NEW MODELS COMING.
Two of latest-type hydroplanes to be assigned Local Naval Militia Aviation Section in Place of Present Obsolete Machines.
Word was received yesterday by Lieut. Morgan Adams of the Naval Militia that two of the latest model hydroplanes will shortly be assigned to the aviation section of the local Naval Militia for practice and instruction purposes. At present the organization has two more or less obsolete flying machines, but notwithstanding has produced several excellent aviators.

Several members of the local section are in Florida undergoing training at the hands of expert navy instructors. Lieut. Frank Simpson, Jr., who is in command of the section, believes he will be able to qualify every man, under him as an aviator when the new machines arrive. Lieut. Simpson is now in Florida assisting the navy instructors.

FOR RED CROSS WORK.
Meeting is held at Hollywood to further this end.
A meeting was held Wednesday evening at Toberman Hall, Hollywood, for the benefit of the French Red Cross and to stimulate interest in national service and constructive patriotism. A programme of music and reading was provided.

L. A. Brunswick, head of the French Red Cross in this city, spoke of the needs of France today, emphasizing the debt which we still owe to France for her invaluable aid at the time of the founding of the republic. Miss Fell, a Red Cross nurse recently returned from the front, told of the necessity of saving the children of the French refugees. She stated that 10 cents daily would save a child who, without such help from America would almost surely be doomed to partial or complete starvation.

Dr. Frost made an appeal for a new definition of patriotism. This, he said, does not consist of the habit of raising in the theater at the playing of the national anthem, but does consist in work, heart, and soul, for the nation's efficiency and honor, and in personal sacrifices to this end.

There is now being organized in Hollywood a class for instruction in first-aid work, under the American Red Cross. There will be no charge and all who pass the examinations will receive from Washington a certificate of proficiency signed by President Wilson as head of the National Red Cross Society. Applications for this work may be made to Mrs. E. M. Edwards, No. 1211 Wilcox avenue, Hollywood, or to Dr. Lowell C. Frost, No. 6122 Hollywood boulevard.

and Company Savings on Merchandise of Exceptionally Choice Qualities

Interesting Special Desirable High-Class Silks
Black Taffeta, \$1.75
A 35-inch black taffeta of which we are very proud; a splendid chiffon finish that is soft and lustrous; regularly \$2.00, now \$1.75.

Some Unusually Attractive Sample Lines of Crepe de Chine and Satin Lingerie Are Here to Sell at Noteworthy Reductions Now

Of all lingerie, women vastly prefer the crepe de chine and satin, both for their lovely appearance, and for their daintiness, and surprising durability. We were fortunate enough to secure a leading maker's sample line at a considerable discount, which we pass along to you now, in this wise:

Quarter Lengths of Spring Most Popular Dresses Are on Sale Today at Half Price

Women have bought dress materials so lavishly as they have during the present season; and are left with unusually choice accumulations of suit, dress and skirt lengths in all sorts of plain materials, light and heavy weights, and a wide range of colors; all to be sold today at HALF PRICE.

Wool Jersey Coatings
Certain lines that have been selling at \$4, yard, now \$3.50.
Wool Velours
The fine, elegant \$4 grade, in a good color range, now \$3.50.

de Chine—Some Sale of Men's \$1.15 50 Shirts at ...

Petticoats, \$1.15
Woman wanting a Paisley pattern skirt will go quickly enough. Made of Paisley satine in various shades, special (Petticoats; Second Floor)

Envelope Chemise
—four styles that would be \$3.75, now \$2.50
—and \$4.50 values, now \$3.00
—eleven styles that sell usually at \$4.50 and \$5.00, now at \$3.50
—five styles usually \$6.00, now \$4.00
—and \$7.50 grades, now \$5.00

Camisoles
Reg. Now.
\$1.50 \$1.00
\$1.75 \$1.25
\$3.00 \$2.00
\$4.50 \$3.00
\$5.00 \$3.50
\$6.00 \$4.00
(Undergarments; Second Floor)

Gowns
—in crepe de chine, with lace yoke and sleeves—
Reg. Now.
\$6.00 \$4.00
\$6.50 \$4.95
\$7.50 \$5.00
\$7.75 \$6.50
\$10.00 \$7.50
\$12.00 \$8.00
(Undergarments; Second Floor)

Petticoats
—trimmed with fine laces.
Reg. Now.
\$7.00 \$4.50 and \$5
\$8.00 \$5.50 and \$6
\$10.00 \$7.50
\$12.00 \$10.00
\$15.00 \$12.00
\$20.00 \$17.50 and \$18
(Undergarments; Second Floor)

Black Leather Traveling Bags, \$5.50
Summer will be here in no time now. Again your thoughts will turn to vacations and outings of various sorts. Why not be "prepared" as to your luggage, while you can save, as now?

Crepe Grain Leathers Handbags and Purses \$1
In black; leather lined; one inside pocket; good strong locks and reinforced corners; large, roomy bags that easily bring as high as \$7.50, each, now \$5.50.
Values here to \$1.75—morocco and crepe finish leathers; nicked or covered frames, with coin purse and mirror; silk linings; purses in patent or colored leathers, with silk linings; good frames and clasps, special \$1.00
And another group in tailor shapes, seal or morocco grain leather \$2.45
(Leather Goods; Main Floor)

Today's
The following only, and we must pass them over the telephone carefully.
White Chiffon, nice, fine quality; regularly \$1.50, now \$1.39.
Nainsook, fine pieces; extra soft finish; regularly \$1.85, special \$1.39.
Pillow Cases
—torn size 40x40; 2 good, heavy weight; regular price 27¢ each; today, each .89c.
Blankets—\$6.00, \$5.00 and \$4.95, \$3.95 and special.
Pillows
—regularly \$6.00, \$5.00, \$4.00, \$3.00, \$2.00, \$1.00, \$0.50, \$0.25, \$0.10, \$0.05, \$0.01.
Mattresses
\$25, special now \$18.00.
Coulter's Dress
Coulter's Special \$18.55.
Napkins
—limited quantity of odd sized napkins, 20 1/4-inch pure white, assorted designs, quality of \$3.50, quality of \$2.95.
—26x26-inch, brand napkins; 12 dozen extra fine, regularly \$12.50, for \$9.00.
Bedspreads
spread you cannot spread, extra value \$12.50.
Guest Towels
—pure linen, fancy colored, special \$1.25.
For Fancy
—we suggest looking at these three-piece towel sets; in blue, \$1.25 sets.

Silverware
Dinner Knives, Dinner Forks, dozen \$5, dozen \$5.
Or sets of six each, at the same price per dozen.
Silver Triple Plated Flatware
Some styles perfectly plain, others with designs of rich beauty:
Dinner Knives, Dinner Forks, dozen \$5, dozen \$5.
Or sets of six each, at the same price per dozen.
Dessert Knives, Soup Spoons, dozen \$4.75, dozen \$6.00
Teaspoons, do. Dessert Forks, \$3.00, dozen \$4.75
Tablespoons, dozen \$4.25
(Silverware; South Aisle)

People Contemplating Buying Silver Would Do Well to Learn Prices at Coulter's
Forasmuch as we do not have to depend upon this one section of the store for our entire profits, we sell silverware at much more reasonable prices than we otherwise might feel it possible to do.
And we sell good qualities, regardless of their lower figures, as you may easily ascertain for yourselves by looking at these and other lines not mentioned:

The Jefferson Pattern
Dinner Knives, dozen \$12.10
Dinner Forks, dozen \$7.00
Dessert Knives, dozen \$11.00
Dessert Forks, dozen \$6.50
Teaspoons, dozen \$4.25
Tablespoons, dozen \$6.90
Soup Spoons, dozen \$6.15
Meat Forks, cream ladles, gravy ladles and many other articles may also be had in this popular pattern.

Stamped Goods for Lovers of Needlework
Women who like "pick-up" embroidery will be eager to have a supply of just such things as this about the house for doing in their idle hours. Such articles make excellent gifts, if you can bring yourselves to think as far ahead as next Christmas!

Stamped Centerpieces
And scarfs, on natural colored linen; regularly 75c and \$1; each, .35c.
Stamped Laundry Bags
Made up; stamped colored linen; were \$1.25, now \$1.
Stamped Bath Towels
Small and medium sizes; all white, or with pink or blue border stripes; values to 35c, for .20c.
(Art Needlework; Third Floor)

All Incomplete Lines of Well-known Corsets Have Been Reduced
We take this means as the most quickly effective to dispose of an accumulation of thoroughly good corsets, in which we have only limited quantities or size ranges of any model concerned. No doubt the very style you wear will be found here somewhere or other.

Switches and Hair Ornaments
For acquiring the latest high-dress coiffures:
Newman's Hair Health
Dixie Tonic. Miro-Dena, Eau de Quinine and other standard hair tonics, here in complete array.
Switches at \$1.00
Assorted shades; second quality hair; were \$2.50 and \$3.00.
Switches at \$5.00
All shades, including gray. Lengths 20 to 26 inches; first quality hair; values \$7.50 to \$10.
Stay Fast Hair Nets
Cap shape, 15c; 2 for 25c.
Fasso Corsets
Just one dozen to be offered at about half price—these are boned with whalebone, you remember—
There is 1 size 19; 1 size 21; 5 size 22; 4 size 23, and 1 size 24.
Redfern Elastic
A splendid \$3.50 corset, special \$2.50.
Lestelle Corsets
Bon Qualite, La Grecque and others; were \$3 to \$5; now \$2.50.
Lily of France
And Parrine corsets; brocade finish; were \$14 and \$15; now \$8.00.
Lily of France
In suedine and brocade; were \$10 and \$12, now \$7.00.
Parrine Corsets
And some models in Lily of France; coutil finish; were \$8 and \$10, now \$5.00.
Bon Qualite
La Grecque and Parrine models; also Lestelle and Redferns, were \$4 to \$6, now \$3.50.
(Corsets; Second Floor)



and 3:00 Carte Service; 35c and 50c Luncheons 215-229 South Broadway—224-228 South Hill Street

Business Page: Money, Stocks and Bonds—Grain—Mines—Financial Markets Abroad

ACTION TO END FREIGHT TIE-UP HELPS MARKET.

Encouraging Developments Result in the Covering of Short Contracts, as Traders Reverse Attitude of Preceding Session—Bonds Irregular, but Standard Issues, Including Internationals, Remain Firm.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—Traders were again in sole possession of the market today and in part reversed their attitude of the preceding session, covering short contracts over the more encouraging developments over night. Chief among these was the action taken by the leading transportation lines to relieve freight congestion.

Conditions in Mexico and Cuba also were regarded with less apprehension. Steamship lines evidenced some relaxation of recent pressure on the more satisfactory outlook for the rubber industry and metals responded to reports of further liquidation for the rubber product from home and abroad. United States cotton was the narrowest course, moving within a range of 1/4 points and closing at 6 1/2 cents.

Total sales of stocks, \$25,000,000. Shares were irregular but standard issues, including the international group, were firm. Total sales, par value, \$2,440,000. United States cotton on call, 6 1/2 cents. Foreign exchange, 100 francs, 16 1/2 cents; 100 marks, 12 1/2 cents; 100 pounds, 100 cents.

COMPARISON OF SALES.
(UNITED STATES—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)
NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Feb. 16.—Following is a comparison of today's stock and bond sales:

COMPARISON OF STOCK SALES.
(UNITED STATES—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)
NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Feb. 16.—Following is a comparison of today's stock and bond sales:

STOCK QUOTATIONS IN NEW YORK.

Table with multiple columns listing stock prices for various companies including American, National, and International stocks.

BANK CLEARINGS FOR THE WEEK.

Table showing bank clearing data for various banks and locations, including New York, Chicago, and San Francisco.

CLOSING QUOTATIONS ON CHICAGO EXCHANGE.

Table listing closing quotations for various commodities and financial instruments on the Chicago exchange.

FINANCIAL.

OFFICE OF THE TREASURER.
Los Angeles, Feb. 17, 1917.

BANK STOCKS ACTIVE ON LOCAL CHANGE.

Union Irregular, but Close. Steady—Strong Demand for Associated—Continued Gains Made by General Petroleum—Mining Issues Firm.

Bank stocks attracted considerable attention at yesterday's session of the Los Angeles Stock Exchange. On-board trading in these high-grade securities was the heaviest in some months. 25 shares of Security Trust and Savings, bringing \$90 to \$78.00, and 25 shares of Citizens National, changing hands at \$65.00. Bidding for the other bank issues was also more noticeable and this helped to round out an uneventful day.

STOCK QUOTATIONS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Table with multiple columns listing stock prices for various companies in San Francisco.

STOCK QUOTATIONS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Table listing stock quotations for various companies in San Francisco.

STOCKS AND BONDS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Table listing stock and bond prices for various companies in San Francisco.

STOCK QUOTATIONS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Table listing stock quotations for various companies in San Francisco.

STOCK QUOTATIONS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Table listing stock quotations for various companies in San Francisco.

EXPORT PESSIMISM DEPRESSES WHEAT.

HEAVINESS AND ABSENCE OF SUPPORT THE FEATURES.

Traders Give Special Attention to News Regarding Efforts to Improve Railway Freight Traffic Conditions—Seasoned Demand Strengthens Corn.

CHICAGO, Feb. 16.—Renewal of pessimism regarding the outlook for any immediate revival of export business had a bearish influence in wheat today. The market closed weak, 1/2 to 1 1/2 net lower, with July at 1.45% to 1.5% and May at 1.4% to 1.45%. Provisions finished at a range varying from 5 to 10 cents a rise of 2 1/2.

STOCK QUOTATIONS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Table listing stock quotations for various companies in San Francisco.

STOCK QUOTATIONS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Table listing stock quotations for various companies in San Francisco.

RANGE OF STOCK PRICES IN BOSTON.

Table listing a range of stock prices for various companies in Boston.

STOCK QUOTATIONS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Table listing stock quotations for various companies in San Francisco.

STOCK QUOTATIONS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Table listing stock quotations for various companies in San Francisco.

NEW YORK OIL STOCK QUOTATIONS.

Table listing oil stock quotations for various companies in New York.

STOCK QUOTATIONS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Table listing stock quotations for various companies in San Francisco.

STOCK QUOTATIONS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Table listing stock quotations for various companies in San Francisco.

MINING QUOTATIONS IN SALT LAKE CITY.

Table listing mining quotations for various companies in Salt Lake City.

STOCK QUOTATIONS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Table listing stock quotations for various companies in San Francisco.

STOCK QUOTATIONS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Table listing stock quotations for various companies in San Francisco.

OATMAN STOCKS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Table listing oatman stock quotations for various companies in San Francisco.

STOCK QUOTATIONS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Table listing stock quotations for various companies in San Francisco.

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STOCK QUOTATIONS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Table listing stock quotations for various companies in San Francisco.

Exposition. SOLONS' WORKS IN SPOTLIGHT.

Clubwomen Hear Resume of
Myriad New Bills.

Wisdom and Folly Blended in
Legislative Jumble.

Three Measures Indorsed by
Federation Explained.

BY ALMA WHITAKER.

After one had listened to a resume of the scores of bills before the State Legislature one could not but appreciate the peculiar self-restraint of the woman's legislative council of the club federation for indorsing and working for only a handful of them.

There was a most interesting session of the Friday Morning Club yesterday, at which these many bills were explained and discussed, and a crowded audience to hear.

Mrs. E. W. Thorneberry, president and first introduced Justice Forbes, whose pet measures are those dealing with the treatment of convicted criminals. The bill for the institution of the indeterminate sentence, which would replace the fixed and often anomalous sentences meted out by judges for various offenses, and by which prisoners homely tending towards reform and restoration would be inspired by the hope of an earlier release, Justice Forbes would not vote in favor of. He said that he would not vote in favor of a bill which would take much of the dejected bitterness away from the prison sentence. He also introduced a bill in which the next sentence has been out of all proportion to the crime; one in particular in which the man who stole a cent stamp got twenty years and the man who robbed a bank of \$250,000 got two years. Such a sense of injustice, he considered, must militate against any desire to better.

PAY FOR PRISON LABOR.
Another bill is that for providing that the dependent families of criminals be not made to suffer by the fact that the prisoner is paid for his labor and such pay go to the family. Both measures have already been tried out in other States with success.

Mrs. H. A. Cable, president of the legislative council, made an able speech upon the three measures indorsed by the federation, all dealing with subjects dear to the hearts of clubwomen. The community property law for instance, is now peculiarly unjust from the point of view. Under the proposed amendment, the wife would have equal rights in all property acquired after marriage and free of inheritance tax. At present the husband has all rights and is not required to pay the inheritance tax, as is the wife. She would have testamentary rights as to one-half, now denied her.

The woman jury amendment has also been indorsed. The section of the code now reading, "in all cases of persons" is to mean both men and women, instead of only men, as at present. The indorsement that all women do not want to serve on juries is also true of the men, said Mrs. Cable. Another objection that the unpleasant conditions of the court make it undesirable to have women jurors is also dismissed, since the conditions of a court of justice have no right to be unpleasant.

The other indorsed amendment is that pertaining to the care of feeble-minded and epileptic, calling for an appropriation of \$250,000 to build an institution on the cottage plan, on not less than 800 acres of land, which money is estimated as sufficient to acquire it and provide for the maintenance for two years. The resolution to support these three measures was carried unanimously.

MANY SCHOOL BILLS.
Mrs. O. Shepherd Barnum explained the all-too-numerous educational bills, which the 17,000 educators in the State have fostered with complicated lack of unity. California spends \$41,000,000 annually for education, but it does not seem to be enough. The Luis measure for physical training is indorsed by the council.

Miss Ianthe Denmore dealt with the child labor amendment, by which the age limit for street trading is to be raised to 14 years for boys and 13 for girls—such work being better left to the older people, who need the industry more.

Mrs. M. H. Fehr gave a witty resume of the scores of other proposed measures, from Senator Brown's dream of a one-house Legislature, to the court for small debtors, the Whittier diagnosis clinic of psychology, hospitals for drug fiends, tubercular segregation, court option on prohibition, old age pensions, fire insurance and the abolition of Weinstock, re the municipal market question.

One bill that received applause was that providing for labor arbitration, by which strikes and lockouts would be forbidden until a labor board had deliberated upon the points at issue.

OFFICES DESTROYED.
Fontana Land Company's Premises And Postoffice Adjuncting Are Burned in Fire of Unknown Origin but Records are Duplicated Here.

Fire of unknown origin early yesterday morning destroyed two buildings at Fontana, the loss being estimated at \$50,000. The fire originated in the offices of the Fontana Land Company and spread to the one-story frame building occupied by Downing & Mills, general merchants. The latter building was also used as the postoffice. Mr. Downing being the postmaster. Most of the stock of the store was saved. An excellent water pressure and the absence of a high wind prevented the fire from spreading.

The Fontana Land Company moved to the new Pacific Electric freight building and soon as the vault in the burned building can be opened, will resume business. Fortunately all its leases, contracts and other papers are not only made out in duplicate but are on record at the Courthouse. The loss was not large and the only serious result will be the delaying of business for one or two days.

Try Murnie Kennedy
See 2nd, 7th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 29th, 31st, 33rd, 35th, 37th, 39th, 41st, 43rd, 45th, 47th, 49th, 51st, 53rd, 55th, 57th, 59th, 61st, 63rd, 65th, 67th, 69th, 71st, 73rd, 75th, 77th, 79th, 81st, 83rd, 85th, 87th, 89th, 91st, 93rd, 95th, 97th, 99th, 101st, 103rd, 105th, 107th, 109th, 111st, 113st, 115st, 117st, 119st, 121st, 123st, 125st, 127st, 129st, 131st, 133st, 135st, 137st, 139st, 141st, 143st, 145st, 147st, 149st, 151st, 153st, 155st, 157st, 159st, 161st, 163st, 165st, 167st, 169st, 171st, 173st, 175st, 177st, 179st, 181st, 183st, 185st, 187st, 189st, 191st, 193st, 195st, 197st, 199st, 201st, 203st, 205st, 207st, 209st, 211st, 213st, 215st, 217st, 219st, 221st, 223st, 225st, 227st, 229st, 231st, 233st, 235st, 237st, 239st, 241st, 243st, 245st, 247st, 249st, 251st, 253st, 255st, 257st, 259st, 261st, 263st, 265st, 267st, 269st, 271st, 273st, 275st, 277st, 279st, 281st, 283st, 285st, 287st, 289st, 291st, 293st, 295st, 297st, 299st, 301st, 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875st, 877st, 879st, 881st, 883st, 885st, 887st, 889st, 891st, 893st, 895st, 897st, 899st, 901st, 903st, 905st, 907st, 909st, 911st, 913st, 915st, 917st, 919st, 921st, 923st, 925st, 927st, 929st, 931st, 933st, 935st, 937st, 939st, 941st, 943st, 945st, 947st, 949st, 951st, 953st, 955st, 957st, 959st, 961st, 963st, 965st, 967st, 969st, 971st, 973st, 975st, 977st, 979st, 981st, 983st, 985st, 987st, 989st, 991st, 993st, 995st, 997st, 999st, 1001st, 1003st, 1005st, 1007st, 1009st, 1011st, 1013st, 1015st, 1017st, 1019st, 1021st, 1023st, 1025st, 1027st, 1029st, 1031st, 1033st, 1035st, 1037st, 1039st, 1041st, 1043st, 1045st, 1047st, 1049st, 1051st, 1053st, 1055st, 1057st, 1059st, 1061st, 1063st, 1065st, 1067st, 1069st, 1071st, 1073st, 1075st, 1077st, 1079st, 1081st, 1083st, 1085st, 1087st, 1089st, 1091st, 1093st, 1095st, 1097st, 1099st, 1101st, 1103st, 1105st, 1107st, 1109st, 1111st, 1113st, 1115st, 1117st, 1119st, 1121st, 1123st, 1125st, 1127st, 1129st, 1131st, 1133st, 1135st, 1137st, 1139st, 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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

MAGAZINE OF THE FAR-FLUNG SOUTHWEST.

TEN CENTS SATURDAY FEBRUARY 17, 1917. 1781—1917.



"In the Land of Sunshine."

Bound with the Los Angeles Sunday Times and served to its subscribers. The Magazine, complete in itself, is also mailed separately to any address ordered. (For terms, etc., see page 36.)

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Los Angeles Times
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(For "Sops, Objects and Alms" see page 31.)
Twentieth Year, Volume XL, No. 7.
Average Circulation in 1916: Gross, 103,000; net, 101,742 Copies Weekly.

LITTLE EDITORIALS.

If the war scare is sufficient to arouse this country to the necessity of being prepared it will have been worth while.

A pleased customer is the best sort of business advertisement and a pleased tourist is the best kind of agency for exploiting California's charms. Treat him well.

Anything that grows faster than the city of Los Angeles is growing some, but the Automobile Club of Southern California seems to have been doing that kind of a stunt.

It may interest our eastern readers to know that when the Hudson River was covered with ice so thick that automobiles were driven across it, callas and roses, untouched by frost, were in full bloom in the open air in Los Angeles.

Our society editors are rather put out that so many fashionable people are having extremely quiet weddings. They ought to be glad to get a number of worthy persons married off with so little trouble. Besides, matrimony might hold less terror for bachelors if society didn't make it such an ordeal.

The person who finds fault with such weather as we have had in Southern California thus far this winter is a pessimist of the thirty-third degree. The rains have been abundant but not excessive, and have come with so little violence as to become fully absorbed by the soil without working destruction to lands or roads.

George H. Maxwell again calls attention to the waste of flood waters in Southern California every year. Undoubtedly these waters should be conserved at their source, for this would not only prevent damage to the valleys below, but would also store the liquid for future usefulness. Some of these days, not so far in the future, every drop of water in Southern California is going to count. All the West knows that water is the first necessity.

Los Angeles may very well be proud, and she surely is so, of that splendid body of men associated here for the benefit of the city known as the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association. They are a thoroughly virile body of business men, typical Americans, wherever they were born. They are men of great force of mind and courage of heart. They have the almost entirely for her prosperity, and very largely for the industrial peace that makes prosperity possible.

"Raise more sheep, and thereby reduce the high cost of living." That is the slogan going out over the United States on this new year, and it ought to bring forth fruit. It is particularly significant to us here in California. The State was once one of the great sheep-raising districts of the country, and may be so again. All we have to do is to imitate the practice of Ohio farmers, and keep a few sheep. It would reduce the cost of living in more ways than by lowering the cost of mutton. It would also reduce the price of wool, making clothing cheaper, and give us a supply of skins from which leather might be made.

THESE efficiency sharps were to take it into their heads to rewrite the Sermon on the Mount—which they are apt to do—they would doubtless make one of the paragraphs read: "Blessed are the pacemakers, for they shall get there with both feet."

The pacemaker is quite forgotten when the pacemaker is being considered. The pacemaker has a hard time of it anyhow, and it is difficult to imagine him being blessed by anybody. About the only earth he inherits is the six feet necessary to bury him in after he has paid the natural penalty for butting in upon the affairs of others.

The most foolish of pacemakers is the unfortunate one who seeks to compromise a quarrel between husband and wife, and yet he accomplishes his purpose by indirection. By his interference he brings about a unity of wife and husband against the common enemy—he being the aforesaid common enemy. They cease their own petty bickerings and go at him with malevolent joy. They swat him with a mighty swat. They throw their boots into his hapless frame and when they are through with him they cast him into the wayside to await the coming of another Good Samaritan.

The pacemakers are indeed having a troublous time of it, as witness the efforts of a distinguished literary gent to have the Nobel peace prize awarded to Kaiser Wilhelm. He insisted that the German ruler had done more toward bringing about peace than any other man of the year—all of which is pretty rough on the memory of Henry Ford, Col. Bryan, Jane Addams and a few thousand others. Likewise it is some slam at that peaceful and peace-loving gentleman, Woodrow Wilson, who has been writing notes and ultimatums with a courtesy, patience and forbearance worthy of Job himself, and who after keeping us out of war now finds his country in a most perilous technical position. Just when he was accomplishing things in the way of bringing peace to others, came the blow to himself. Worst of all it came from that other protagonist of peace, the Kaiser, who threw off the disguise of the rabbit and disclosed the mailed fist of a John L. Sullivan.

So it is that the pacemakers are having hard sledding while the pacemakers are the whole works.

Tourist Weather Sure.

FEBRUARY has been behaving beautifully from the meteorological point of view. The Great Southwest is full of tourists who have fled from the icy blasts of the East and Middle West. The whole country has been flooded with sunshine to welcome this great army of tourists who find an earthly paradise in Southern California.

January behaved very shabbily toward them. From the center of the San Joaquin Valley comes the announcement that the month of January was the coldest experienced there in fifty years. It was so here in Los Angeles, too, and generally throughout the Southwest. We do not mean to say by this that the coldest weather ever experienced here came during the opening month of the current year. The mercury has touched lower notches before several times. But as memory serves us, not in half a century have there been five weeks of continual cold weather like the period from Christmas to the end of January.

Even at that, probably the tourists found little cause of complaint. They compared conditions here with those where they came from. But they were entitled to better weather than January produced, and February brought a welcome relief weatherwise to tourists, old-timers and new settlers alike.

Up to about Christmas time the weather in the Eastern States had been a little less severe than usual. But since the beginning of the holidays blizzard has followed blizzard, frost followed frost, in very severe measure. There are probably more tourists here this year than ever before, and the climate is a great asset of the Great Southwest. The more sunny days there are this year the more tourists there will be next year. For several years to come it is probable that California will be the climatic Mecca of many thousands of the American people, for should the war cease tomorrow Europe would be no fit place for Americans to visit for several years to come—and Florida has disappointed the tourists this year.

Reaping the Whirlwind.

WE ARE informed that the State of Minnesota is on the verge of the biggest industrial war of recent years. It is a fight between the Industrial Workers of the World and the large business interests of Northern Minnesota. This news crops out in a bill introduced in the House of the Legislature to appropriate \$100,000 to employ deputy sheriffs to suppress emergency labor disorders. Joseph Lator, national organizer of the Industrial Workers of the World, was on hand with the declaration that "the cards were stacked." He alleged that the hearing was in no way in sympathy with his organization. In the language of Shakespeare, one may exclaim: "It needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us that."

Of all the Republican States in the country, Minnesota has been a leader in the so-called Progressive movement which was sowing the wind of which the State is now reaping the whirlwind.

There is such a thing as carrying sympathy too far and letting agitation run riot. San Francisco has catered to the demands of labor unions for many years, and now finds herself where Minnesota is, with its back against a wall, compelled either to fight or submit to be crushed. San Francisco business men have been pusillanimous for years, and now find themselves like the fabled rat in the corner, where they must either fight or be annihilated.

During the current week a letter has been received in Los Angeles from a man in San Francisco who publishes a monthly paper and finds it impossible to make a dollar's profit because of the exorbitant demands of union printers in the Bay City. He invited bids from Los Angeles printing concerns with the intention of moving the enterprise to this city, where the open shop is the policy of employers. He is not the first to be compelled to take this course, and the open shop has been the salvation of Los Angeles industrially for many years.

Well, San Francisco's business men with their backs to the wall are now putting up a magnificent fight against the tyrannous demands of labor unions, and are in a fair way to win. They will win if they only persist in their resistance to the unfair, unendurable demands of Gompers's crowd. They will persist if they have a leader who has backbone and nerve enough to defy the demands of the labor tyrant who has held the city in thrall for so many years. The people are always ready for a fight to the finish if only a leader appears to inspire confidence. Such a leader apparently appeared at last in San Francisco in the person of the president of the Chamber of Commerce, and behind this leadership is arrayed the whole splendid manhood of business San Francisco.

So far we have not heard of a single newspaper in San Francisco taking up the fight in real earnest, but that will come in good time. The pusillanimity of the San Francisco press has been

so much greater than that of the business men that it may be said a good deal of the trouble that has distressed that city industrially for so many years. Here is where Los Angeles has a wonderful advantage in the struggle for industrial freedom, which has been maintained successfully while San Francisco has been a prey to the industrial tyrant who held the city by the throat year after year for more than a generation. The Times has been the leader of Los Angeles business men, and they have followed it in courage and nobility and have won every battle that has been put up to them.

Field for Our Business.

S. W. BRUNTON, owner of the largest flour mills in Australia and a world figure in the grain business, has been in Los Angeles recently. He paid a visit to the large flour mills in San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego. In regard to the present condition of the grain and flour business in Australia, he said that the Australian government had taken over the entire crop of wheat of the last season, and the prospect was that it would take over the coming crop as well. The trouble is that Australia is suffering from lack of ships to transport her grain to other parts of the world. He, as well as others, regards Australia as a very good place to build up a profitable business.

This is one of the effects of the great war. It will open up many fields for American business men that should be occupied just as soon as possible. It is the consensus of opinion of all those nearest in touch with the situation that after the war there will be a great struggle for commerce on the part of the belligerents, and with the high wages paid in America compared with those prevailing in Europe it will be very difficult for us to meet the sharp competition for business all over the world.

Of course, a great many men have been killed in the war, and a great many others have been injured, some beyond remedy. Wages have increased there since the war opened. But in spite of these influences it is the opinion of those best qualified to speak on the subject that competition for business after the war in every country in the world will be quite as sharp as before the conflict broke out, indeed, possibly sharper. European countries will be so near exhaustion and so burdened with debt that every person there will be forced to face the inevitable. It looks as if wages would recede to the original level, if not lower, for necessity knows no law and the greatest necessity on earth is to get bread for the day, so that to pay for supplies it will be necessary to sell goods, and to sell goods in competition with rivals will mean to sell them for whatever they will bring.

A Desperate Experiment.

THE last effort of the Teutonic Allies to win the fight looks like a case of absolute desperation. The frightfulness of submarine warfare is a new thing in the world. It is an arm of war which Prussia has devised and developed beyond all other nations on earth. The Teutons are defying all neutrals in a most extraordinary way. It looks as if they felt this to be the last chance for them to win.

If they can do as they propose, desperate as their condition is, they may win the conflict and force the Entente Allies to make peace on their terms. To do this, according to their own estimate, demands the destruction of 1,000,000 tons of commercial shipping a month. That would be 12,000,000 in a year, or 6,000,000 in six months from February 1. Up to January 31, according to a dispatch from Berlin, the destruction of shipping from the beginning of the war to that date was only

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Up to about Christmas time the weather in the Western States had been a little less severe than usual. But since the beginning of the "hollidays" blizzard has followed blizzard, years. Here is where Los Angeles has a wonderful advantage in the struggle for industrial freedom, which has been maintained successfully while San Francisco has been a prey to the in-

...of the carrying capacity of the world, and as the Teuton programme is to make no discrimination between neutral and enemy ships carrying supplies to the Entente Allies, all the commercial fleets of the world will have to contribute to the million tons per month proposed to be destroyed.

In the first ten days of the onslaught of the submarines on commerce the success of the German plan has been so great as to give them hope of succeeding. If they could keep supplies away from Great Britain for even three months it might bring the Britons to terms by starvation. The British authorities declare they have taken precautions against the submarine warfare of their enemies, and that this German programme is destined to defeat just as all the other plans of the Central Powers have so far failed to win the conflict. But up to the time this is written such preparedness of the British has failed to materialize.

In any case, the carrying fleet of the world will be very much reduced, and after the war is over it will take years to replenish the lost ships of the world. Britain, being the greatest factor in the carrying trade, will be the greatest sufferer, in the future as she has been in the past, but on the contrary her vast material resources will enable her to rehabilitate her fleet more promptly than her rivals. Of course all the countries will be burdened with debt, but nations cannot be exterminated and some way will have to be found to bear these burdens and to give the nations an opportunity of pursuing their industrial life after the war as before it.

The way this question bears practically on us in America lies in the opportunity it gives us of re-establishing a merchant marine. We are now second in the way of carrying capacity on the waters of the earth, falling right in line after Great Britain. But two-thirds of our merchant marine is engaged in lake traffic and river traffic of the country, and the rest of it is mostly engaged in coastwise traffic from one port to another of America. This traffic is protected by law exclusively for American use. To compete on the seven seas with our business rivals will require changes in the maritime laws of America of a very radical kind.

No Casus Belli Here.

THAT was an eye-opener contained in a dispatch from New York on January 30, even to people of the present day, accustomed as we are to count money in millions, that brought a schedule of the cost of maintenance of John Jacob Astor III. His father lost his life in the Titanic disaster, and the child is just 4 years old. Clothes and toys cost for the maintenance of the child \$5750 a year. Mrs. Dick, the boy's mother, enumerated the toys purchased for the amusement of the baby: A toy camel, \$30; lion, \$15; goose, \$3.50; bear, \$3.75; lamb, \$1.50; duck, \$2; donkey, a toy also, \$6. In August he received five roll-mobiles, \$15; three bears on wheels, \$12; five hoops, \$10; a seesaw, \$5; a soap-bubble-blower, \$1; a magic fish pond and athletic slide, \$20. The child gave a party to twenty guests for which the pie cost \$18.

Now a lot of people of socialistic disposition, really envious of other people's good fortune will undoubtedly rise up and cry aloud against such extravagance. They forget that every one of these toys, like the pies, was the work of industrious people's hands, and that many people who are too proud to live on charity and too industrious to be loafers earned a good living from the manufacture of these extravagances or luxuries used by young John Jacob Astor.

The rich man who is a tight-wad for himself and his children is really obnoxious, and this holds especially true

in America. It is not extravagance for Mrs. Dick to spend these sums for the amusement of the baby, the estate will never feel it, and it is really the best kind of charity, for it furnishes industrious people the means of making a livelihood.

Of course, besides the socialists there will be a cry raised against this alleged extravagance on the part of a great many pious people who see in charity the cardinal Christian virtue. These take just as biased a view of the subject as the others. For, which is better, to feed a loafer or his family, or to supply the means of making a livelihood to industrious people? We do not say a word against charity administered to the unfortunate. But a great deal of charity is just an encouragement either of laziness or lack of thrift, and it would be difficult for a political economist to tell which is worse in its effect on humanity generally.

A Philadelphia restaurant has made the innovation in America of charging for the use of a napkin at breakfast, lunch or dinner. The high cost of laundering is given as the reason for charging 5 cents for the napkin for every patron of this restaurant. This is not unusual in Europe, but on the contrary the "usual thing" to do. There is a way to get around it in Brussels, or was before the war. They charged you 15 centimes "pour le couvert" unless you ordered a glass of beer which cost 10 centimes, so you had your beer for nothing and saved an American cent besides for the use of your napkin.

European newspaper people very often laugh at the temerity of American writers for the press who tackle subjects involving European politics. But it would be difficult to find a scribbler on a country newspaper in the United States blundering so widely as the Rome Messagero in a recent attack on what that paper calls convictions are generally right. Los Angeles depends upon this body of men courage of their convictions, and their American militarism. The paper says:

"President Wilson preaches pacificism, but under his administration the greatest military programme, surpassing that of Germany, has been passed. America is preparing to become the second naval power in the world, indeed, the first, if another battle like that of Jutland reduces the Anglo-German naval forces. American imperialism, after Cuba, the Philippines, the Sandwich Islands and Panama, is now looking at Canada to the north and Mexico to the south."

[Yonkers Statesman:] Bacon: Was that your wife I saw you talking to this morning?

Egbert: Oh, no. If it had been my wife I wouldn't have been doing the talking.

Here is an extraordinary and most attractive offer:

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Peace and Pacemaking. I F THESE efficiency sharps were to take it into their heads to re-write the Sermon on the Mount—which they are apt to do—they would doubtless make one of the paragraphs read: "Blessed are the pacemakers, for they shall get there with both feet." The pacemaker is quite forgotten of the Great South.

Discovering a Discoverer.

BY EUGENE BROWN.

THERE are a good many dull days in the office of the small-town newspaper. Even when the city has 40,000 complacent souls and is picturesquely mounted on the Mississippi—which Ople Reed characterizes as the river of romance and folly—there are times so dull that the bell of the scissors grinder would be hailed with joy.

For a long season I was sentenced to the daily task of getting out the Herald in Quincy. Of course, I didn't get out the whole paper, but I thought I did, or at least felt responsible for it, and when neither the telegraph nor the local end was able to pan out any gold I began to worry about my growing flock of readers.

When things looked pretty stale we would often turn hopefully to the broad river which flowed irresistibly past our gates. It was always good for a fish story and at flood seasons it furnished thrills. But fish tales wane in interest, and flood time is so short, so there were long periods when one had to be a pretty good skir-misher to dig anything out of the stream.

One summer we had more than a week of intolerable dullness. It seemed that nothing could possibly happen. Every grass widow in town was on her good behavior and even the dogs were licking noses instead of scrapping. Our little force would meet mornings to discuss possibilities and every man could feel in his bones that the day was a dead one. So one morning when the situation was becoming serious from the standpoint of a newspaper man I announced that I was going down to the river in person and by the immortal gods I would bring something back that would make the town talk for a week. My partner wished me well, but shook his head doubtfully and suggested that I take a couple of shots of cocaine before starting. But I waved him aside and started bravely forth.

I came back with the long-lost casket containing the remains of Hernando de Soto, companion of Pizarro and discoverer of the Mississippi River!

That was some find.

Most folk along the stream were familiar with the romance and legend surrounding the De Soto expedition, and the tragedy and mystery of his passing and the disposition of his body—how at midnight his corpse was consigned to the river he had found lest the Indians should doubt his claim to supernatural power and massacre the remnants of the expedition. The spot was not even known nor was any record kept save in a general way.

Yet here we were, four and a half centuries later, blithely discovering the bony remnants of the discoverer!

The river at that time was lower than it had been for years and this furnished the excuse for the find. Capt. Jack Arntzen, who was in command of the ferry plying to the Missouri side, was a good old scout and said he would swear to and substantiate anything I said, even if he had to go to the electric chair for it.

There was hardly a passenger on the ferry that morning and every now and then the craft would kiss a sand-bar, hang for a moment and then the venerable engine would shake her free. About mid-stream the captain and I put on rubber boots and got out on a hump-backed bar that impeded the channel. We dug out a couple of lengths of stove pipe half-filled with sand and bore them carefully and tenderly back to the Illinois side, where we locked them up into a waste room in the basement of the waterworks plant. So much of the proceedings was observed with idle interest by a few persons lounging at the ferry landing.

Then came the story.

We told it in the paper that evening with an abundance of detail. The captain of the ferry was given full credit for the find. He had noted the curious object on a previous trip and had resolved to investigate. Then he had made the discovery and had realized its importance. He had stood with bared head on the lonely bar as he had uncovered the rude casket of the great explorer. There could be no mistake—on a metallic plate could still be traced the legend, "Hernando de Soto, 1542." With the assistance of a man from the boilerworks he had opened the casket and there found the somewhat disintegrated bones of the



explorer. Also within was found a Spanish doubloon of the reign of Carlos the Magnificent, a metal gauntlet and a button resembling a Grand Army emblem.

The story was told with a careless wealth of words and there were pictures of the captain and his ferry boat to back it up. That did for the first day.

When the paper came out the large majority of readers considered it a merry jest, but there also were many others who took it seriously. That made room for an argument—something to talk about. And they had it. All day at the waterworks there was a straggling procession of curious people who would rather shamefacedly ask if they might view the remains. One man came from a hundred miles over in Missouri early the next day in order to be Johnny-on-the-Spot. To all the captain explained that he could do nothing until after the inquest.

So we had one.

The Coroner was a good friend of mine and promised to stand up calmly under anything we said in the paper, so I selected a jury of friendly scouts and described the proceedings at the inquest. I told how at first, when notified, the Coroner had thought De Soto was a moldier who had drowned near Hannibal the day before and had asked that everything possible be done to receive the corpse. When the doctor said that he understood the man had been dead for 400 years the Coroner abruptly told him he must not believe all he heard.

The story of the inquest was given with minute detail and included an obituary of the explorer. This gave the readers something more to talk about, and the number of those who believed in the reality of the story increased. An enterprising museum man of St. Louis heard of it and wired up an offer of \$1000 for the casket and its contents. Some of the country press roundabout took to the yarn quite seriously and began to argue how it was possible or impossible for the bones of the explorer to be found at this day.

Of course, our loathsome local contemporaries made no reference whatever to the incident, so that we had the home crowd in our own hands. It was an "exclusive" story, and we played it up for some days along those lines. The other papers were silent because they had been scooped the greatest scoop of the century.

So people continued to talk and to write about it until one up-river church considered the idea of running an excursion to view the remains. Then it was that we began to consider the best way to get rid of the ghostly corpus delicti.

But that is another story.

What Is Austria?

[London Chronicle:] But for the grace of the genius of language England might have had an "Austria" in Essex or East Anglia. Edward Freeman, the historian, used to puzzle his readers by posing the question, What is Austria? His way towards a solution was by defining what Austria was not. As the bulwark of the German realm on the Danube that part of the country was named the eastern mark—Oesterreich, or Ostrich, Latinized into the name we know. It was a sort of technical term anciently employed wherever it was necessary to distinguish the western half of any land from the eastern half. So the eastern part of Lombardy became "Austria." The eastern part of the Frankish dominions was Austria or Austrasia. The rest of the land was "Neustria"—not Austria. But the old-time geographical term has stuck in one country only.

Thus we have the queerest product of the map—a name originally defining a small area extending itself to embrace German, Hungarian, Italian and Polish lands, as well as many others. Freeman could only reach a negative definition of the Empire of Austria. It was that part of the dominions of the common ruler of Austria, Hungary, and several other States which was not the kingdom of Hungary. "Shall we say that the land which was once the eastern mark of Germany has become the Neustria, the western part of Hungary?" The sovereign of Hungary is also the ruler of some other lands which can be defined only as not being Hungary. Their most descriptive name would seem to be Nungaria or Nungarn.

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If you know someone who drinks alcohol in any form, regularly or periodically, let me send my FREE book, "Confessions of an Alcohol Slave."

I drank beer at first, then gradually developed into a drinker of strong liquors, the same as so many of us. When drinking heavily, I would taste a little of the mixed drinks. Even a few drinks will do injury, yet for long periods I would average to drink over a quart of whisky, rum or gin daily. Often some mixed drinks and beer added.

I damaged business, health and social opportunities, made family miserable, lost friends and became an unworthy, unwelcome burden upon all except the saloon-keepers, who cheerfully took my money. For 15 years they gave me.

For 15 years, kept me up. I was regarded as a hopeless case. Various "cures" did me no good. But now I have a **joyous** message for drinkers and

While drifting from bad to worse, as all slaves of King Alcohol do I unexpectedly found a true remedy. I say "a true" as I got rid of the craving. My health was quickly restored; and I became and am a respectable man, enjoying every benefit of freedom from accursed alcohol. I speedily and naturally lost all desire for drink. I took less and less. I began to prefer tea, coffee, buttermilk and other non-alcoholic liquids; the craving for liquor ceased. I could sleep perfectly, my stomach became well and I recovered from other ailments which undoubtedly were due to my indulgence in strong drink.

It was done in three days; if I had waited longer, my will-power or faith I would still be a drunkard. Because an alcohol slave has no will-power while drinking, I rejoiced so greatly at having found true relief that I decided to help to remove the curse from the world. I have now been able to help many have a reliable, guaranteed Net of Remedies adapted for sending to any home, anywhere. My Remedies have saved legions of drinkers; the list includes many famous persons who walk of life. I will send you testimonials by the thousands, if you wish, which you can verify. Many were saved from the drink habit because they desired to get rid of it forever and others who did not have even that knowledge by loving wives, mothers or friends. The after-effect of riddance of drink habit should give energy throughout the entire body; the mind, the will-power will be wonderfully strengthened.

I tell about the secret in my book, which I send FREE to every person (or relative or friend) who takes alcohol in any form to excess. The purpose is to save the victim my sympathy. Write to Edward J. Woods, Station 6, New York, N. Y. My Remedies are for either steady or periodic drinkers. Think of it—a complete and delightful overcomer of drink habit between Friday night and Monday night—or any other 72 hours.

FOR MEN OR WOMEN, ANY AGE.

To relatives, friends, or employers I say—if you want to save a drinker in the quickest time and completely, with or without his knowledge and with absolute safety, read my book—often changes despair to joy.

I will send you my book, in plain wrapper, promptly, postpaid. It tells of my own career and of the wonderful method, also gives valuable information. No other book like it. I especially appeal to those who have wasted money on treatments or remedies which had no lasting effect. Remember, it costs nothing; you will always be glad that you wrote. Correspondence strictly confidential. Keep this adv. if you cannot write today. Address:

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[Correspondence Philadelphia Public Ledger:] Years ago Chili and Argentine were on the verge of war. A boundary dispute had broken out anew, intensified by an unsuspected value discovered within the small territory in dispute.

Each nation was goaded on by the other's warlike preparations. Their armies were increased, the navies enlarged. The extra war tax amounted to many dollars per capita.

These militant demonstrations did not go on without protest. On both sides representatives of the Roman Catholic and Anglican churches labored earnestly. Bishop Benavente of Argentina and Bishop Jara of Chili were foremost in their pleas for peace. They journeyed to and fro in their respective countries pleading for an enduring monument of abiding peace between the two countries on the boundary line. Their labors awakened a peace sentiment. The plan to erect a statue of the Christ rebuked the clamor for war. The boundary dispute was referred to the King of England, who awarded to each a portion of what it had contended for, and both were satisfied.

Gratified by the result, the two nations signed a treaty that henceforth controversies between them should be submitted to arbitration and their armies and navies reduced.

The women rallied in favor of the monument. A sculptor, Mateo Alonzo, modeled the statue in bronze. It was made out of old cannon. It is twenty-six feet high, on a granite column, surmounted by a globe, on which a map of the world is outlined.

In His left hand the Christ holds a cross, rising above. His right hand is outstretched in benediction. On one of the two tablets is given the story of the monument; on the other one the words, "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentina and Chili break the peace covenant we herewith have entered into at the feet of our Christ, the Redeemer."

Upon the summit of the Andes, the boundary line, the statue was erected March 13, 1904, a joy to the peoples who honor it and an object lesson to the world.

The new warships were sold, regiments mustered out and the men returned to their homes and vocations. The arsenal of Chili was converted into a school. The roads and harbors of both were improved with the money saved from a bloody, fratricidal strife. The wonderful transandean railroad is tunneling through the mountains, bringing the nations nearer together. The people prosper. But above and beyond all is the lesson that the Christ of the Andes is proclaiming to an angry world, Peace on earth and good will toward men.

[New York Sun:] "There are tricks in every trade," remarked Honest Bill Quigley, the Battery boatman, as he moored his faithful Whitehall in the barge office basin, "but the stunt I just saw pulled by a South Brooklyn junkman was the best I have seen lately."

"He had a fine lot of old hawsers and ropes piled in his boat. This is the day of prosperity with the junkman and even old hawsers sell for 5 cents a pound. But this fellow didn't seem to think his ropes weighed enough. Leastwise he performed a remarkable operation on them.

"To begin with he untwisted all the strands on a rope and then inserted bits of wood between them. He did this until he got a bunch fixed up and then he dropped the lot over the side and let the rope soak while he untwisted a fresh lot.

"After all the rope had been well soaked he pulled it out of the water and pulled out the sticks that held the strands apart. Then he let the outside of the hawsers dry off and went on his merry way to sell them. Of course they weighed a good many pounds more than before the wetting process."

The junkmen, said Quigley, now have to paint their license numbers on their boats "with white paint a foot high." Always regarded by the harbor police more or less as pirates, the junkmen are compelled to carry these numbers conspicuously on the side of their boats, which these days are usually motor launches painted a dark gray or green.

Notwithstanding the vigilance of the marine bluecoats the river pirates are always turning new tricks. Recently one of them was caught boring holes through the flooring of the Spanish Line pier. Profitable

[Philadelphia Public Ledger:] Philip James Bailey wrote "Festus" when he was 20, and lived to be 86 without adding appreciably to his early laurels. His "Festus" was commended by enthusiastic admirers to

the works of Shakespeare and Goethe. No one reads "Festus" now; but its memory survives in one familiar quotation, a one-time favorite for use in autograph albums: We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives who most feels the noblest, acts the best.

Bailey is very far from being the only author to live in men's minds by virtue of a single line, stanza or passage. It is a narrow margin by which to escape oblivion, but it serves. True, it is not the writer himself that is remembered, but as long as some spark from his brain still glimmers he is not totally dead. It may be a line from a song, "Meet me by moonlight alone" and "Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?" are repeated as catchwords by thousands who never heard of J. Augustus Wade or Thomas Dunn English. Very often, however, the lines that survive are of high literary value.

Theodore O'Hara, soldier of fortune, wrote:

On fame's eternal campaign ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

By these four lines he won for himself
admission to the eternal camping ground
of poetry.

William Knox, a Scotch versifier (1739-1825,) owes his fragmentary survival not so much to any great poetic merit in his mortuary couplets as to the indorsement of Abraham Lincoln, who loved to repeat:

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast flying meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to rest in the grave.

Thackeray once acted as police reporter for the London "Diogenes," and performed his work in no perfunctory way. How the future novelist must have enjoyed observing and recording this bit of court-room humor!

Pat Fogarty went all the way from Manchester to London in order to thrash Mick Fitzpatrick, which he did, winding up the performance with the assistance of an "awful horseshoe." He was detected and brought before Mr. Justice Simpleman.

"Well, sir," began the court, "you came here from Manchester, did you?"

"You see the complainant's head; it was cut by a sharp instrument. Do you know what cut it?"

"Ain't your honor afther sayin' that a sharp instrument did?"

"I see you mean to equivocate," said the court, becoming restive. "Now, sir, you cut that head; you came here to cut it, did you not? Now, sir, what motive brought you to London?"

"Equivocating again, you scoundrel!" said the court, waxing warm. Raising up the

horseshoe, and holding it before Pat, he said, "Do you see this horseshoe, sir?"

"Is it a horseshoe, your honor?"
 "Don't you see it is, sir? Are you blind? Can you not tell at once that it is a horseshoe?"

"No?" angrily.

"Of course, I can, you stupid Irishman."

"Oh, glory be to goodness, see what education is!" soliloquized Rat, aloud. "Sure-

your honor, a poor, ignorant creature like meself wouldn't know a horse's shoe from a mare's." E. T.

Abolish the T

of Villavieja, in obtaining information given by the sportsmen who have placed a number of Chinamen and others in the country they did not know. It is reported here that the American Consul in Mexico, Francisco C. Smith, is according to the reports of the sportsmen, was not without success in his command of the Chinamen in their recent visit to the country near Pershing, Texas.

TRAVELERS.
(Continued.)

17.—A report is made tonight by the sportsmen that a party of Chinamen had crossed into Mexico from the United States at the Mexican Corner near the town of Arizpe, three miles from the American border. It is reported that a party of Chinamen, the Mexican Consul, M. K. Haskin, is there, and that the Chinamen are in a state of rebellion.

PATROL.
(Continued.)

18.—The United States Army is reported to be in the process of organizing a patrol of Chinamen, the Mexican Consul, M. K. Haskin, is there, and that the Chinamen are in a state of rebellion.

TRAVELERS.
(Continued.)

19.—A report is made tonight by the sportsmen that a party of Chinamen had crossed into Mexico from the United States at the Mexican Corner near the town of Arizpe, three miles from the American border. It is reported that a party of Chinamen, the Mexican Consul, M. K. Haskin, is there, and that the Chinamen are in a state of rebellion.

PATROL.
(Continued.)

20.—The United States Army is reported to be in the process of organizing a patrol of Chinamen, the Mexican Consul, M. K. Haskin, is there, and that the Chinamen are in a state of rebellion.



HURRAH for America! Three cheers for the Stars and Stripes! Glory be, thanks be, too.

The Eagle tribe is a proud race, and a peaceful race. It is never too proud to fight, but always too proud to endure any indignity wantonly put upon it, and this is the reason it is peaceful. Peace has prevailed in the Eagle tribe for generations for two reasons: first because the race is just and fair, and secondly because it is always ready for any scrap put upon it unfairly.

The Eagle race is perfectly just. It recognizes the right of every member of the tribe to enjoy anything that is properly his. It never makes war on small people, but always tackles one of its size. The Eagle never makes war on any being on earth excepting for purposes of living. Nature, as the Eagle tribe sees it, God, as pious humans look at it, has appointed the Eagles to live off of other living things. It is not the Eagle's fault that it has to kill a rabbit, steal a lamb, or fish a salmon out of the stream. That is nature, or the dispensation of Providence, according as you look at it.

By treating its own members justly the Eagle tribe has lived in peace with itself for ages. At the same time it is always ready to fight if a fight is put upon it. It is armed from end of beak to end of talons, and preparedness is the status of the whole tribe.

The Eagle tribe is proud, and hates to be treated with indignity. Recently when the President of the United States foolishly announced that he was too proud to fight, your Eagle, dearly beloved, felt like crawling into a ground-hog's hole and pulling the

...and his eagle feathers are all drooping in the right place. President Wilson has revised his philosophy and has announced that no nation big or little will be permitted to kick the American "dawg" around, or to put any indignity upon the country. When the Eagle read the announcement of Mr. Wilson he screamed with delight. He thought, "Here is the spirit of the forefathers, the spirit of 1776, the spirit of Lincoln and of Civil War days. Here is real Americanism that unites the American people with the Eagle tribe, peace-loving and peace-pursuing, but not too proud to fight."

Then arose the voice of the whole American people like the voice of Zion, thundering in a mighty flood. This is what made the Eagle so proud to be an American bird and to be borne at the head of American armies. You will recall the sneer of Byron, the British poet, who in describing some cataclysm in the elements, when all nature broke loose until it looked like the crack of doom, he described Brother Jonathan as rising, cocking his ear to the tumult and exclaiming, "Our President is going to war, by Gosh!" This was a sneer on the part of the Britisher, and the Eagle recalls with more satisfaction the words of an American poet who says the world hears "Columbia's thunders roar."

When the President announced that he had changed his philosophy and was not too proud to fight, would fight tooth and nail, vi et armis, with anybody who wanted to scrap with America, then rose the whole American people with one consent and said "Amen." It was inspiring the way the country got right behind the President when an international crisis arose touching the honor, perhaps attacking the integrity of the United States. There was no discrimination in any class of the people: rich and poor, high and low, big and little, old and young, men and women, all said, "We are

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The Eagle is still for peace, and still hopes for peace and believes the wisdom of the President will steer the ship of state safely through the war zones of the world in spite of the frightfulness of submarines, as he has in spite of the callous indifference of the British government to American rights on the high seas. But the Eagle sees a great benefit to come from the war scare which thrilled the country so unexpectedly and so universally. There is no more talk among Americans of objection to preparing for a conflict that may come upon us from any quarter at any moment like a thunder-bolt out of a clear sky on a midsummer's day. Did your Eagle say not one voice? Well, scarcely one. Just silly Bill Bryan is the only man in America who raises his voice against the President's stand for the honor of the flag and the integrity of the nation. He is the only peace-at-any-price man in America, and his influence is so near nil that it may well be neglected.

From all over the land comes a great demand for an army adequate to ward off any attack upon the country. There is no more talk of a little skeleton army. There is no

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And the women, God bless them! How they came up to the scratch, every one of them just like "a little man." They are ready to do anything for their country, in hospitals nursing the sick or in ammunition factories preparing material for war. They have forgotten the declaration of one of them made in times when no war seemed possible, who said, "I did not raise my boy to be a soldier." The women of America have always been true-hearted and brave, and as the men have proved themselves worthy sons of worthy sires, so the women stand forth as worthy daughters of Revolutionary mothers, ready as they did to give not only their sons but their own hearts' blood for America.

Your Eagle sees real hope of real preparedness for any conflict that may come to the country in future years. The American people have shown themselves clear-minded as well as brave-hearted. A human proverb teaches that only fools never change their minds. The American people never were fools and never will be. They saw immediately that circumstances alter cases, and they switched their position from that of extreme pacifists almost to war-bowling jingoes. There is always danger of a pendulum swinging too far whenever it is let loose, and your Eagle is now watching and praying for moderation on the part of Americans. No true American ever was a jingo, and your Eagle hopes that this tradition of the country will be maintained to the letter in the future as it has in the past.

So your Eagle stands high on his rocky eyrie over the great journal that has adopted him for its emblem, proud and confident in his country and his countrymen. Yours for peace, but not at any price,



THE LANCER
OUR young women were dismissed from the Clyde shipyard in England because they declined to wear pants. They insisted upon presenting themselves for work in old-fashioned skirts and the authorities frowned upon them as fluff sentimentalists. Female legs have become an essential of war work in Europe. They are no longer regarded as improperly provocative—it is the skirt that now holds that attribute!

Time was when girl-shows depended entirely on the female leg for the ravishing attractions. They began with short skirts and worked down to no skirts at all, and male audiences flocked in their nudgedal battalions. Now the leg show is relegated to the dime theaters, and even there at that price they have a desperate time culling audiences. Legs can only be interesting wrapped in the charms of mystery. Now that we are fully assured that all women have legs, that, indeed, legs are just twice as common and ordinary as faces, we decline to get excited about them. On the Clyde they consider skirts about as impracticable as flowing veils, sheer superfluous drapery, very considerably in the way when there is any real work on hand. And the young woman who insists upon wearing 'em might as well present herself for work in a diamond tiara and couple satin shoes.

And to think that a couple of years ago we were getting frantically excited because the sex essayed to slit its skirts! Sermons were preached from the pulpits about the iniquity of exposed legs. They are prob-

ably preparing sermons on the iniquity of covered legs now, as being too ostentatiously feminine.

I have always claimed that clothes are the quintessential essence of immodesty—the sort of prurience that turns the nude picture to the wall, a safe and certain way to draw attention to it. It always seemed to me that the most modest people I ever came in contact with were the stark-naked Kaffirs of Africa. Prurience is unknown among them until civilization brings its sinister message of clothes and modesty. As a matter of cold fact, there is nothing quite so unexciting as the human form au naturel. It is quite impossible to keep up the interest more than a day or two. It might go far toward solving our girl delinquency question if we issued an edict for compulsory pants in the munitions factories and shipyards of Europe. Besides inspiring a more workmanlike attitude toward life, pants have been found peculiarly disenchanted as an incitement to flirtation. It is filmy, seductive, feminine drapery, mystery de luxe, that whets the appetite. Feminine pants would be a much more effective method of birth-control than the Sanger literature, which is merely unpleasant and only aggravates the nuisance.

"Thinking People."

Whenever anyone wants to put forth a new argument he insists that "all thinking people" agree with him. The birth-controllers, the Socialists, the cubists, the free versers, the calamitous bond exponents, the eugenists, the pacifists, and all the other arch-theorists, have that "all thinking people" phrase sorely overworked. The fact more often appears that it is all the unthinking people who follow blindly in their train.

People who really think find it pretty hard to come to an adamant conclusion on any subject. The pros and cons, properly thought out, are usually pretty strong on both sides. The birth-controllers, for instance, are very fond of declaring that "all thinking people" must see the wisdom and justice of their stand, but the more one thinks about that question the more confusing and complicated it becomes.

Thinking people are the hardest to con-

vince. They can see all sides of the argument so clearly that they must hesitate to subscribe to either wholeheartedly. That is why the opposition in politics is so virulent. You just can't make all thinking people think alike and whenever anyone makes the assertion that he does he stamps himself as peculiarly unthinking on the face of it. And that is why the world keeps changing its opinions so consistently. Thoughts just won't stay thick. The adamant and unrelenting views of one generation become the jokes of the next. It was once declared that all thinking people must see the absurdity of railways, the danger and damage of them, the utter impossibility of the idea. All thinking people were once called upon to laugh at the possibility of aviation—how could anything heavier than air fly? At the present time Germany is insisting that all thinking people must see the justice of her cause and her right to the submarine campaign, and the Allies are equally assured that all thinking people cannot fail to condemn the outrage.

The Princess.

We have had a Princess gambling on our social pastures for the past year or so. But our local haute monde has somehow not risen to the proper state of effervescence on her behalf. This Princess interests me. The Prince appears to be a persistent absentee. Likewise it upsets my passion for royalty to have a Princess hawking stocks and real estate. I like my princesses princelike. This one disturbed my artistic sense by appearing at a recent outdoor affair in heavy boots and a tweed skirt below the waist, a white embroidered velvet vest, with gold trimmings, a gorgeous sweater, and a hat draped in a bedroom curtain.

Of course I have not had many opportunities of cultivating royalty and my taste has not been educated. And there are princesses and princesses.

Society's fringe still manages to be somewhat impressed with the lady. They are a little uncertain how to address her and halt between "His, you, there" and "Your royal highness."

After basking in the presence, I have sorrowfully come to the conclusion that my

own tastes are irrevocably plebeian. One hates to admit it.

How One Says It.

There was an old vaudeville song to the effect that "It ain't so much as what 'e sees, as the nasty way he sees it." A correspondent has written to ask me if I don't think vice exposure indecent. It all depends. The thing can be done decently and honestly, but it often isn't. It ain't so much what they expose as the nasty way they expose it.

There can be immeasurable indecency in a shrug and a wink, there can be immorality in a smile. And one can call a man a lying hypocrite with such friendly, good-nature that he takes it for a compliment.

If vice is a subject to be dealt with, its "exposure" in the public forum is probably helpful. But to make an entertainment of vice exposure, to exploit it as a profitable form of amusement, to commercialize its graphic details for the satisfaction of prurient minds, is a thoroughly nasty way of handling the subject. A serious lecture or debate, a informing article, honestly propounded to illuminate the problem is not indecency, but diagnosis and prescription.

People can't possibly assist in improving conditions if they don't know what the conditions are. But the sort of people who want to find out the conditions in the form of an entertainment are not the sort of people who are likely to assist in improving conditions, anyway.

Sweet Mysteries.

How does the poet write his lines?
How do the rivers flow?
How do the gentle, clinging vines
And stately lilies grow?

How does the poet find his words?
How does the ocean call?
How do the dear, deep-throated birds
Our secret souls enthrall?

How does the poet reach our hearts?
How do the wild things know,
With love and fear their only charts,
Which is the way to go?

BELLE WILLEY GUE.

"HOME, SWEET HOME." BY A HOUSEKEEPER. For Wife, Mother, Daughter and Maid.

THE YOUNG FOLKS. Give Them Music.

[New York Evening Telegram:] Youth craves music and light and laughter. The tactful mother can supply all these at home. But if she frowns on too much company, the talking machine makes her head ache, and she is going to have company on the evening her growing son and daughter wish to entertain friends, soon she will find herself alone evenings with no young laughter to bother her (or her friends) if they call.

A "Good Time" Necessary.

Do not refuse your growing boy or girl legitimate pleasures. Young folks who are "kept down" do not stay there long. Encourage your boy or girl to have a good time in the right way, and know who his or her chums are. Invite these chums to your home, and let the young folks sing and play and have a good time together. Boys and girls between 15 and 20 need looking after, and a good mother means more to young folks between those years than all the rest of the world combined.

KINKS IN THE KITCHEN.

Cooking For Two.

[Woman's Home Companion:] Meat roasts are almost out of question in cooking for two; smaller cuts must be substituted. Instead of a good roast an extra fine steak may be used. Then there are always chops, veal, pork, mutton, or lamb; there are meat loafs, meat balls, small stews and minature meat pie. A slice of veal, rolled, stuffed with bread crumbs, well seasoned and baked with browned potatoes make a delicious meal. Ham, broiled, with fresh eggs, minced and served in an omelet, or a small piece boiled with spinach, carrots or cabbage is always tasty. Smoked fish may be prepared in a variety of ways.

Salmon may be prepared in a variety of ways: creamed salmon on toast, salmon salad, salmon patties, or escalloped in individual dishes.

Troublesome Dessert Problem.

To some the dessert problem is as troublesome as the meat or vegetable question. A pie may be warmed up the second day and be almost as good as when first made. Puddings may be made small. In baking a cake, divide the portions of the recipe by two, if you are not fond of dry cake or cake pudding. Fruit can be served plain or in short cake, and when only a little is left it can be used for a fruit whip or served with puddings or rice.

"SICK ROOM" CONTRIVANCES.

Save All Old Cotton.

[Contributors Ladies' World:] There are so many calls for old cotton and linen in the sick room that the smallest bit should not be put in the rag bag. In sickness it cannot be replaced by new cotton. Linen wrist bands, cuffs and parts of shirts should be soaked in cold water, the starch washed out, the good pieces cut out, ironed, and put into the "sick" bag or box, or wherever they can be conveniently reached at a moment's notice. Worn handkerchiefs can have the woven borders cut off and the rest saved. If hemstitched, the borders are just the thing for a small cut or burn.

Improvised Tray.

Having neither bedside table nor tray, I was at a loss to know what to use in the sickroom. My husband suggested the broiling pan from the gas oven. It served my purpose very well, having two handles by which to carry it, and a rim about one-inch high which prevented the dishes from slipping off.

CARE OF SILVER.

The Electrolytic Method.

[New York Evening Journal:] The electrolytic cleaning method depends on the fact that this tarnish of silver sulphide is slightly soluble in the hot solution employed, and that it is broken down chemically and its silver content redeposited on the ware when the proper electrical conditions pre-

vail. The presence of both the silver and the aluminum or zinc in the hot solution provides the necessary electrical conditions. Under this method, therefore, practically all the silver in the tarnish is returned to the object being cleaned. When silver polishes are used, on the other hand, all the silver in combination in the tarnish is removed.

The Necessary Materials.

The necessary materials are a graniteware cooking utensil deep enough to allow the silverware to be covered by the solution, a clean piece of aluminum or zinc, preferably the former, and baking or washing soda. The solution, consisting of a teaspoonful of baking or washing soda and a like amount of table salt to each quart of water, is brought to a boil in a graniteware or enameled utensil. A sheet of aluminum of clean zinc is dropped in. The tarnished silverware is then immersed in the solution so that it is in contact with the sheet of aluminum or zinc. The tarnish should disappear in a few seconds. The silver object should then be removed from the solution rinsed and dried with a soft cloth.

Aluminum Preferable to Zinc.

Aluminum is much more satisfactory than zinc for use in this cleaning process, since it does not become coated with a layer of carbonates, which would interfere with the chemical reaction. Zinc does form carbonates and, if used, must be cleaned frequently in diluted hydrochloric acid. A small sheet of aluminum may be purchased especially for silver cleaning purposes, or a piece of an old aluminum utensil well cleaned may be used. Utensils which would later be used in cooking operations should never be employed in cleaning silverware by the electrolytic method. If very large pieces of silver are to be cleaned and a container is required larger than can be placed conveniently on the stove, the hot solution may be poured into such a vessel and the silver object then immersed. The method is most effective, however, when the solution boils during the cleaning process, and efficiency is rapidly lowered as the temperature of the solution falls below the boiling point.

LITTLE HOME ECONOMIES.

To Serve With Fruit.

[Baltimore American:] Cream is not always available and, moreover, it is too expensive to furnish to a large family. I make a thin custard of a pint of milk, one egg, vanilla and a little cornstarch, and keep it on the ice. Poured over fruits it is delicious and the children like it just as well as cream. By doubling the quantities there is enough for several meals.

Flour Sacks as Dish Towels.

Save all of the twenty-five pound flour sacks, wash, rip them open and hem. These make good dish towels, as they are soft and of convenient size. Be sure to hem them or they will be considered "rags."

IN THE LAUNDRY.

Washing Colored Gingham.

[New York American:] When washing colored gingham, muslin, etc., soak in cold salt water, then wash in strong suds made by dissolving white soap in warm water. Wash quickly, rinse in cold water and dry in the shade. In this way the color will not fade.

To Whiten Clothes.

Adding a tablespoonful of solution of tartaric acid to a boiler of water before putting clothes into the boiler will soften the water, loosen dirt, and whiten and bleach clothes.

Remove iron rust from white clothes by plunging into a solution of oxalic acid made from a tablespoonful of acid crystals dissolved in a pint of water. Remove articles as soon as rust disappears and plunge into cold water, then wash in the usual manner.

To Wash Lace.

Squeeze the lace first in hot water, then in cold. To stiffen dip it in milk. It should be pressed on a well-padded board, on the wrong side, with a fairly hot iron.

CONVENIENT ARRANGING. Radiators and Window Seats.

[Woman's World, Chicago:] This year we built a new home, installing a steam-heating system. We decided to place the radiators under the windows wherever it was possible, so as to economize on space, and yet get good results. Our large living-room has four windows together along one side, and under these is a radiator. We had a box made for seat-cover matching the woodwork of the room. This box has no bottom, one side is open, and the whole is asbestos and metal lined. In summer the open side of the box fits snugly against the wall, covering the radiator and preventing the collection of dust about the radiator. In winter the box is reversed and the open side turned out; this sends the heat out into the room and protects the curtains which hang above. The radiator gives better results with the cover, and with an upholstered tapestry cushion the latter adds much to the comfort and appearance of the room.

Dumb-waiter Telephone.

My husband is a busy doctor. Last year we built a ten-room house including the office. One problem was the placing of the telephones so that they would be quickly accessible from any part of the house. We solved the question by installing a small dumb-waiter in a passageway between the private office and the living-rooms. In this built-in box both phones are stationed, the cord attachment being midway between the two floors. At night when we retire, we lift the dumb-waiter to the second floor, where it is surrounded by a neat frame in the wall, about four feet from the floor, and is convenient for night calls. If I go upstairs to see, I pull up the phones if the doctor is out. This is not only convenient, but economical, saving the expense of an extension; after a year's use we can say it is very satisfactory.

TOILET NICETIES.

Use of Complexion Brush.

[Philadelphia Press:] The complexion brush should be used on the neck once a day. A soap may be used or a meal. A cleaning cream should be massaged into the skin on retiring and before going into the open for sun exposure. A good liquid that acts also as a cleansing agent and astringent and gentle bleach should be daily applied. The entire surface of the neck should be covered going around the hair line and back of the ears, rounding out the treatment so that it will include any collar style.

To Clean Hair Brush.

To clean hair brushes take a cupful of cornmeal and fill the brush, rubbing gently with the hand. As it absorbs the grease and dirt shake it out and use fresh meal till the brush is cleaned thoroughly. This is better than ammonia, as there is no water to injure or loosen the back of the brush.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[Christian Science Monitor:] Salt dissolved in alcohol will often remove grease spots from clothing.

To brighten carpets wipe them with warm water to which has been added a few drops of ammonia.

To wash scorched goods, boil them in a mixture of one part soap and one teaspoonful turpentine in a gallon of milk.

HEARTSEASE.

Birthing of Happiness.

[Epictetus:] If a man is unhappy, remember that his unhappiness is his own fault for God made all men to be happy. Just Being Happy.

Just being happy

Is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side
Rather than the blue;

Sad or sunny musing

Is largely in the choosing,
And just being happy
Is brave work and true.



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GREAT WASHINGTON MEMORIAL PLANNED.

Promoted by a Woman. By a Special Contributor.

HERE is a passage in the will of George Washington which once in a while has pricked the conscience of an individual or of an association of individuals, and time and again the question has been asked: "Why has no attempt been made to carry out the will of George Washington by providing an institution operating upon the national scale which he had in mind?"

The passage in his last will and testament contains the following words:

"That as it has always been a source of regret with me to see the youth of the United States sent to foreign countries for the purpose of education . . . contracting too frequently not only habits of dissipation and extravagance, but principles unfriendly to republican government and to the true and genuine liberties of mankind . . . For these reasons it has been my ardent wish to see a plan devised on a liberal scale which would have a tendency to spread systematic ideas through all parts of this rising empire."

"Looking anxiously forward to the accomplishment of so desirable an object as this is (in my estimation,) my mind has not

been able to contemplate any plan more likely to affect the measure than the establishment of a university in a central part of the United States to which the youth of fortune and talents from all parts thereof might be sent for the completion of their education in all the branches of polite literature, in arts and sciences—in acquiring knowledge in the principles of politics and good government . . . under these impressions so fully dilated.

"I bequeath in perpetuity the fifty shares which I hold in the Potomac Company . . . toward the endowment of a university to be established within the limits of the District of Columbia, under the auspices of the general government, if that government should incline to extend a fostering hand toward it . . . and the dividends proceeding from the purchase of such stock, and so on, shall be vested in more stock, and so on, until a sum adequate to the accomplishment of the object is obtained, of which I have not the smallest doubt before many years pass away."

One staunch American woman has taken that unfulfilled wish of Washington so seriously to heart that for over a dozen years her chief endeavor has been to fulfill his desire by the establishment at the national capital of an institution, which, in her mind, as well as in some of the best minds of the nation, will at the present time and in the future fulfill the wish of the father of his country, who saw far before him as to the needs of the American people.

The woman is Mrs. Henry F. Dimock, a well known resident of New York and Washington, a sister of the late William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy under President Cleveland. Mrs. Dimock's plan for carrying out the idea and purpose of George Washington is being effected through an organization known as the George Washington Memorial Association, of which she is president, and in which she has allied with her many men and women of national reputation, great of mind and high of purpose.

Mrs. Dimock looks to the coming birthday of George Washington as seeing the successful culmination of an intensive campaign of several months, whose purpose has been the raising of funds sufficient to commence practical building operations.

America, since Washington's day, has obliterated the necessity for the going abroad of its youth for adequate education by the establishment of splendid schools and universities in every section of this country, but it has as yet no national meeting place where its greatest minds may come together for the interchange of thought and for the diffusion of special knowledge along the lines of philosophy, science, literature and art.

The rarest knowledge is not always learned from books, but is quite as often diffused through spoken words, and those words are most frequently delivered at the great conventions, national and international, which meet from time to time in the capitals of every country. The American

people, and will furnish adequate room for inaugural receptions and all national and international celebrations.

"There will also be several smaller halls to furnish gathering places for national, patriotic, scientific, medical, educational, literary and similar organizations; many rooms for permanent headquarters for those societies which may need them and can raise sufficient money for the purpose.

"It is our plan to make the large auditorium a memorial to the First Continental Congress and the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and to make this great audience hall the central feature in the building. The latter will also contain a George Washington Museum; and several historical gifts are already in our possession toward making the memorial a depository of Washington relics.

"We purpose to raise \$2,000,000 for the building and an additional million as an endowment for maintenance, in order that conventions and societies from every State in the Union may meet in this building without charge for rental. The control and administration of the memorial will be in the hands of the board of regents of the Smithsonian Institution, of which the President of the United States is ex-officio presiding officer, and the Chief Justice the chancellor.

"You know," said Mrs. Dimock, "that Washington declined a salary for serving as President, and he also declined many valuable gifts which were offered him in lieu of money for his services, saying that there might come a day when it might be said that his judgment was biased on their account. He made an exception, however, in the case of two gifts from Virginia, provided Congress would permit him to leave them to the cause of education. One of these gifts, I understand, is still yielding Washington and Lee University an annuity of \$5000

"The other, mentioned in his will as Potomac Company shares, equivalent to \$25,000 in money, was left as a nucleus for a national university. After the death of Washington this company was reorganized, and it is generally understood that the value of these bonds was entirely wiped out, and all that is left to us is the great thought and the great wish that he might do something for the education of his beloved country.

"With the provision for educational institutions of the regular academic class throughout the land, it would seem fitting that such an institution as outlined by this society should more nearly fulfill our first President's last message and last wish than any other, since in our day and generation we diffuse knowledge through the meetings of learned societies and through national and international conventions more than in any other way.

"And it has seemed to me that to erect at the national capital a building suitable for the purpose of the dissemination of such knowledge is the broadest method of carrying out Washington's great and lasting wish. In one of his messages he said: 'Knowl-



Mrs. Henry F. Dimock, President of George Washington Memorial Association

edge is the surest basis of lasting happiness. And through all his speeches and his writings there is that desire for the diffusion of knowledge among the people of his empire.

"I believe that when the North and the South, the East and the West are meeting in this building at the capital of the nation and great American audiences are imbibing the knowledge of great minds in the George Washington Memorial Building we shall be fulfilling the wish of the father of our country for the truest happiness for the greatest number of people."

The Consolation Prize.

[Indianapolis News:] They had joined the neighborhood card club because they had no kith or kin in town. But the club with all of its good will came near causing the few family ties which bound them back East to be broken.

She won a prize one night—the trifle—a little epigram apropos of friendship of the neighborhood, illuminated and framed. She laughed over it and carried it home. During housecleaning time the prize found its way into the spare bedroom.

Soon after their little home was fresh and clean she wrote back East to invite his cousin, whom she had never seen, to visit them. Even he had not seen cousin Mary since her childhood. It was all quite a venture.

Cousin Mary proved to be a delightful guest. By the third night of the visit the two women had arrived at such a state of intimacy that they sat in the guest room in their kimonos while they let down their hair and talked of heart-to-heart things.

Suddenly she became aware of the consolation prize hanging near the dressing table, proclaiming in gilded lettering to whom it may concern:

"God gives us our relatives, but, thank God, we can choose our friends."

Mrs. Dimock's plan has the authorization of Congress, which, as a stamp of its approval, granted a square of ground for the memorial, but will not permit the erection of the memorial until the first \$1,000,000 of the \$5,000,000 necessary for its erection and endowment has been contributed. The work has the approval and encouragement of national statesmen, and the design for the beautiful building has been passed upon by the national fine arts commission as a fitting addition to the classic structures which, it is the plan of those in charge of the development of the capital city, shall embellish the Mall, the most beautiful sweep of public ground running through the heart of any city in the world. The site chosen by Congress for the George Washington Memorial Building is near by and a line with the new National Museum.

Said Mrs. Dimock, in a recent talk about the project:

"This memorial building is to be practical in plan and construction, and of the most durable character. The building will be 300 feet wide, 275 deep, and four stories in height. The main auditorium will have a seating capacity of not less than 7000

people, and will furnish adequate room for inaugural receptions and all national and international celebrations.

"There will also be several smaller halls to furnish gathering places for national, patriotic, scientific, medical, educational, literary and similar organizations; many rooms for permanent headquarters for those societies which may need them and can raise sufficient money for the purpose.

"It is our plan to make the large auditorium a memorial to the First Continental Congress and the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and to make this great audience hall the central feature in the building. The latter will also contain a George Washington Museum; and several historical gifts are already in our possession toward making the memorial a depository of Washington relics.

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THE HUMAN BODY: ITS CARE, USE AND ABUSE.

Aids to Good Health. By a Medical Man.

Starving out Disease.

THE idea of starving out a disease is reminiscent of the ancient superstitious belief that disease is caused by a demon that had taken up its abode in the body. This demon could be starved out if food were withheld, and the disease victim would then recover.

This conception seemed peculiarly applicable to fevers, since fevers frequently produce delirium in which the patient talks and acts irrationally, thus giving the impression to the superstitious that he is "possessed by a demon." Fever patients were therefore starved; frequently they were literally starved to death.

At the present time our attitude toward the treatment of the fever-stricken patient is precisely the reverse of this in every particular. Instead of starving him, we make every possible effort to get food into his system in the most nourishing form, to take the place of food products that are being burned up with abnormal rapidity. Yet there are certain diseases in which the ancient method of treatment by starvation works more effectively than any other.

The disease in which this form of treatment seems peculiarly effective, is diabetes, a condition in which there is an abnormal excretion of sugar from the body. One of the characteristics of this disease is a ravenous appetite; and yet, curiously enough, the most effective form of treatment is by a process of actual starvation for a period of several days, followed by a gradual return to a diet in which the sugar-forming foods are eliminated. The "demon" to be starved out in this instance is a group of overworked glands, which, when given a period of complete rest sometimes recover their normal functions completely.

The number of persons in every community who suffer from diabetes is relatively high; and such sufferers will find fresh hope in this new form of treatment by temporary scientific starvation.

"Poisoning" by Raw Pork.

One would scarcely believe that many people in this country are "poisoned" every year by eating raw pork in one form or another, were it not a fact proved beyond controversy. For more than a quarter of a century the danger incurred by eating pork in any form that has not been thoroughly cooked has been explained and expatiated upon by teachers, physicians and health propagandists. Yet as certain number of persons persist in eating uncooked pork occasionally, and pay the penalty with their lives.

The danger from eating raw pork lies in the possibility that the meat may contain the little parasites that produce trichinosis in human beings. These parasites are killed by heat, so that even badly infected pork is harmless if well cooked. The ordinary process of smoking the meat, as used in making certain kinds of sausage, does not kill the parasites; and this kind of sausage is largely responsible for the cases of trichinosis.

The symptoms of this disease are very much like those of acute inflammatory rheumatism, and frequently the condition is mistaken for rheumatism. But the swollen, painful muscles and fever in trichinosis are caused by the presence of myriads of microscopic wormlike trichinae that are burrowing their way into the muscle fibers. This army of invaders may overwhelm and cause the death of the victim; indeed, death usually results from this form of "poisoning." But those who survive will always carry myriads of parasites in their muscles, although these parasites are harmless after the initial attack, and will not in any way affect the individual's health.

A Warning Against Trichinosis.

It is probable that many cases of trichinosis are the result of the fallacious belief that all pork is now subject to a rigorous Federal inspection, and that one need not, therefore, be too particular about cooking it thoroughly. But, according to a recent report, "the Federal meat inspectors do not inspect pork or pork products to determine the presence or absence of the organisms

causing trichinosis, as even careful microscopic examination is unreliable. They do require, in establishments under their supervision, that pork that is to be made into products to be eaten raw shall be heated or subjected to extreme cold so as to destroy such organisms; but as Federal inspection covers only establishments engaged in interstate commerce, it is not safe to rely on it altogether.

"Even such products should be avoided unless they are known to have come from establishments under Federal or equivalent inspection. In fact, the Bureau of Animal Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, in a warning just issued against the danger in raw pork, gives no countenance to its use as an article of diet, but emphatically sets forth that the safest plan is to eat no pork products of any kind raw. According to the bureau, the records show that the number of cases of trichinosis increase during the holidays, partly because of hog-killing time, and partly because farmers frequently make up special forms of sausage which are eaten without cooking. The rule of safety laid down by the bureau is to cook pork until it has lost its red color throughout all portions, or, if a trace of this color is still present, at least until the fluids of the meat have become more or less jellied."

Cheaper Aspirin.

The month of February, of this year, marks the expiration of the United States' patent on the popular remedy, aspirin. As this remedy, which is unquestionably a very useful one, will undoubtedly experience a very radical fall in price as soon as the restraining patents expire, should prove a boon to sufferers all over the country who have been "bled" shamelessly by the European owners of the patent, particularly since the outbreak of the war.

It should interest persons whose pocket-books have suffered unduly from this cause to know that the United States is the only country in which the price of aspirin has been exorbitant at any time. This is explained by a peculiarity of our patent law, which has no parallel in the laws of other countries.

Persons who have been obliged to pay a rate amounting to something like \$2 an ounce for their aspirin tablets, as has been the case for about two years, will question the wisdom of the laws that make it possible for a foreign firm to demand and get such prices for the same article that sells for less than one-third that amount in Canada, and one-tenth of that in all European countries. When we consider this retail rate, which nets the retailer only a fair profit above the original cost, and reflect that in all the countries of Europe the wholesale rate of this article is from 4 to 10 cents an ounce, there appears to be good grounds for questioning the wisdom of our legislation.

However, the end is in sight; the patents expire this month; and undoubtedly the American manufacturing chemists are even now prepared to supply the market with a cheaper, and a just-as-good article.

"Aspirin" is merely the trade name for acetylsalicylic acid. But the thrifty German chemists who invented it were careful to see that both these names were "protected," and thus proscribed for manufacturers in this country.

Food Values and Appetite.

In considering the sense of smell as a guide to the value of foods for human beings, Minna C. Denton points out that not all food materials are valuable in proportion to the appeal which they make to the appetite. For example, the flavor substances in foods which stimulate the olfactory and gustatory nerves, and thus give rise to the appetite, are not ordinarily the substances on which the body depends for its fuel, nor for the great bulk of its building materials. The latter materials—proteins, fats or oils, and carbohydrates—when chemically pure, have little or no taste or smell.

The preference for thin and crisp rather than greasy bacon is an illustration. In a recent experiment it was found that of the 125 calories which represented the fuel

value of a very thin three-fourths slice, only nine calories remained when the slice was sent to the table; 120 calories being represented by the fat which "fried out" into the pan. In this case a considerable amount of flavor body also goes into the fat, yet most persons would not consider eating it unless it had been skilfully blended with large quantities of other foods; whereas the scrap of skeleton tissue which has lost 92 per cent. of its value is a dainty morsel.

[Pearson's Weekly, London:] Doctor (to small boy, aged 4:) Put your tongue out, please.

The juvenile protruded the tip of his tongue.

Doctor: No, no; put it right out. "I can't doctor," was the distressed reply. "It's fastened on to me."

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FORTUNES MADE FROM LOW GRADE ORE.

Vast Areas Which Will Produce Millions. By Frank G. Carpenter.

The Era of Dredges.

MINING AS AN INDUSTRIAL PROPOSITION. ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY MILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD DUST AND NUGGETS—WHAT THE NEW RAILROAD WILL DO—BEHIND THE SCENES WITH THE GOLD BANKERS JAFET LINDBERG TELLS HOW THE GOLD FIELDS OF NOME WERE DISCOVERED. HOW THE GOVERNMENT CAN HELP THE MINER.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

NOME (Alaska).—The gold resources of Alaska are beyond computation. The Territory has produced so much of that precious metal that if it were divided equally among the people of the United States there would be \$13 for every family living under the American flag. The product already amounts to more than \$260,000,

of the gold mined in the United States to-day.

Coming north from Seattle I saw my first great gold properties on Douglas Island, just opposite Juneau. These were the Treadwell mines, which have been manufacturing gold, as it were, for more than thirty-five years. They have taken out something like 30,000,000 tons of ore, and from it have extracted more than \$60,000,000. The gold so far taken out has averaged only \$2.42 a ton, and that low average has paid an enormous profit for thirty-five years.

Just across the Gastineau Channel, a stream of salt water a thousand feet wide, are several mountains of gold which some of the great capitalists are just beginning to work. They have already spent millions of dollars in prospecting and developing.

close to the water that the ore can be handled by gravity. Mr. Thane was then mining gold which averaged only \$1.50 a ton, and of that 90 cents was clear profit. He expects to raise this to \$1 per ton, and to so increase the output that the mills will grind out more than 10,000 tons every day, Sundays and week days, year in and year out. The Alaska Juneau is preparing to work on an equally large scale, and its machinery is as fine or finer than that of the Gastineau. If the figures given me are correct, this would mean an output of 20,000 tons a day from these two mines alone, and that at a profit of \$1 per ton would equal \$20,000 a day throughout the year.

In my talk with Mr. Thane he spoke of the efforts made to reduce the cost of every possible item. Said he: "We will gladly

Klondike I investigated other methods of gold manufacture. The first mining in the Klondike was of the speculative kind of our forefathers. Men dug holes in the ground and dragged out fortunes in gold dust and nuggets. The only difference was that in the Klondike the frozen ground had to be thawed down twenty, thirty or forty feet to where the gold lay. That sort of mining could not be done unless the gold averaged many dollars a ton. The Klondike mining with machinery, as carried on now, is in gold values that will average only from 30 to 60 cents a ton, and from such values tens of millions of dollars' worth of gold have been extracted. The Yukon Gold Company has the richer properties, but Joseph W. Boyle's expenses of mining are by far the less, and he makes a profit out of gold



Rocking out gold.



In a miner's cabin. Showing gold pans and pokes. Gold dust in the pans.

600, and that notwithstanding nine-tenths of the country has never been prospected. The greater part of Alaska is covered with moss and other vegetation that hide the rocks and earth, and the most of the gold so far won has been extracted from ice, sand and rock that were frozen solid for thousands of years before the miners thawed the ice and recovered the gold.

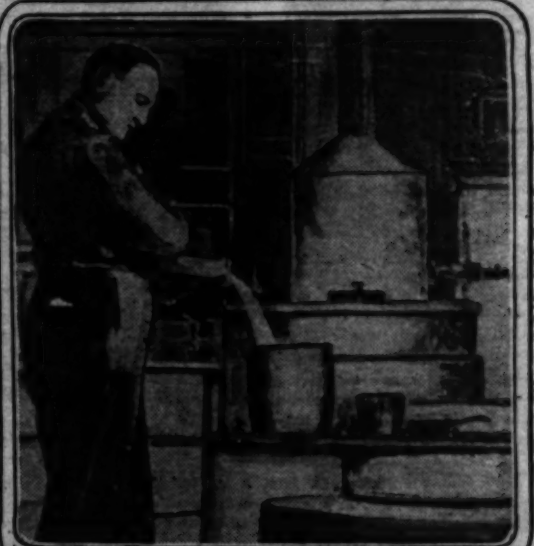
It is easy to prospect a country where the metals lie loose in the earth and where every great rain washes some of the float to the surface. It is different where the metal is held tight in the hands of Jack Frost, until his fingers are burned by the fires of the miners. Almost all of the \$185,000,000 worth of gold that has been taken from the basin of the Klondike was thawed out by fire and steam. The same is true of the \$50,000,000 from Fairbanks and also of the gold now being mined in the Iditarod, and at Ruby and Nome.

What Alaska needs is more prospectors and modern machinery and cheap fuel to get the gold out of the earth. The prospectors will come with the completion of the railroad, and with it we will have cheap coal for the camps. As to machinery, it is being dragged in by horse power and man power, and the railroads will put it into hundreds of places where it cannot go now. **Change of Methods.**

The gold mining of today is far different from that of the past. It has changed from a gambling to a manufacturing proposition; from a speculation to an industry. By gold manufacturing I mean the mining of gold at such a low cost that it is an industrial proposition. The bulk of the gold of our forefathers came from the pick, shovel and rocker of the individual miner. The bulk of the gold of today is gotten out by companies which have capitals of millions of dollars, and whose profits come from ones so poor that our forefathers could not have mined them at a profit. This is so of the Transvaal, which has produced more than \$2,000,000,000 worth of gold since the first discoveries were made about a generation ago, and it is true also of the greater part



Working with compressed air.



Assayer at work.

and they will make fortunes out of ore whose average gold contents are almost \$1 less in value than those of the Treadwell. The Alaska Gastineau properties from which the owners expect to be mining gold for a century to come are handling ore worth on the average only \$1.50 a ton, and the same is true of the Alaska Juneau, the Ebner and other large mines near by. **Juneau the Center.**

Indeed, there is a strip of territory in Southeastern Alaska 200 miles long which carries quantities of low-grade gold, and to this strip the Treadwell and these other mines belong. While at Juneau I had a talk as to the extent of this gold belt with B. L. Thane, the manager of the Alaska Gastineau. Mr. Thane says that Juneau is about in the middle of the belt, and that it runs north and south, much of it being so

pay \$50,000 to any inventor who can show us how to save one cent a ton in getting out gold. One cent per ton would mean a saving of \$100 a day on one 10,000-ton product. It would mean over \$35,000 a year; and a saving of 10 cents a ton would mean the saving of \$1000 a day. So you see we can afford to pay for the best of machinery."

In speaking of the power used, Mr. Thane said that the hydraulic electric plant erected for the mine had cost more than \$1,000,000 to build; but that it gave them 6000 horse power, and reduced their power cost to 30 cents per ton less than that of the Treadwell mines. In other words, that reduction on a 10,000-ton daily output meant a saving of \$2000 per day.

Millions From Low-grade Ore.

Coming across the mountains into the

that averages from 25 to 30 cents a ton. The Treadwell quartz mines spend \$1.35 to get the gold out of the ore. The Alaska Gastineau spends 90 cents a ton; but Joseph W. Boyle, whose proposition is a placer one, thaws the gravel and gets out the gold for about 8 cents a ton.

We are now getting more than \$10,000,000 a year from the gold placers of Alaska, and we have already taken about \$190,000,000 of that kind of gold out of the Territory. The geologists have estimated that there is something like \$300,000,000 worth of placer gold in the Seward Peninsula and there may be other great deposits of a similar nature in the unexplored parts of Alaska. As to the lode mines, where the gold lies in veins in the rock, we have so far taken out \$75,000,000 or \$80,000,000 worth of gold and twenty-three lode mines are now being operated. Their output increased

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HEN FRUIT AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD.

Nutrient and Dietary Values. By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

The Place of Eggs in the Diet.

BECAUSE of the peculiar food value of eggs, their relative freedom from waste and the ease with which they may be prepared, their use as meat substitutes at least is often desirable, even when a consideration of their price alone would not so indicate. This is stated in a recently published professional paper of the Office of Home Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture. The principal food element furnished by eggs is protein, the nitrogenous tissue-building element whose presence in considerable proportions also gives meats, fish, milk, cheese, etc., their special food value. Eggs can, therefore, be substituted in the diet for the latter foods without materially altering the proportions of protein consumed. In addition to protein, eggs also furnish fat and a number of valuable mineral elements, including sulphur, phosphorus, iron, calcium and magnesium in an easily-assimilable form and also are believed to be rich in certain essential vitalizing elements called vitamins. Like milk, and unlike meats, eggs do not contain substances convertible in the body into uric acid. Their shells constitute the only waste materials. Ninety-seven per cent. of the portion eaten—a high proportion compared to other foods—is digested. No extended cooking is necessary for eggs and there is, therefore, a saving of time, labor and fuel in their preparation when they are compared with many other foods.

Though wholesome when fresh and clean, eggs may be decidedly unwholesome when old or dirty. The housewife should be careful when buying, therefore, to choose eggs which are as clean and fresh as possible. Similarly, the producer of eggs should have nests clean and sanitary and should collect eggs frequently. It also is well to insure the production of eggs with good keeping qualities by producing only fertile eggs after the hatching season.

In addition to cleanliness and freshness, the housewife when purchasing eggs should consider size and freedom from cracks. Eggs vary so in size that a dozen large and a dozen small eggs purchased at the same price per dozen may differ as much as 25 per cent. in the value of the food elements furnished. Perhaps the fairest way to buy or sell eggs is by weight. Because of the wide variations in the size of eggs, it also is coming to be recognized that more accurate results in recipes can be obtained by weighing or measuring the eggs out of their shells. Cracked eggs are undesirable because the breaking of the shell makes possible the entrance of bacteria and filth.

California Leghorns Unfortunate in East.

Addison, in his turgid tragedy of Cato, makes that character say: "It is not for mortals to command success, Sempronius, but we'll deserve it." At the Panama-Pacific Exposition the California-bred White Leghorns deserved success and were accorded first honors in the fine exhibit made by Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Martin of Downey. The result was that California at once occupied first place in the rays of the poultry sun, the consequence of which was a splendid demand for California breeding stock and exhibition specimens. But the interest went beyond this, and our (as a result of winnings in 1915 at San Francisco) Brown Leghorns, Minorcas and White-face Black Spanish were in demand at eastern shows, and particularly in New York, where the Brown Leghorns and White-face Black Spanish in years past gave a good account of themselves; but the White Leghorns of this year were shown out of condition, due to a series of mishaps en route of such a drastic nature as to preclude winning in the hot competition of America's leading poultry exhibition. The proverb says that one accident follows another and that troubles never come singly. The thirty-eight Martin White Leghorns traveled across the continent in a car by themselves. Arriving in Kansas City, in 20-deg.-below-zero weather, this car became detached from the Pullman occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Martin, but they were given to understand that it was attached to another train and would go right through, but, arriving at Chicago, they learned that it was still in Kansas City,

where it remained for forty-eight hours in severe, cold weather. By strenuous effort the car was rushed to New York City, where it arrived some thirty hours late. Here, however, trouble multiplied. No facilities were provided at the Madison Square Garden show for washing and conditioning the birds. The result was that the birds, suffering from their long journey, the radical changes in climate and a want of proper preparation, were in no condition to show their inherent quality, much less the artistic effects that grooming and conditioning can only bring about. The same judge who placed the honors at the Panama-Pacific show also served at New York in this show. The opinion he expressed at San Francisco to the writer tells the whole story, viz:

"If I could take these Martin birds in just the condition they are here to Madison Square they would give eastern White Leghorn breeders a splendid run for their money."

The episode well illustrates the hazard there is in shipping birds so great a distance in midwinter for competition with the best that the nation can produce. We admire the sportsmanship of the breeders and fanciers who try it. Because they do not win takes away nothing from the inherent quality of California birds, but it does show that every contingency must be covered, not the least of which is showroom preparation. We still maintain that in the Mediterranean breeds the California bird has 'em beaten. It is as feasible to do it with White Leghorns as it is with the Browns and White-face Black Spanish. Because Mrs. Martin's birds met with unlooked-for trouble is all the more reason why she should try to deliver the California poultry message to Garcia, why she should bring the packet (of success) to Richelieu. Verily, in the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as "fail." It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all!

The Care of the Droppings.

A late bulletin of the Agricultural Department contains some pertinent suggestions on the care of chicken manure. Allowing for the fact that ordinary poultry droppings contain fertilizing constituents which would cost 20 to 25 cents if bought in the form of commercial fertilizers at ordinary prices, conservation becomes an economic problem. A flock of 100 hens would at this rate produce manure worth \$20 to \$25 per year. If, however, the manure is not properly cared for, as much as one-half of its fertilizing value is likely to be lost. To prevent loss frequent cleaning of the dropping boards is necessary, and some sort of absorbent should be used daily. The use in moderate quantities of fine, dry loam or road dust, or, preferably, mixtures of these with such materials as sand, plaster, acid phosphate and potash salts, has been recommended. Sawdust also has been used with good results at the rate of ten pounds per hen per year mixed with sixteen pounds of acid phosphate and eight pounds of kainit. This gives a fertilizer which, contains about 25 per cent. of nitrogen, 4.5 per cent. of phosphoric acid and 2 per cent. of potash, and is worth about \$10 per ton at ordinary prices for these fertilizing constituents. It is a better-balanced fertilizer than manure alone and is usually in better mechanical condition for application to the soil by means of fertilizer distributors or manure spreaders.

Barron's Description of a Good Laying Hen.

People who do not trap-nest their hens, and still are anxious to be able to pick out the good layers in a flock, will be interested in Thomas Barron's description of the laying type. It will be remembered it was his birds that won first place in the national egg-laying contest at Storrs, Ct.: "Size, medium for the breed, tending toward neither extreme; plumage, rather light in feather; head, skull rather narrow, with full, bright eye; rather short, stout bill; comb fine in texture; size not so important as texture; neck, rather long, not too thick; body, breast prominent and rather long; back long and wide across the hips; good cushion. In short, a square-built bird with body held at such an angle as to throw the stern lower than the breast. Legs, medium

in length and set well apart; tail, carried rather high. The whole appearance of the bird should be trim and active."

Non-laying Flocks.

Every little while a complaint reaches this department that people's hens do not produce, and wanting to know the reason. To all such there can be made no specific reply, much less a definite remedy assigned. The factors that enter into a good egg yield are several, viz., good stock, comfortable quarters, proper food, sufficient exercise, cleanliness and favorable climatic conditions. With the exception of the latter, a declining egg yield in Southern California may be due to any one or more of the first-mentioned causes. For this reason each case is peculiar to itself, and the remedy rests largely with the owner of the hens rather than writing for reasons and remedies. If all the conditions are right, then the situation indicates a race of poor producers—drones that had better go to replenishing the family dinner rather than the egg basket. Each poultryman should study his flock carefully and by close observation learn their requirements.

Natural Incubation.

With the advent of the day-old-chick business and the commercial hatcheries, incubation by the natural method is much less in practice than formerly; indeed, it is limited almost to the specialty breeder and the man with a few hens in the back yard. One difficulty in setting eggs, if the natural system of incubation is followed, is in finding broody hens at the proper times. If natural incubation is depended upon it is advisable to disregard dates and make settings whenever broody hens are available. A good nest for setting is made of wood, fifteen inches square and about fifteen inches high, with a top. The front is open except for a board six inches high. Three or four inches of damp earth should be placed in such a nest, and on this straw, hay or chaff should be firmly packed. The hens should be dusted thoroughly with insect powder. It is a good plan, also, to sprinkle a little of the powder in the nests.

A Matter of Four Thousand Dollars.

A bill has been introduced in the Legislature calling for an annual appropriation of \$4000, to be dispensed under the direction of the State Poultry Association, for holding annual poultry shows and the payment of cash premiums. This, of course, in addition to the poultry division of the annual State fair. We cannot quite see why the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker should be taxed for the benefit of the poultrymen, nor can we understand why the money should be disbursed under the direction of a private association. It all smacks of class legislation and governmental paternalism, both of which are vitiating. Besides, taxes are already sufficiently high to be burdensome to the people of the State.

Caught on the Wing.

The Petaluma Poultry Journal is responsible for the statement that a Santa Cruz breeder, one of the veterans in the business who cares for 4000 fowls, allows his birds to balance their own relations, day after day, at their discretion. He calls his system a poultry cafeteria.

According to the Indiana Experiment Station, for every 100 eggs set a poultryman should have reason to expect nearly twenty-two pullets. If 100 pullets were desired he should set 457 eggs. With good average results a Leghorn pullet should be raised for from 45 to 50 cents, this being reduced according to the income from the sale of cockerels.

To attain good results in artificial incubation the average temperature of a hanging thermometer in the egg chamber should be 103 deg. If a beginner in poultry culture, select your breed with care, being certain that its appeal to your sense of the beautiful is satisfying, and then stick to it. It is the fellow who gets full value out of his breed and variety who achieves success.

It is a noticeable fact that the good laying hen also produces the best-sized eggs. The spasmodic producer in poultry is much like the sporadic worker in men—both quality and quantity of product are uneven.

An eastern farm paper calls attention to the fact that kind-dried stale baker's bread in sacks is now available in places, and that when bought at the right price is a good poultry food.

Idleness in hens is about as profitable as idleness in people—both lead to vices. In the former, feather pulling is one of the most common.

Conserve the table scraps. With a family flock they often constitute a valuable portion of the upkeep of the birds.

Feathers and Spurs.

A small heap of litter is soon worked over by good laying hens.

Red scares hens quite as much as it does cattle; hence avoid it in the poultry ring.

In the chicken business there are annual beginners as well as annual quitters.

The study of markets is quite as important as a knowledge of poultry culture. What good is production unless the goods can be moved at a profit?

The incubator is not lousy, but chicks hatched by hens and transferred to a brooder are liable to be infested.

It is said Guineas do not scratch, which renders them a favorite of your neighbor with a garden.

Co-operation in practice is doing business by combining community interests; merely talking about it sounds well, but neither buys nor sells anything at a profit.

The win at a poultry show is a coveted honor, but not necessarily a court decision—merely the opinion of an expert (judge) on the quality of a particular bird.

It is indeed a wise poultryman who does not know more than his customers.

System is a good thing in the poultry business, but when it saves a dollar and misses a ten-dollar sale it is a system oversystemized.

Fowls that are restless with a tendency to pick their feathers indicate the presence of lice and mites.

Circular No. 156 of the Agricultural Experiment Station at Berkeley tells how to operate an incubator, and is written by J. E. Dougherty, instructor in poultry culture at the university. Those who operate incubators will find its advice and suggestions of value in their work.

Harry Collier, the popular judge and poultry writer of Tacoma, Wash., has announced himself as a candidate for vice-president of the American Poultry Association.

A number of fine breeding males are kept "at stud" by the United States government poultry farm at Bettaville, Md., thus practicing with fowl breeding methods employed on general stock farms.

MR. POULTRYMAN

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Vast Areas Which Will Produce Millions. By Frank G. Carpenter.

FORTUNES MADE FROM LOW GRADE ORE.

Saturday

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

Many people think that the only mining done in Alaska is during the summer. This is a mistake. The mines of Southeastern Alaska work all the year round, and those about Juneau and on Douglas Island are kept busy day and night throughout the year. Many of the placer mines of Fairbanks get out the earth during the winter, and last year \$500,000 worth of gold was won during that season. They are even mining gold on the Koryukuk, not far from the Arctic Circle, in the heart of midwinter. A large part of the output of that region comes from mines far under the surface. In the Innoko district, which is producing about \$200,000 worth of gold, there are twenty-two mines which are operated in winter; and in the Klondike the mining season has been so extended that the dredges work seven or eight months of the year. The deeper mines about Nome are kept busy in the heart of midwinter. There were thirty-six working last season and more will be in operation during the winter to come. Winter mining will be greatly increased as soon as the railroad is completed. It is dependent upon cheap fuel for thawing the ice-frozen strata. The gold-bearing earth is taken out and left on the dumps to be washed when the warm weather comes.

Work the Year Round.

I have been much interested in the methods of handling the gold after it is gotten out of the earth. The ordinary placer miner puts his gold dust and nuggets in what is known as a "poke." This is a bag made of buckskin about as big around as your arm and a foot or so long. The miner may have several pokes, or he may store his dust in tin cans or other receptacles until he is ready to take it to the bank. The ordinary miner's cabin has no lock on the door and cans of gold dust are often left comparatively unguarded. Indeed, life and property here are safer than in most of the cities of the United States, and the miner takes risks that he would not dare to take in New York or Chicago. The most of the gold dust is sold to the banks, which assay it and reduce it to bullion. They melt it into gold bricks, in which shape it is taken by steamers to Seattle. Every bank has its assaying and melting establishment. Sometimes the gold is paid for over the

bank, the gold is not as pure as others. Some may be worth not more than \$15 an ounce, while other dust will realize \$30 or more. The most common way is to take the dust and turn it into bullion, charging a commission therefor. The ordinary rate is now 2 1/2 per cent. After the gold has been turned into bricks the banks pay its value as per the assay less their commission.

Bank Smelting Works.

It is interesting to visit the melting establishments of these Alaska banks. I spent some time today in that of the Merchants' and Miners' Bank here at Nome. The gold smelting was done in a little room adjoining the bank, and the furnace looked much like a kitchen stove. Around the walls were shelves containing melting pots of one kind or another, and under them were bins of soda and other materials such as are mixed in with the gold in the melting. When the lid of the stove was lifted I observed that it was lined with fire clay, and I was shown that it had a blowpipe connected with it and that its heat was even as great as the furnace through which Shadrack, Meshach and Abednego, the three Israelites, walked and came out as free from harm as though clad in asbestos.

The assayer was a young man from Sidney, Ohio. He came out here as a graduate of the Ohio State University, and since then has melted something like \$30,000,000 worth of gold dust and folded it into bullion. He is now melting about \$2,000,000 per annum. He had a big job on hand at the time of my visit, and with his permission I watched the process. He first took two clay pots, each holding about a half a gallon, and poured into them some soda and other chemicals. He then took two pokes, each holding a quart of gold dust and nuggets, and poured them into the pots. He handled the gold dust as though it was so much cornmeal, and indeed it looked not unlike cornmeal fresh ground. He next took the pots up with pincers and laid them on the blazing bed of the furnace. He then covered the whole and sent in a draft which raised the temperature to something like 2500 deg. Fahrenheit. It takes only 1800 deg. to melt gold, and the heat soon transformed the dust and flux to a liquid mass which boiled and bubbled. When he opened the furnace the contents of the pots were of a golden red color, and the pots themselves were red hot. He lifted them out with the pincers, and poured the liquid from each into a steel mold the shape of a brick. As the gold

solidified it cooled, and a little later the impurities in it rose to the top in the form of a slag, which crumbled off, leaving a brick of pure gold. This brick was worth thousands of dollars. The assayer dumped it into a wooden tub, like a washtub, filled with water. This cooled the brick and a few moments later the assayer took it out and scrubbed it off with a nail brush such as you can buy any day in the 10-cent store. He then wiped it with a 15-cent towel, and showed it to me as bright and shining as a new wedding ring.

Melting and Refining.

After melting, the gold brick is weighed and the difference between the weight of the dust and the weight of the brick represents the impurities. The average loss in the case of clean, bright dust is about 2 per cent. The next process is assaying the brick. Chips are cut from the corners with chisels, or borings taken from the top and bottom in different parts of the brick. These are melted and refined and their content of pure gold is known. Their weight is then compared with that of the brick. The result shows the fineness of the metal in the brick and its value.

During my stay here I have seen much of Jafet Lindeberg, who, with John Brynteson and Erik Lindbloom, made the discovery that resulted in the great gold fields of Nome. Neither of the three men had had much experience in gold mining. Brynteson had come from the iron mines of Michigan to Alaska to search for coal. Lindbloom had emigrated from Sweden to San Francisco, where he had worked as a tailor. He came to Alaska upon hearing of the gold discoveries at Kotzebue Sound. Lindeberg had come from Norway to aid Uncle Sam's expedition which took reindeer from that country to the starving miners at Dawson. He heard of the Klondike and he took the reindeer contract to get to the gold mines. When he landed with the deer he heard that gold had been discovered on the Seward Peninsula, and then came north to St. Michael. He was prospecting near there, along the Fish River, when he fell in with Brynteson and Lindbloom, and the three decided to go westward and test the country about the Snake River, at the mouth of which Nome is situated. They had tested a half dozen creeks that flow into the river, finding more or less gold, when they made their discovery on Anvil Creek. That was the 20th of September, 1898. The weather was already cold, but by using hot water they were able to wash the gravel, and they took out \$1500 worth of gold within a few

days. These three took on Charles Stewart, others that formed the foundation for the Pioneer Gold Mining Company, which was probably mine more than \$1,000,000 this year. From the claim No. 8 Anvil, they took out \$9000, and from a claim near by came more than \$1,000,000. By and by other deposits were discovered and the region was so developed that it has already produced something like \$70,000,000 worth of gold.

Hydraulic Methods.

In my talk with Mr. Lindeberg I asked him to tell me something as to the changes in mining. Said he:

"We started by digging the earth with pick and shovel, and we used the old-fashioned rocker to wash out the gold. Later on, we made sluice boxes and had horses and scrapers. Then came the steam shovel, and now we are doing most of our mining with water and the hydraulic lifts.

"There has been a great change in the amount of gold saved. Ground that could not be worked at a profit in the old way now pays very well. With our hydraulic sluices we are able to thaw the glacial formation down to where the gold-bearing gravel lies. We can strip this off with the water, and within a month or so the air will thaw the gravel to such an extent that we can force it into the lifts and get the gold out. After the glacial earth has been removed we find that the gold-bearing material runs to a depth of forty feet or more. It varies in richness, but there is so much of it that we expect to be mining for an indefinite period to come."

"What can the government do to help the Alaskan miner?" I asked.

"It might do a great deal," replied Mr. Lindeberg, "and I think it would pay in the increased development of the Territory. The government has invested large sums in irrigation work for the reclamation of the desert. Why should it not do the same for the vast areas of low-grade mining territory here? It ought to subsidize transportation companies, so that machinery and supplies could be brought in at a moderate cost, and reduce the taxes on mining in every possible way. It might send its expert engineers and scientists to sample mining claims upon order, and to determine the feasibility of mining enterprises and the investment of capital therein. Such methods would eliminate the speculators, and put mining on the basis of a fixed industry, rather than the gamble which it has so largely been in the past."

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The Story of the Hidden Casket of Baron de Sorini.

BY MARIA DE PUY DE GALEANA.

THE Baron de Sorini stepped out of the little mule car onto the sidewalk paved with large flagstones with much of the sprightliness of young manhood. His smoothly-shaven face was rouged skillfully; his scant hair was dyed a rich brown and brought forward and upward to conceal his baldness; his clothes were of a late Parisian fashion. He wore a double gardenia in his buttonhole, carried a gold-headed cane, and on his dyed head he wore a tall silk hat. His gold-bowed glasses crowned a Napoleonic nose. His trousers were widely turned up at the bottom. A white embroidered waistcoat and white kid gloves completed his costume. Traces of snuff were confirmed by the richly-jeweled snuffbox that he presently drew forth and, after deftly conveying a pinch to his aristocratic nostrils he wiped away stray specks from the end of his nose with a white silk handkerchief that had his initials richly embroidered in one corner.

The direct rays of the tropic sun reflected a white glare from walk and house walls and rendered any scant shade grateful to the passer-by. The Baron glanced at the deep azure of the southern sky and inhaled deeply. He filled his shrunken chest with the balmy odor. Ladies—old acquaintances—followed him slowly and with dignity and he helped them to alight with all the courtliness of a gentleman of olden times to grand dames. They slowly penetrated the green-domed avenue where interlaced branches of fountains met overhead, letting through them occasional vistas of blue sky. Flowers ran riot over hedges and house-roofs. The odor of roses filled the air. Wild doves cooed mournfully to their mates. The ladies let fall their long scarf-like black shawls into narrow folds

and bared their heads to the balmy air. Birds sang. It was spring and the land was full of sunshine and song.

As they walked slowly from down the avenue they paused at a stone bench and seated themselves. They conversed of olden times; of the times before the cathedral was repaired and its old planks of priceless woods replaced by the smooth mosaic, and the hand-carved organ loft and hand-made organs replaced with machine-made ones; of the fine old yellow house fronts before this modern "crash" for scraping the smooth stones had seized the city; of when stout iron bars had still guarded windows in place of their opening out onto balconies, except in the upper stories, unless unusually high; of when cobblestones paved all the streets except the principal thoroughfares; of when, in their youth, the people were more hospitable and more elegant; when all the ladies dressed in the richest of silks and brocade and velvets and jewels, and the old-time servants were loyal. Now society was more lax, grand dames less elegant, faithful servants difficult to find.

The Baron de Sorini entered with zest into all their private affairs, for he had known them all these many years, some of them in their young womanhood, almost in their childhood, for he had lived long among them. He had come over with the French troops in the time of the Emperor Maximilian, and had stayed. He was the hero of many battlefields and pensioned by some government. They gossiped of familiar friends and affairs, for the Baron was one of them. Out of all the world which he had known in his far-off youth and young manhood, he had chosen this place in which to spend his remaining many years (for

the Baron was near 90) as the loveliest, most peaceful, most dear.

The Baron arose almost stiffly from the stone bench on which they were all sitting. From force of habit he tried to conceal his stiffness, just as he tried to conceal the ravages of time with rouge and his wasted form with interior swathings. He gallantly took leave of the ladies, pressing gently the tips of their extended fingers as they half arose and then sank back gracefully on the bench, the folds of their scarf-shawls enveloping their forms in statuesque-like lines.

"Poor Baron," sighed Dona Crescencia, "he is falling fast. I fear he will not last long. If you could have seen him as when I first knew him more than forty years ago!" The other ladies listened attentively, for Dona Crescencia had been lady-in-waiting to the Empress Carlota, an honor never to be forgotten by her townswomen and townsmen. Dona Crescencia had met reverses of fortune since the days of the gay French invaders. She no longer had carriages with footmen in livery as in those bygone days of splendor, and so, rather than step in the streets just like an ordinary plebeian or like a servant, she rarely went forth. This was one of the rare occasions when Dona Crescencia Urquides de Malo crossed her stone threshold and ventured forth into the vulgar street. Her companions, Dona Maria and Dona Soledad and Dona Francisca, listened; for they were all childhood friends and lifelong comrades (whenever their domestic duties permitted them to meet) and they all knew the history of the Baron de Sorini. Nevertheless, they listened to the tale with unabated interest.

"Yes," continued Dona Crescencia, in an

swer to the inquiring rustling of Dona Maria's and Dona Soledad's and Dona Francisca's silken skirts, "as you all know, I was chosen by the Emperador himself to be lady-in-waiting to the unfortunate Empress. He was received, with his suite, in one of my father's houses, the one where the girls' academy now is."

"Si," answered Dona Maria, "it was truly a regal palace, fit for royalty, in those days, with its grand staircase, its large salons, its lofty ceilings; it is but little changed."

"Of course you could not help being selected lady-in-waiting to Carlota, when the royal entourage was housed at an expense that all but ruined your father," said Dona Soledad, not without malice.

"But you were truly beautiful," soothed Dona Francisca.

Dona Crescencia glanced scornfully at Dona Soledad. "Envy! Soledad, I know you have been jealous of me ever since."

Dona Soledad straightened her tired old back, her eyes sparkled; she sputtered in anger, for hers had always been the sharpest of the tongues of the "girls." "We girls were all handsomer than you, Crescencia Urquides, but money—"

"Sh-h-h," soothed Dona Maria from between nearly toothless gums, "we all know that Crescencia was the prettiest. The Emperador was a good judge of beauty, and he knew."

"Yes," continued the irresponsible Dona Soledad, "we all know the blonde Maximilian's penchant for pretty women. We all know of the tales of the festivities in the Borda Gardens, of Carlota's sadness."

"It was there that I first saw the Baron de Sorini," continued Dona Crescencia suavely, ignoring Dona Soledad's pettish

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)

HEN FRUIT AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD.

Nutrient and Dietary Values. By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

VALUABLE INFORMATION IN A NUTSHELL.

Soil and Plant Wisdom in Paragraphs. By Ernest Branton.

After many years of futile labor to obtain a yellow sweet pea, plant breeders are crossing this pea with the nearly related yellow brooms.

An ornamental plant of economic value is the "udo," a Japanese vegetable quite new to this country and belonging to the same family as the Chinese rice-paper plant. In botany it is *Aralia cordata*.

Keep in mind that asters should be planted in March. Sow the seeds in boxes of light sandy soil and keep moist and shady until plants are up.

It has been so cold until lately that many roses have not started into growth. The thin, useless wood and the superfluous wood may still be pruned off and good May flowers secured.

While the coconut palm thrives best only in the tropics it will grow in any soil, even in sand and brackish water, and from sea level to 2000 feet altitude.

Coffee trees grow naturally within 25 degrees north or south of the equator and from sea level to an altitude of 6000 feet but must have more than fifty inches of annual rainfall.

Tea trees grow from sea level up to 5000 feet altitude but need a rainfall of 100 inches annually.

Both the seeds and roots of the common Egyptian lotus are eaten by the Chinese and others. The roots contain about 70 per cent. of starch.

The taro or dasheen, which we know as "elephant ears," is grown in Hawaii in at least fifty varieties. The roots are eaten in many ways and it thrives well in California. More extensive experiments should be made as to its food value.

Paris, one of the world's most beautiful cities, owes much of her attractiveness to parks, parkways and boulevards. There are over a hundred miles of roadways having a width of ninety-eight or more feet.

A park system to be effective should have special parkways connecting the several units. Los Angeles is about to acquire such a connective between Elysian and Griffith parks.

Local writers and speakers on city planning and housing appear eager to draw comparisons between the worst local conditions and the best obtaining abroad. This is unfair and tends to wrong impressions, for Los Angeles has no slums.

In New York City, after the rule stopping street cars on the near side of crossings, there were 1185 less accidents in the first three months than for the corresponding three months the previous year. Yet for the first month there were 158 more than one year previous.

Some plants which are but annuals in cold climates become perennials in the tropics and plants strictly herbs in the former become shrubs or small trees in the latter.

Nearly all tropical plants, with the exception of bread-fruit, cacao and rubber trees may be grown in the sub-tropics but plants from the latter, apples, peaches and oaks for example, will not thrive in the tropics.

One of the Australian beef woods, *Casuarina equisetifolia*, will thrive in brackish or salt water at sea level and all species grow well near the coast or in alkali flats.

Dr. S. H. Bailey, the world's foremost horticulturist, while in Los Angeles last week, related the following: He was visiting with a farmer of note in an Eastern State when the editor of a nearby city daily wired: "Wish to feature Bailey visit

and illustrate. Send Bailey photo if possible; if not, photo of your best cow."

A good spray for weed destruction is made by boiling two pounds of sal soda or seven ounces of caustic soda with one pound of arsenic, in a gallon of water. Dilute to make twenty gallons.

At the equator the elevation at which frost occurs is about 15,000 feet. In Hawaii it ranges from 4000 to 5000 feet. In Honolulu the lowest recorded temperature was 52, and the highest 89.

The average rainfall at Honolulu is 28 inches; at Manila 75 inches. In Bengal it is 138 inches and at one point in Assam it is 458 inches, the total one year being 905 inches!

Those who wish palms or palm-like growth yet who live outside of semi-tropic California should grow the windmill palm, *Trachycarpus excelsus*, and the wine palm, *Jubaea spectabilis*. Both are hardy in the south of England.

The tall dracaenas or cordylines are known in England as club palms. They are hardy in the Isle of Wight, in Devonshire and Cornwall and on to the Scilly Isles, also in Southern Ireland. Hardy everywhere in California.

The practice is becoming too common of making little mounds of soil about the base of trees and the mistake is made of making them convex, instead of concave. In nature these are caused by tree roots striking hardpan and forcing the tree up out of the soil.

A number of years ago there was quite an extensive planting made of the candle-nut tree near Santa Ana and sufficient time has elapsed to judge of results. Inasmuch as the project has aroused no enthusiasm it cannot be considered as an encouragement to prospective planters.

Few residents of Los Angeles are aware of the enormous growth of the school gardens and playgrounds of the city, nor of the expansion of the activities of the park department. But all have kept pace with the number of policemen. In 1937, when the present writer came, we had twenty-four patrolmen. To-day we saw one wearing shield numbered 575. Surely we do grow.

Do not strive too hard against nature. If you have a soil which is not suited to the plants you wish to grow, convert it if it can be done easily and economically. If not, grow what you may or move away.

Do not grow pentstemons for more than two years without renewal. The second year a new top may be induced by cutting back severely and a good flower crop induced, but this method repeated will not bring good results. Get new plants or propagate from cuttings.

We do not have enough echiums in local gardens. They grow well over all of Southern California and are striking objects when in bloom. The flowering column sometimes rears its head eight feet in the air. Try one or two this year.

The Los Angeles Playground Commission has just issued a report covering its activities during the years 1915-1916. It shows a very satisfying extension of the work in many new sections and the enlargement in many older fields. It is still quite apparent, however, that we need more playgrounds in many parts of the city not now served.

In gardening of extent be true to art and nature and do not wreak a violation of either on the landscape for the sake of being original. It is not necessary, or indeed best for your garden to possess, any feature or effort that will distinguish it from many others. Your large garden should be marked for its fidelity to nature

so far as the latter may be followed while still recognizing the fullest use of the premises by man. Strive only to make the useful beautiful.

We shall some day grow good mangoes in Southern California. What they need is moist heat, which we cannot supply. Near the coast summers are too cool and inland the air is too dry. Yet Sierra Madre grows a fair mango and hardy types will be found to suit local conditions.

Those who live where the temperature ranges too low for oranges should try some of the new hybrid citrus fruits like the citranges, a cross between the hardy trifoliate orange which will grow at Philadelphia, and the common sweet orange. At least three fine hybrids have been produced. The Paraguay guava or feijoa is also hardy throughout California and at least part of Oregon.

The chief deterrent to artistic effect in arrangement of house flowers is overcrowding. Whenever a vase is filled so the stems are crowded the individual is lost and cannot fall into a natural position. If only enough stems are used the bunch of flowers will often arrange themselves very naturally when dropped into a vase.

After all the tropical fruits have been thoroughly tested through a term of years none have proven so universally satisfactory as the avocado. The tree is of the highest decorative value among fruit trees, fitted for the finest gardens, and the product is more universally esteemed at first taste than any introduction since the orange.

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A HUNDRED-MILE HIKE ACROSS SIERRAS.

Yosemite Valley to Mono Lake. By Gertrude Holme.

LONG before the first lances of sunlight began to strike down into the valley, we were up. Hot coffee, toast and eggs helped to drive away the early-morning shivers, and soon the camp was cleared and all in order for a four or five days' absence. Our packs had been made ready the night before. A small meat loaf, bread-and-butter sandwiches, cheese, pickles, cookies, oranges and raisins made up the load for the largest pack, to go upon the broadest pair of shoulders, and a few necessary articles of clothing, with the little old faithful Brownie No. 2, went into a smaller pack which I carried. A jack-knife and a collapsible drinking cup were all the necessary incumbrances for serving our meals, as we expected to have one hot meal a day at our resting places and would not bother with cooking paraphernalia.

to get out of the valley. That means a climb of 3600 feet or more before he may be said fairly to begin his real journey. There are five trail ways out of the valley, not taking roads into consideration: Yosemite Fall trail, then out to a junction with the Tioga road, Glacier Point, short trail, Ledge trail to Glacier Point, trail out by way of Vernal and Nevada Falls, and the Snow Creek trail up Tenaya Canyon to Tenaya Lake and beyond.

We had traveled all the other trails, but this one was new to us, and we soon discovered that, of all the trails which scale Yosemite's walls, Snow Creek is the most trying and difficult. A seemingly endless number of zigzags presented themselves and, although our shortening breath and firing muscles proclaimed the hard work, still we appeared to be accomplishing nothing on every hand; some of the walls of Tenaya Canyon seem just one polished slab of granite, on whose inhospitable surface not a trace of vegetation is observable. They tell us that here in winter and spring avalanches thunder down into the canyon, keeping up the polishing process begun by the glaciers of long ago.

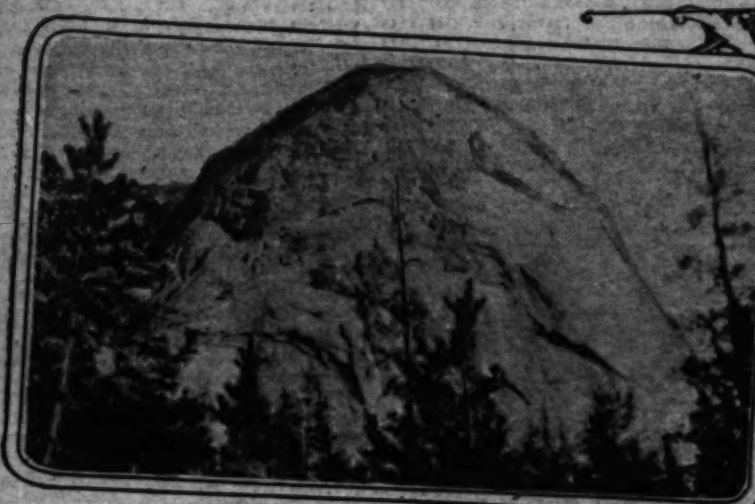
These polished rocks reflect the light in a glitter almost as of snow, and one is relieved when a gradual descent is made through welcome pine shade to Tenaya Lake. Stopping at a little mountain stream before we reached Tenaya, we had our lunch and a rest of half an hour. The climb up Snow Creek had taken a bit longer than we had anticipated, and instead of reaching Tenaya Lake at noon, as we had expected, it was just 2 o'clock when we passed the camp at the upper

neighborhood, where motor parties were making camp for the night.

Anticipating a short walk of a mile or so to camp, we crossed the bridge over the Tuolumne, passed the Sierra Club lodge, saw a number of campers' tents, but no Desmond Camp. At last we stopped some people returning from an evening's try for trout, and in reply to our questioning were told that the camp had been recently removed two or three miles farther up the road.

It was growing dark rapidly, and a chill wind had risen. We had already made our allotted twenty-three miles, and here were "two or three miles" of uphill road still to be covered.

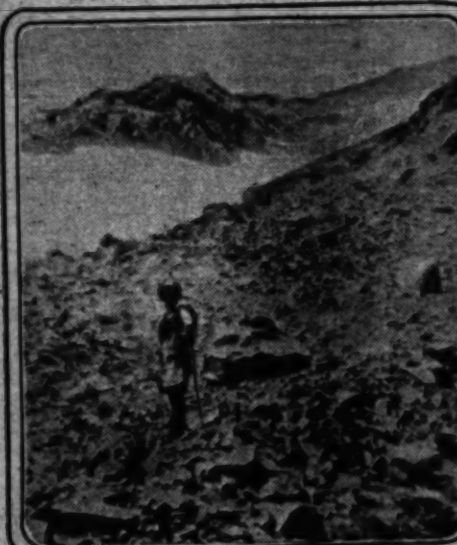
The camp is not directly on the road and we were afraid that we might miss the



Fairview Dome, Tuolumne meadows.



Edge of desert on eastern slope of Sierras.



Entering Mono Pass



Sardine Lake.



Cathedral Peak from Cathedral Pass.

Through sleeping neighbor camps we set out, following the banks of the Merced, now so quietly slipping along after its tremendous buffeting in falls and rapids farther up the valley.

The woodland closes in upon us. We are enveloped in that expectant, waiting, just-before-the-dawn quiet, and find ourselves walking softly and speaking with hushed voices. Underneath the frowning, terrific precipice of that challenging wonder, Half Dome, we look up and see the first shafts of sunlight gilding his scarred, bald top.

So many people are disappointed on their first sight of Mirror Lake and say, "Why, it is just a pond," but the reflection for which it is famous can be seen only in the early morning, before the first faint ripple of the dawn breeze has ruffled its surface. Then it is a gem indeed.

Anyone taking a trip out from the Yosemite must always take into consideration that the first thing he has to do—is

ing. The recuperating air of these wonderful mountains is such that, no matter how breathless and exhausted you may be from climbing, a rest of only a few minutes brings you back to the battle, renewed, even as Antaeus of old, and ready for new zigzags to conquer.

Up we go from 4000 feet in the valley to 6000, to 7000, to 8000. The trail divides. One branch goes off to the top of North Dome. We keep to the east, occasionally crossing little sparkling Snow Creek, and, after a few more zigzags, look on our map to see where we are, and find we have skirted Mt. Watkins, are 8000 feet up, and are looking down and across the smooth-scraped and polished walls of Tenaya Canyon to Cloud's Rest, a mountain that looks like nothing else in the world so much as a gigantic wave, arrested and made granite just at the moment when it was about to break and curl over in foam.

Smooth, polished rock surfaces greet us

end of the lake and started on the second lap of our day's journey.

Tioga road was now to be our highway. It skirts Tenaya Lake and carries us out into the gray reaches of the dead forest. I believe this great forest of dead trees is due to a disease which attacked and killed all the trees in this vicinity. For miles we walked through this desolate place, rank upon rank of gray, shining, lifeless tree trunks, with their white arms raised as though protesting against such an unnatural fate.

A road is not nearly so easy to walk upon as a trail, and the miles lengthened out with the lengthening shadows. Polly Dome was passed. Fairview Dome dawned upon our view and was passed, and finally about 6 o'clock we came in sight of Tuolumne Meadows, and, thinking we should soon be at our destination—Tuolumne Camp—we stopped by Budd Creek and had our supper, noticing, as we sat, the thin

turn in the deepening dusk. Forcing our protesting feet along the uneven road in the almost darkness, for night comes suddenly up here, we at last saw the twinkling light and the turn of the road.

Stiff, and aching in every muscle, but triumphant and happy, we turned in for our well-earned lodging for the night.

Yosemite to Tenaya is a well-traveled trail, and the Tioga road a regular highway for motor cars, but our second day's travel was to be through unfrequented and little-traveled country, as we were taking the trail over Mono Pass, through Bloody Canyon to Mono Lake and the eastern slope of the Sierras.

After listening to friendly warnings from guests and guides at the camp, we shouldered our packs in the early morning and were out again upon the Tioga road, with the advice to "look for the big tamarack with a blade" that marked the divergence of the trail to Mono Pass.

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CALIFORNIA, LAND OF FRUITS AND FLOWERS

ORCHARD AND FARM, RANCHO AND RANGE.

The Foundation of Fertilizers. By Thomas C. Wallace.

LAST week we talked about lime, but did not exhaust the subject, so before proceeding with a discussion of the indirect elements that often control the use of fertilizers, some further action of lime should be understood.

The sweetening of sour soils by lime is accomplished by the use of air-slaked and carbonate of lime. The sourness of the soil proceeds from an accumulation of organic acids. These acids usually occur through imperfect aeration of the soil, and as soon as the soil is opened up and well aired they are partially decomposed, but not altogether, and there are some that must be modified by combination with some base to render them harmless to plant roots. Lime serves as such a base, and it even renders some of the harmful acids beneficial to vegetation by forming with them compounds of nutritive potentialities. One of the effects of an accumulation of vegetable acids in the soil is to arrest the further natural decay of the organic matter of the soil, and lime combining with the acids removes this effect. It must always be borne in mind that lime will cause a diminution of organic matter in the soil by promoting its decomposition as stated. Lime, however, is not at all as exhaustive in this sense on the soil as are potash and soda, and is consequently safer, while it is also much cheaper.

On any soil which needs liming it is necessary to repeat the dressings in four or five years after we have found the amount required for the best single application. Lime disappears rapidly from the cultivated strata of the soil by leaching, in the drainage, by sinkage, and by plant feeding. Irrigation sinks lime rapidly. The richer the soil in organic matter the more rapidly it will waste the lime, because the solubility of the lime is increased by the decomposing matters. The profuse decay of vegetable or animal matter in the soil produces great quantities of carbonic acid which in combination with water dissolves the lime.

Lime and Magnesia.

It is considered that magnesia can to some extent fill the place of lime both in the plant and in the soil, but to a less degree. For most plants the amount of soluble lime must be four times greater than the soluble magnesia to permit of a healthy condition of the plant, but some species can thrive with the lime standing as two to magnesia one. When the amount of magnesia is equal with or exceeds the lime, the plant growth is arrested and the produce is uneven and poor in quality as well as often short in quantity. Lime Granulates Clay.

Stiff clay soils are quite readily loosened and made fine granular soils by the application of lime. The pure clay, silicate of alumina, which makes the soil stiff, is a gelatinous substance which refuses to diffuse but sticks or binds the soil particles together. If there is a large enough proportion of this gelatinous substance in the soil it is more fit for brick making than agriculture. Lime is of an opposite nature, being crystalline and diffusible and it penetrates this gelatinous mass and separates it by making combination with the silica, leaving the clay sugary in consistency. This is called flocculating the clay. The clay will take water and drain more readily as the result of the lime application. There is another way by which lime improves the texture of the soil. It is best explained by noting the action of lime paste and whitewash. A puddled or pasty condition of lime or a whitewash when spread on a surface of either wood or stone clings to it. Thus if the stone or wood be dipped in lime whitewash it is surrounded with a film of lime. If the material be brick or some porous stone the lime liquid penetrates the capillaries, or as we say takes root, liming or filling the spaces or cavities. This kind of action clothes the particles of the soil with a lime coating and the result is that the particles are kept from running together or adhering to one another. Thus a loose granular soil is formed by diffusing lime through the clay. This same action works in a different way on sand, with which it acts as a weak cement by binding together the smooth siliceous particles, making a firmer and more stable soil.

The Foundation of Fertilizers.

In dealing with the elements of phosphorus, nitrogen, potassium and calcium and

their compounds as they enter into fertilizers, we do not take in the whole question of feeding plants, but we in them express the fundamental basis of artificial fertilizers for plant feeding. It comes necessary then, if we would fertilize intelligently in all cases, to build around this foundation a knowledge of all, if possible, of the known compounds of the soil which enter into plant feeding so as to utilize any of them that the circumstances of our farming may demand. It is generally taken for granted that the soil contains everything of importance to plants except the three elements which comprise the basis of artificial fertilizers, and that these elements alone are liable to be in deficiency. If this were correct there would be in fact no fertilizer question, and it would be quite simple to concoct a variety of mixtures of compounds of these elements on about the basis of the found analysis of the plants and their produce. But experiment and observation have demonstrated this theory to be deficient, and that the practical results from attempting to apply such a theory to fertilizers are intangible often, and generally misleading. We know that several of the soil elements, although present in the soil, may be in such a condition that plants cannot use them sufficiently for their wants, and we know also that some of these elements and their compounds directly affect the condition of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash in the soil, for no matter how cleverly we may compound nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash they undergo great changes in nature's laboratory in the soil before they can be wholly utilized by plants. The changes referred to are not always the same, because the elements, or rather the compounds of the elements, in the soil with which they come in contact differ at least in quantity and condition, so that the chemical action that takes place in the soil is dependent upon a great variety of circumstances.

Action of Iron.

It is not uncommon to hear growers speak of what they believe to be the action of iron on their plants, and occasionally one reads articles along the same line. It is true that some classes of plants, as for instance asparagus and spinach, have remarkable power of absorbing iron compounds from the soil, and this seems to be one of the provisions of an all-wise Providence to meet the requirements of iron compounds in the human and perhaps brute creation. The plants themselves have not been shown to require iron except in very infinitesimal amounts, but it is known that application of iron, as for instance sulphate of iron, to the soil, has considerable effect on the plants grown in the soil, sometimes very beneficial and sometimes harmful. It is worth while therefore to look into the question of the application of iron to agricultural soils.

Sulphate of Iron.

This compound of iron has but little more than 25 per cent. oxide of iron with 29 per cent. sulphuric acid and between 45 per cent. and 46 per cent. crystallized water. It will be seen at a glance that this compound contains a considerable proportion of oxygen in combination with the sulphur, the iron and the water. Sulphate of iron dissolves readily in water in quantity equal to its own weight, and if the water be heated to the point of boiling a much smaller quantity will suffice, but we have not boiling water to deal with in the soil, the water being of ordinary temperature. When the sulphate of iron is dissolved in the soil it is subjected to a more or less rapidity of decomposition by which its parts are separated to make various combinations in the soil. Its oxygen may be utilized in the process of nitrification in the soil, thus rapidly increasing the nitrate fertility, its iron in decomposition will form combinations with the lime in the soil, and if the lime should be in excess it can overcome the result of excess lime by making the lime inactive. The sulphuric acid may also form with the lime setting up gypsum, or so-called land plaster. Here we have three effects from the application of sulphate of iron in the soil, any one of which may prove so beneficial to the general fertility of the soil that the plant may thereby be enabled to obtain food from soil matter which had hitherto been unavailable. The result may have been an indirect potash fertilizer, because the formation of gypsum in the soil may have had the same effect as the application

of gypsum to the soil in liberating potash for the plant. The hastened nitrification may have provided the plant with the necessary nitrogen feeding which it had otherwise been starving for, and the check put upon the excess of lime by its being carried into a less active condition by a combination with iron may have removed a retarding influence which had prevented the plant from obtaining its proper nourishment.

Sulphate of Iron and Lime.

Sulphate of iron should not be applied to soils poor in lime, for it is in such cases that the poisonous action of sulphate of iron on plants is possible. Such powerful chemical compounds as sulphate of iron coming into easy solubility in the soil must first find proper chemical elements in the soil to modify its action, and lime is especially the material necessary in this case. A disregard of this important point may render the application of sulphate of iron harmful. On a soil exceedingly rich in organic matter, as for instance a bog soil, sulphate of iron acts as a deterrent to nitrification unless lime be applied with it, in which case its results are actually beneficial, as the iron compound and the lime equalize or establish equilibrium between both salts. It has sometimes been argued that the quantity of sulphate of iron that should be added to a soil would not be sufficient to neutralize an excess of lime, but such reasoning can be met with the answer that small amounts, say 100 pounds of sulphate of ammonia and other compounds, show remarkable effects on the soil and crop and it is not necessary to provide great quantities of these things to obtain results. The larger the quantity of the lime in the soil the more there will be soluble, and unless the lime has become soluble its effect for good or bad is not very great. The comparative amount that is soluble is very small even when it is too much, and thus we can readily see that a seemingly small amount of soluble iron would modify it sufficiently for our purpose.

Iron and Chlorophyll.

Nearly all writers on the subject of plant feeding and fertilizers seem to satisfy themselves with the expression that iron is probably useful in the formation of chlorophyll and it may aid in the construction of the chloroplast. It is quite well understood by plant physiologists that iron does not enter into physical union with chlorophyll. There is every reason to believe, from such investigations as have been made, that iron is one of the necessary elements of plant life, but it is equally indispensable for species that do not construct chlorophyll, as has been shown by the work of Pfeffer. It is probably this general admission by writers, who assume as correct accorded theory on such subjects, that has led up to the more or less general conclusion that some compounds of iron will cure chlorosis of the plant. But from the results of practical experimentation it seems quite clear that we have no good ground for such a belief. Some fertilizer manufacturers have been led by a general conclusion on the subject to mix in their fertilizer formula a proportion of sulphate of iron. In some cases these fertilizers are used in soils rich in lime, and beneficial results in the general fertility of the soil quite frequently follow, but if on the contrary such fertilizers come to be applied to soils poor in lime the result is disappointment to the grower and even sometimes they report harm from it. The use then of sulphate of iron must be considered a special fertilizing, only to be resorted to for the purpose of meeting known conditions of the soil requiring correction.



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LONG before the first traces of sunlight began to strike down into the valley, climb of 2000 feet or more before he could fairly begin his real journey.

A HUNDRED-MILE HIKE ACROSS SIERRAS.

Yosemite Valley to Mono Lake. By Gertrude Holme.

A long trail leads upward on the mountain, where the snow is melting, revealing their glittering shoulders up into the blue. To the north, Conness; to the south, the mighty Lyell group. Close on our right as we turned into the trail towered Mammoth Peak, ridged and ribbed with snow, and on our left the somber red bulk of Dana and Gibbs.

Long we journeyed in this splendid company, noting the changes in our tree companions as we mounted steadily upward. A few deserted and tumble-down log cabins once used by miners are passed on the trail and serve but to accentuate the loneliness. About noon we passed the park boundaries and entered Mono Pass, 10,000 feet high. Here all was bleak, cold and barren, not a tree to be seen, just jagged rocks and snow, and the chill, thin air of the wind-swept high places, a warning touch from the inhospitable snow fields that reach their searching fingers down into the pass, loath to withdraw even at this late August day their almost year-long hold upon it.

We skirted the snow banks, passed two tiny lakelets, stumbled along over the ground now covered with sharp-edged rocks—the trail completely obliterated—until with one accord we came to a full stop, and, suddenly, had come upon the climax of our journey.

Who shall describe that picture? The strange dream country that revealed itself. A land, this, straight from the realm of fairy and Arabian Nights, a Sinbad-the-sailor land of enchantment.

In the midst of a desert landscape, a lake of strangest blue, enchanted islands in the lake, one of white so dazzling, one of black so somber. Sand and ash and cinders, a dead land, with dead volcanoes, those weird mountains, the Mono craters, smooth-rounded, perfectly molded as though shaped by a gigantic hand, as children make mountains in the sand—all these asleep in a golden desert haze, and afar off surrounding and inclosing this mysteri-

ous land the glittering blue waters of the white mountains, slowly the vast blue mountains of our day-dreamed old-time tales.

New began the descent through Bloody Canyon, which, says John Muir, "is the wildest of all the Sierra passes," and makes a descent of about 4000 feet in a distance of about four miles. In a few hours one travels from winter to summer.

Somewhere near twenty years ago a trail was made up this canyon, and one brought down from a mine in this region. Since that time nothing has been done on the trail, so that, while traces of it remain in some places, for the most part we simply made our way down to the best of our ability, and, as it would be impossible to get out once you are started, the only thing to do is to go on. There is no solid footing, all a tumbled mass of sharp-cornered rock, slipping, sliding and turning underfoot.

The most difficult bit was getting down to Sardine Lake, which presents itself suddenly. Precipitous sides must be negotiated on this same uncertain footing, snow banks treacherously hollowed out underneath avoided, and the sinister black waters of the lake seem only waiting for that little slip and miss that would drop you into their icy black depths. To some people this lake may be beautiful; to me it was terrible, menacing, and I was glad when we were safely on our way and had left it behind.

Trees now began to make their appearance and, feeling that we had passed the most difficult part of our march and sure of our ability to make the destination planned for the night, we stopped by the little stream whose company we had been keeping through so many vicissitudes and had our lunch at 2 o'clock.

Walker Lake, at the bottom of the pass, seen for hours as we labored down to it from above, was finally reached and passed. The soft turf of the meadows and aspen groves around the lake was a welcome change after the many stony miles above,

and the water was not deep, but, as much as we were out of the woods, we crossed the line and were in the desert. Sand, sagebrush and cotton, except where the irrigation ditches brought the tamed waters of the riotous mountain stream and bade them work awhile.

A cattle country this, and great herds of wild-looking cattle, seemingly almost as afraid of us as I was of them, were passed in fear and trembling, by one of us at least. Irrigation ditches were waded, shoes and stockings put on and taken off repeatedly in the process, until at last the highway was reached. Then came the question, which way to turn?

A cloud of dust came rolling along the road, revealing presently in its midst two swarthy horsemen, who directed us to our journey's end, Farrington's ranch.

Yes, we could be accommodated. Come right in. Supper would soon be ready. Had we come over Mono Pass? Well, well! A few people came over every year, but "Bill" the guide brought most of them, and they came on horses.

A room and a chance to clean up found us surprisingly refreshed and ready for the call to supper.

Long will that picture linger in our memories: the low-celled room with its long table and turkey-red cloth, a lamp in the middle of the table lighting up the company of twelve or thirteen drawn around the table; the hostess, capable, competent, looking after everybody's wants; the host, with friendly, twinkling eyes and easy stories of the early days; the son and daughter of the house; two prospectors, down from the mountains for renewed grub supply; guests from Bishop and Round Valley, with talk of Goldfield, Tonopah and Bodie; with it all, the good ranch fare upon the table. Such butter and milk and honey, with cooking to go with them such as Farrington's is famous for, known and remembered by travelers from all over this land and from many lands across the sea.

The next day being Sunday, we decided

to turn back for a day and would not have any business that on Monday morning. A walk of some miles to the shores of Mono Lake and back proved much more of an undertaking than it appeared at first. Walking on sandy desert roads is not walking on mountain trails by any means. In the afternoon we were content to sit on the porch, watch the Indian boys run pony races in front of the house, and the old Indian crones who sat about waiting for their usual dole of broken food from the table.

A quaint, shut-in corner of the world is the bit of the eastern slope of the Sierras, and the charm of its difference remains with us. Of all the experiences of that memorable summer in the Sierras, the one we would be most sorry to have missed was our stay at Farrington's ranch.

Our return trip to the Yosemite was made over the splendid highway that carries you through Leevining Canyon—a wonderful road through a glorious country. An easy day's hike of eighteen or twenty miles landed us back at the Tuolumne Camp, and we were early on our way the next morning over the Sunrise trail, through Cathedral Pass, a twenty-six-mile hike to the Yosemite, where we arrived in good order in time for supper, and with our 100-mile hike a never-to-be-forgotten memory.

This was but one of many trips made by two tenderfeet during a first summer in the mountains, and shows what may be done by persons of ordinary good health and walking ability. A most enviable vacation and great store of health and energy are gained thus at very small expense.

We have vacationed in numerous ways and places, but hereafter whenever the opportunity presents itself we shall follow the advice of that "Grand Old Man of California," to "Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you and the storms their energy, and cares will drop off like autumn leaves."

Ol' Judge Six-months and the Extenuation.

BY HUGHES CORNELL.

D' I EVER tell you about Long Archibald Allison McGregor? (Inquired the grayest-haired reporter.) "Ol' Judge Six-Months," the vag called him. He was a stern old Scotchman for you—on the bench—ya'as. But—say!—out with the boys, he set 'em a pace!

Still, in court, well—they used to say that when he got bored listening to a case he'd just turn, weary-like, to the clerk, and mumble, "Six months," and that ended that case.

Anyhow, I saw him do a thing once! I was hanging around his courtroom one morning, picking up space, when an ancient vag stood up for sentence; a "drunk and disorderly." The judge looked fagged. There'd been a political ratification meeting, night before. He automatically put the routine question as to whether the prisoner had anything to offer in extenuation.

The old vag tipped him a wink out of one red eye, leered around at us reporters to make sure we were on, and yanked the throttle wide open.

"Well, judge," he says, "they's a-many a good exten-u-a-tion fer a capital H of a good time like I had last night, but I ain't lucky enough to be carrying them around in my jeans. There's the swell clubhouse. That's a mighty big exten-u-a-tion—"

Talk about your shocks! A steen-thousand voltage to the 'nth power short-circuited around that news table in the millionth part of a second, and paralyzed every good reportorial right arm clean down to the sure-nough diamond splinter on the extreme tip of the reportorial pen-point. Each of us lapped Ol' Judge Six-Months from beneath coyly drooping eyelashes. But the judge never turned a hair; looked a bit bleaker, perhaps, but game; Scotch game. Noncommittal. Though, on second thoughts, I wouldn't say as noncommittal was exactly the word.

"But—it ain't fer me," the old vag chirped on; "nope. Not fer the likes of me."

Nothing for him to worry about—see? He hadn't any job to lose. He was going to be sent up, anyway. Judge-baiting was a perfectly safe pastime, and he went to it! Question was, how long would Old Six-Months play up?

"Then," goes on Old Bear-eye, "a cham-

pagne jag's supposed to be the worst ever—but it don't lead to the lock-up; not usually. And—there's the \$10 taxi. It's expensive, but it comes cheaper in the long run than the police wagon. You betcha! And—jest fer another little ol' exten-u-a-tion—there's the cop that knows his star will set fer good if he lands his charge at the police station when he's due at a big Queen Anne bungalow on the heights. Now, judge," says he, "I ain't got all them exten-u-a-tions—and you have. But—" you could see he sorta admired Ol' Six-Months' grit—"I'm a good sport, same's you. I ain't kickin', ner sayin' you don't deserve to git off. You do. I'd git off, myself, if I had half yer pull. The pot's yours. I don't buck no pair of deuces as is a royal flush. They're all yours—all them exten-u-a-tions. I ain't got nary an exten-u-a-tion got even a ten in my britches pocket to pay my fine. So—it's 'do time' fer yours truly. I ain't a-worryin'—an' I don't hold it ag'in yuh, judge. You had a rip-roarin' time on champagne, and I wa'n't so fur behind on bug-juice. Say—I bet your head's bigger'n mine, this mornin'! But—Lordee!—you can afford an assortment of hats. So—no hard feelin's, judge. When I git out I'll be glad to take another on yuh. By that time you'll be gittin' off yer milk diet yerself."

The old vag paused tentatively, McGregor politely gave him time to get rid of anything else he might happen to have on his chest.

"Well," the old scout piped up again, with a sort of satisfied grunt, "git a move on, judge. I'm in a hurry to begin workin' out that six months. I've got a date on fer a reg'lar hell-bender, come next Christmas time. Wish you could make it so as to line us, judge," polite as a basket of chips.

Well, say! There was a big laugh coming. But not just then. Not—just—then. Old Six-Months had a political drag that bridged the bay and roped in the countryside worse'n an electric interurban street railway consolidation. We reporters weren't tired of our jobs. So, we sat tight; didn't work our faces any; sharpened lead pencils and cleaned our fountain pens—and waited for something to drop.

Long Archibald sat serene and inter-ested till he was quite sure the vag had said out his say. Then he mentioned casually

to the clerk, "Ten dollars, or ten days in the city prison," and motioned the cop to retain the prisoner.

We were just getting our breath back when the judge instructed the clerk, in the same casual tone, to call—Archibald Allison McGregor.

The clerk bawled out—"Archibald Allison—" and then it struck in. He realized he was dreaming; talking in his sleep. He blushed until his face swelled out like a squirrel's in acorn time. His jaw dropped half a foot, and then jumped up again. His eyes walled out until one pointed nor-nor-east and the other west by south.

"Call Archibald Allison McGregor," His Honor repeated with ominous patience.

"But—but, Your Honor—I—you—"

"Call Archibald Allison McGregor—r-r!" The clerk's eyes came back to place with a snap. All right! Lettergo! He was game to call the old man's bluff—job or no job! Let the tall go with the hide!

"Archibald Allison McGregor!" he howled.

"Here!" says Long Archibald, standing up. "I understand," says Judge McGregor, addressing himself, Prisoner McGregor, "that you, Archibald Allison McGregor, were found drunk and disorderly on Market street, between 13 and 1 o'clock, a-Chuesday morning. Ar-re you guilty, or nawt guilty?"

"Guilty," says Prisoner McGregor, respectfully addressing himself the judge—see?

"Have you anny extenuation to offer for your conduct, or anny reason to ur-rge why sentence should nawt be pronounced upon you?" inquired Judge McGregor.

"None," says Prisoner McGregor.

"This being an ag-gravated case and, to my knowledge, nawt the first offense of the prisoner," says the judge, "I set the fine at \$50. In case of it's nawt bein' paid," he hesitated, then—from sheer force of habit, I guess—"six months in the city prison," he says.

Then he stalked over to the desk and paid his fine like a little man.

Well, say!—there was one man dared to laugh. Laugh!—why, that hear-eyed vagabond made those dingy old crack-plastered walls shade their very sides along with him.

"See here, judge," he finally got free enough from the garroting of the cop to

sputter, "You're jest a little bit of all right! You're the stuff! That's what I call justice! That's worth \$10 of any man's good money!" He fumbled under the ragged lining of his old coat cuffs and brought to light a tattered greenback which had escaped the searcher.

"Here's to the next one!" he says, waving the long green at the bunch of us. "Here's to the next one!—may it be champagne and a taxi all around!" And he plunked down his little old \$10 like a millionaire.

"Clear the court!" bellowed Long Archibald.

We cleared!

The Dog Truffle Hunters.

In England there are some queer little dogs which earn their own living in a most unique fashion. These are the truffle-hunting canines, whose work it is to dig the truffles out of the ground wherein they are buried. Truffles are fungi of the nature of mushrooms, and in some places they flourish beneath the soil, so that it is necessary to seek them out by scent. Since human scent is not sufficiently strong for this purpose, the dog has been requisitioned in this relation. The keen sense of smell of these dogs determines the whereabouts of truffles without fail.

These truffle-hunting canines are of Spanish descent and resemble poodles. They are a special breed and few in number. By their exertions their masters are enabled to make a good living. Thomas Yeates, one of the famous truffle men of England, is descended from a long line of truffle-hunters, and his dogs are also descended from a long line of truffle-hunting animals.

Truffles generally grow near beech trees, and when they are ripe there emanates from them a very delicate odor. The truffle-hunting dog detects this odor at once and begins to dig away at the earth until he brings up his truffle. He is so adept that he never makes a mistake.

[Birmingham Age-Herald:] "Be as light as you can on me, Judge."

"Twelve months."

"Couldn't you fix it so I could be out in time to see the world series next year?"

ORCHARD AND FARM, RANCHO AND RANGE.

THE FOUNDATION OF FERTILIZERS. By Thomas C. Wallace.

CALIFORNIA, LAND OF FRUITS AND FLOWERS

Real Life by the Great Western Sea.

May in Urban.
MAY compassionate heaven have pity on those wretched people, poor or rich, who are compelled to spend their life in some compactly-built city among skyscrapers or palaces. In their ordinary life they seldom get a glimpse of the open country. They spend all their days surrounded by the handwork of men and seldom enjoy the more entrancing handwork of God.

Here is one respect in which Los Angeles differs from most cities of many inhabitants. It is like Washington, D. C., "a city of magnificent distances," and even among the residences of the better classes there are often spaces where country life can be enjoyed in the midst of the great city. Such a district is that lying along Coronado street between First and Sixth, where on the west side nearly every lot is occupied by a dwelling, while the east side of the street is as open as any farm section in the State. West of this street lies Rampart boulevard, and along the same stretch of this street there are very few dwellings so far.

About six years ago a bungalow was built on Coronado street, and a year after it was finished a Cecil Brunner rose bush of the climbing variety had stretched its branches up so as to well cover the veranda. Here five years ago a pair of mockingbirds established their nest, and this is the fifth year they or their offspring have come back to their old home to sing their love chants one to another and to rear another brood. On late moonlight nights the male bird has filled all the spaces with delightful song. He pours out from a full heart through a wide-open throat his joy in life, his thankfulness for his mate, for his little nest and the promise of a new brood of singing birds.

The larks go in flocks, while the mockingbirds are found only in pairs. These humble little creatures of God sing their chant of thankfulness from hearts full of overflowing in the mere pleasure of living. They remind one of Bobby Burns' song "Bonnie Doon," a stream by which he wandered all day long to hear the birds sing of their love. These little songsters have a chant of about five notes which drop from their throats as from silver bells. This year one has come to the neighborhood which has a song of only three notes. In former years people imagined that the male bird sang to his mate in the nest in the grass, "Mrs. O'Grady." This year the bird has only three notes and one can imagine him singing, "You and I," and then either he answers himself or another bird answers him in four notes, "Yes, you and I," varied sometimes by "Just you and I."

Then there is a third bird smaller than the lark with brown wings and dusky white underneath. He is a charming singer with his nine or ten notes which he chirps forth, thankful evidently to be alive.

These birds all come about this time of the year. One could imagine as they mate in some other country or in the mountains saying to one another: "Valentine's day is at hand. Let us take our flight to the old home down in the rose bush on the veranda, or to the lush grass in the unoccupied lots down there in delightful Los Angeles."

Good Prices for Beef.

PORTERVILLE cattle growers are boasting that they have received the highest prices paid for local beef for a consignment of high-grade steers from the ranches of the Porterville Alfalfa Company. The bunch were all pure-bred Herefords, corral-fed, and brought 10 cents a pound, instead of 8 cents, the average market price.

Large Equipment Required.

THESE are busy days for railroads operating in the Great West. They are all adding to their equipment to meet the enlarged demands of traffic common through the Coast. The other day the Southern Pacific for the sixth or seventh time came out with the announcement that it would build 2000 wooden box cars, 450 wooden stock cars and 500 flat cars, and that they were all to be done in California shops. This new equipment means the expenditure of about \$3,000,000.

This was followed immediately by the announcement that the Santa Fe will spend \$500,000 this year in the installation of automatic signal protection on its lines. The State Railroad Commission announces that

the Santa Fe compares favorably with all the great national roads except the Pennsylvania in automatic equipment. The Pennsylvania has 31 per cent. of its total mileage equipped with this automatic signal service, compared with 19.2 per cent. for the Santa Fe lines.

Pomona Always Progressive.

THIS year, when everything used in human life is climbing skyward in cost, the humble potato of commerce is about the highest in its flight. These Irish lemons cost wholesale in Los Angeles these days 4 cents a pound. For mere distastefulness in one's internal economy this is rather a high cost. So Mayor Vandegrift of Pomona has undertaken to encourage thrift by renting vacant city lots to any one who will plant them to potatoes. He has a definite plan in mind which consists in finding the owners of vacant lots, then finding who wants to rent them, and bringing the two parties together to promote thrift. In past years the city has had to mow the weeds on half a hundred city lots and charge the work against the property owners, so this progressive Mayor has two purposes in his mind, to eliminate the cost of the cleaning of the lots and to get potatoes of home growth to compete with the imported article.

Better Service for Oranges.

ORANGE growers around Redlands are feeling better these February days than they did in January. About the holiday time there was such a demand for cars to ship oranges east in that the railroads were unable to meet the demand. Then came the rains of January, preventing picking and shipping, and the roads reversed the farmer's plan that was to make hay while the sun shines by getting empty cars in while the rain fell. The demand for oranges at the East has been unusually good this year, and shipments from the Redlands district are double those of last year. The prices East are better, too, so that the growers naturally feel rather happy. About 900 cars, or a fifth of the crop of the district, found their way east about the first of February. With the bright weather prevailing during the first ten days of February and plenty of cars, shipments were rather heavy, but by well distributing the fruit it is hoped the market will not break at any point. They hope to get 2 cents a pound this year, which will mean \$4,000,000 for the growers of the district.

Orange Day Coming.

MARCH 10 is close at hand, and that is the California Orange Day. It is a day to be celebrated, not only in California but all over the country. This year of good prices means much to the California orange growers, and as employment at the East is easily had and prices for wages are good there, it means just as much to the eastern consumers of oranges whose palates are tickled by the piquant flavor of these golden apples of the modern Hesperides. It means much to the health of the people who consume these delicious fruits.

Orange county gets its name from this California product and it is quite fitting that the Board of Supervisors of that county should order a warrant drawn for \$250 to defray the expenses of properly advertising the orange all over the country. Of course Orange county will not be left alone in this, but will be followed by every county in Southern California, by several in the San Joaquin Valley, and by one or two up the Sacramento.

To Live Long.

THERE are many recipes for long life. The psalmist said, "To live long and see good days, keep your tongue from evil and your lips from speaking guile." Dr. Harry Brook says, "Keep your bowels open, your feet warm and your head cool." The Los Angeles Health Department announces that the way to live long is to come to Los Angeles or Southern California and live. That department has just put out a report for 1916 which shows the death rate here to be 11.312 against 14.1, the general average for the United States. This is all the more remarkable in that the East sends us every year a flock of invalids, many of whom die here on our hands. But the eastern physicians know what they are doing, and they know from experience that these invalids either get well here or at least have

their days prolonged in comparative comfort. The same report shows that there is no race suicide in Los Angeles, for there were 1770 more births than deaths during 1916. While the death rate was as given above, the birth rate was 14.581 per thousand.

For the Magic Isle.

THE Banning Company announces its intention to start a new hotel near Avalon on Catalina Island. This is to take the place of the Hotel Metropole, destroyed in the fire which two years ago pretty nearly removed this delightful seaside resort from the map. The building is to be of Spanish Renaissance style of architecture, and constructed of the most durable materials. Capt. Banning in announcing the plans said the hotel would contain at least 150 rooms and cost \$200,000. He added, "It will be all that a high-class resort hotel should be, and will put Catalina Island more than ever on the pleasure map of Southern California."

New Road from the Yosemite.

FRESNO and Madera, two wide-awake cities in the great San Joaquin Valley, have a commercial club, and they have united in co-operating to secure State and Federal aid in the construction of a southern road to the Yosemite Valley. If they succeed in their ambition it will make these two delightful cities the southern gateways to the valley. The people of Fresno have already contributed to repair and keep a road in condition for automobile stages and privately-owned machines. There can scarcely be too many roads in and out of this delightful valley, which will be sought by more and more tourists every year the earth goes around the sun.

Trading with India.

ONE of the Japanese steamships has been chartered to take a load of lumber from Tacoma to Bombay in the month of March. She will carry 3,000,000 feet of lumber. Then the steamship Niels Nielsen has been engaged to sail in May from Seattle with 8000 tons of steel and lumber for Calcutta and Bombay. This is an effect of the great war, which has closed the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal to safe traffic for British ships sailing to India. Before going to India the Niels Nielsen will make another trip to Vladivostok, taking in her cargo ten carloads of American shoes for the Russian army.

red with white eyes.

Anaheim Deserves It.

THE Anaheim Board of Trade has turned itself into a press agency and is sending broadcast over the country an advertisement which announces "Wanted, a shoe factory." at Anaheim, of course. The announcement is followed by the further statement that the Board of Trade stands ready to co-operate with responsible parties who will build and operate a shoe factory, and then the press agent announces the advantages of Anaheim as a location. These advantages are not to be despised by any means. They consist of natural gas, furnishing the cheapest fuel in the world, electricity the next cheapest, and crude oil the third cheapest. The location is in the heart of a rich and thickly-populated district of Southern California, with two continental railroads now running through the town and the third in process of construction. The water supply is abundant and good, and school facilities are the best, further advantages for the proposition. What does one want anyhow for a shoe factory?

Feather in Los Angeles' Cap.

THE Salt Lake Railroad Company has been advertising for car brasses in a large order. The extension bureau of the Chamber of Commerce is laughing loud and long in the landing of this order by one of the new industries built up through this bureau right here in Los Angeles. The local concern had to compete with eastern firms, and it is the first time that an order has been secured by a local institution anywhere west of Chicago. The securing of this order is the more remarkable in that it was gotten in spite of the freight rate which favored Chicago greatly. Where these brasses are to be delivered it costs \$2.90 from Los Angeles and \$1.50 from Chicago. The order is worth \$100,000, but inasmuch as from

2,000,000 to 3,000,000 car brasses are used on the west coast annually, the business amounts to \$1,000,000 a year. Having succeeded in landing one big order, it is hoped others will follow.

Santa Barbara to San Joaquin Valley.

THE Board of Supervisors of Santa Barbara county have wisely appropriated \$50,000 for the building of the Cuyama road, which has been surveyed to connect the northern end of the county with the San Joaquin Valley. A local Assemblyman is authority for the statement that California will probably appropriate \$250,000 for the road. It is also hoped that the Federal Congress will give financial assistance, as the road has been recommended as a military necessity to make possible the quick transfer of troops from the interior to the coast. In these piping times of threatened war this plea is likely to reach the brains of Congressmen with more effect than before the war scare took place.

The road will be a great convenience, too, to dwellers in the San Joaquin Valley, who thereby can reach the coast at lovely Santa Barbara more conveniently, promptly and cheaply by having a good highway over which automobiles can run. This is the farmer's day in America, and it is a poor fish who follows Adam's profession in these days who has not a machine of his own to drive the cows up to milk in the evening and to make a dash for the coast when the weather is torrid in the summer.

Just Like Los Angeles.

THE Wilshire Boulevard Christian Church had a debt of \$23,000 on its shoulders when the seventh anniversary of the institution dawned in the sky. The congregation got together to celebrate the anniversary, and leading members proposed that if the trustees would buy an organ at a cost of \$4000 they would raise the money to put the church out of debt. Three members agreed that each would pay a fourth of the debt if the congregation would raise the other fourth. It took just nineteen minutes to turn the trick, and as the war financiers announce, the issue was oversubscribed, leaving the church a balance of \$450 after lifting all the debt.

Gates Will Win.

A DISPATCH from Tulare the other day states that C. W. Gates of Los Angeles has taken a gamble of \$100,000 against the waters of Tulare Lake. He has begun development work on 23,000 acres of land south-east of the lake which is to be sowed to wheat. Machines are engaged in building levees as a protection against high water. It is dollars to little apples that Gates will win his gamble. It is now quite close to the end of the rainy season in California and while we have already had little more than half of the annual rainfall, it is not likely that any very great flood will come to spoil this man's wheat field. Of course there is still an element of chance in the business, for we occasionally have drenching rains in March, but as faint heart never won fair lady, so without some chance no man ever reaps a wheat harvest.

One Thing Begets Another.

THE Second-street tunnel seems to be in a fair way of accomplishment by the persistence and pluck of Los Angeles business men and property owners. Now that this big enterprise seems assured, another one crops up of about \$1,000,000 to crown the first one. This is a new boulevard to start at Second and Figueroa streets and to go out to the Malibu country north of Santa Monica. This boulevard will traverse the bean fields of the southwest and Topanga Canyon where a road is already built, and this will be linked with the Malibu road to be constructed through the great Ridge ranch. The proponents of this road have dubbed it Beverly boulevard, which of course will be a link between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. With a good paved road from the north end of the city, traversing as it does a region of most entrancing beauty, it will become a very popular thoroughfare for all Southern California.

[Pittsburgh Post:] "Mrs. Fluddub says she is going to Palm Beach for a rest." "How inconsistent people are. Just as much gossip going on there as here."

HAPPENINGS IN THE TOWN OF OIL INDIA

THE LEGEND OF A COMMON WILD FLOWER.

Origin of the Baby-blue-eyes. By Francis M. Fultz.

AMONG the wild flowers that are California's very own, none is a more general favorite than Baby Blue-Eyes. It is somewhat shy of the haunts of men, and is no longer so common in the valleys and on the foothills as it was in the days when the Dons held most of the country for their own. Yet it still flourishes almost everywhere throughout the State, where open woodlands and sparsely-covered chaparral slopes are moist from the winter rains. In such places, during April and May, you will find the gentle, sky-hued sisters gazing up at you with looks of mild surprise, and yet with an air of confidence that seems to say:

"Your presence is welcome, sir. Please to share with us our woodland bower. For you we will smile our sweetest, and yours shall be the delicate perfume which is distilled within our hearts."

If you look and listen, you will hear this message, and you cannot help taking the fragile, azure sisters into your affections, there to hold them in a lifelong affection—that is, if you have an eye for beauty and a heart that loves.

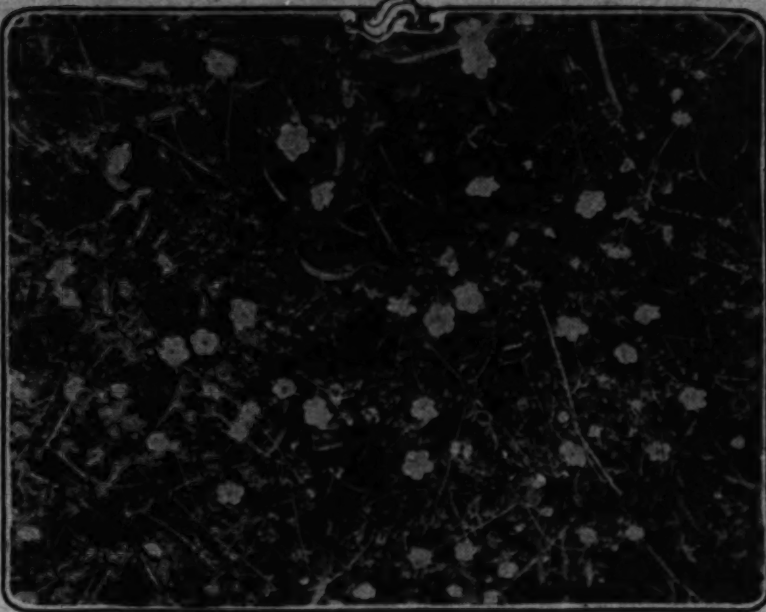
Every springtime millions and millions of Baby Blue-Eyes dot the earth throughout the length and breadth of California. We white men say that it has been thus for countless years, and that no one knows the time when the first of these smiling blue-eyed flower-children came to gladden and beautify our world.

But that is because we are so terribly scientific nowadays, and no longer believe in miracles. We must have the hard facts upon which to fix our faith. We cannot see any connection between human passion and the lower orders of creation. But the Indian, living closer to Nature than we, sees in the children of the wild the sudden creations of Deity when stirred to action by animal strife and cunning, or by human passion and tragedy. Thus he accounts for the trees and flowers, the birds and beasts, the rocks and mountains, and even the running brooks. The beginning of these legends is always lost in the mist of years. They started when someone, more poetical than his fellows, had a vision which he put into words.

Thus the Indian says there were not always Baby Blue-Eyes scattered broadcast on our hills and banked in serried beds in our open canyons. He says that his people had lived here for many generations before the earth was flecked with these lowly flowers which are made from bits of heaven's own blue. Is not the vision of their coming compelling enough to be remembered?

The Indian's hair is black, his eyes dark, and his skin swarthy; at least so are all those of the tribe whose blood is pure. But it sometimes happens that the blood of another race is mixed with that of the Indian. And this blood, though it be ever so little, will bring forth now and then some child of the cast of the foreign parentage. In this way it happened in a certain Indian family, whose men were hereditary chiefs, that every two or three generations there came a child whose skin was not so dark, whose hair was light and whose eyes were blue. Whenever one of these children was born the people of the tribe recalled the story of a light-haired stranger whom in the long ago the sea had cast upon their shores and who had been adopted into the chief's family. This adopted son had married a girl of the tribe, and most of his descendants were dark, as became the Indian; but once in a while there was born one with the complexion and eyes of the far-away ancestor.

This blue-eyed child was always a girl, and she was always of such an amiable and lovable disposition that the young men of the tribe eagerly sought her in marriage. Indeed, the rivalry for her hand was so great that often quarrels took place, not a few of which ended fatally. And many were the feuds thus begun that were passed on from generation to generation. On account of these deaths and feuds, it was not to be wondered at that the tribe came to look upon the advent of one of these fair-haired girls as a sort of calamity. So time passed on until Ulu came, the last of the blue-eyed, fair-haired Indian maidens.



A WOODLAND BED OF BABY BLUE-EYES.

It happened with Ulu, as it had with every lover. Disconsolate, she roamed the woodland, and only came to the home lodge before her, that every young man wanted her for his bride. She was gentle of heart, and was pained if she offended anyone. So she strove to please all her suitors, and gave her favors impartially. But at length came the time when, according to Indian custom, she must choose a husband. While she outwardly seemed to favor no one, yet there was one to whom she secretly gave her love. Him she would have chosen, but she knew her father would never sanction her choice, because of enmity between the families. He was a brave youth, however, with a large following of the young men of the tribe, and he dared to come openly to the chief and ask for Ulu's hand. The girl's father in rage drove him from his lodge, saying:

"Who are you who dares to ask for the eagle's daughter! Go, marry the offspring of the buzzard, the carrion-scavenger! That is the proper mate for you!" Because the old chief was Ulu's father, the young man took the insult, and went his way. But he had no idea of tamely giving up the girl. He was firmly determined to make Ulu his bride. He called his friends together and made known his purpose. Meanwhile the old chief summoned to his lodge the brave whom he would have Ulu marry. Calling his daughter forth, he publicly announced the betrothal and forthwith ordered preparations to be made for the marriage. Ulu bitterly bemoaned her fate, but had no thought of disobeying her father. All day long she sat in the lodge, weeping over the fate which she saw no way of averting. At night she tossed restlessly on her couch, and slept but little, because of thinking of the loss of the one she loved, and from the dread of being mated with one whom she now loathed.

But unknown to her, the brave of her choice was preparing to take by force what had been denied him when he had come in an open and honorable way. Aided by a chosen band of friends, the night before the wedding was to take place, he stole Ulu from her father's lodge and carried her off. You may be sure the girl was no unwilling captive when she discovered who the leader of her captors was. But the raiders did not escape undiscovered. They were pursued by the old chief and his warriors, and soon had to stop in their flight and defend themselves. The fight was a bloody one, and nearly half of the braves belonging to the tribe fell in the struggle. Among the dead were both the one whom the maiden loved and he whom her father had chosen for her husband. The old chief himself was wounded nigh unto death.

Ulu was frantic with grief. She realized that she was the cause of the woe and desolation which had overtaken the tribe and knew that she had lost friends as well as

land, and only came to the home lodge that she might care for her wounded father. There was mourning and wailing in many a lodge in the village for the braves who would never come again. It was as if the tribe had just passed through a long warfare, so few were the men that were left, and so many the widows and orphans. With angry eyes the people looked upon Ulu as she passed by, and she knew that they hated her as the cause of all their sorrow. From their angry glances she fled to the woods again, weeping in anguish and despair.

In displeasure the Great Spirit looked down upon the scene. He was angry that so many of his brave children had thus been needlessly slain. He could scarcely be angry with the girl, for had not He Himself fashioned the human heart for affection? And had not her choice been pure and virtuous? She had been an obedient daughter, too. Yet, clearly she was the cause of the disaster which had fallen upon the tribe.

In perplexity, the Great Spirit pondered long over the situation. One thing was clear; such a catastrophe must not happen again. But how could He make sure that it would not, so long as blue-eyed maidens were born into the tribe? True, He might decree that this race of blue-eyed maidens come to an end. But He could not quite bring Himself to blot out from the smiling world so exquisite a beauty as blue eyes veiled with long, dark lashes. But at last a happy thought came to Him. Hereafter there should be no more blue-eyed maidens in the tribe, over whom the braves should fight and kill one another. Yet the blue eyes and dark lashes should live forever; and instead of causing strife and commotion when men looked into them, they should bring thoughts of innocent pleasure and feelings of repose.

So the Great Spirit descended to the earth and followed the weeping maiden as she wandered through the woods. Whenever she dropped a tear, He touched it lightly with his finger! and, behold! there stood a beautiful blue flower with dark stamens, looking up toward the smiling heaven, from which it took its color. Sometimes the maiden dropped but a single tear as she wandered along; and where that tear fell, but a single flower bloomed. Again she would brush away a shower from her heavy lashes; and where the crystal drops sprinkled the ground, there sprang up a sprightly troop of the blue-eyed sisters. Weary at length, the maiden sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, and a flood of tears came to relieve her sorrowing soul. When this wave of grief had somewhat spent itself, she raised her head, and be-

hold! at her feet there lay a bed of exquisite flowers, each of which reflected the beauty and color of her own eyes! Baby Blue-Eyes had come to bless the world.

The Tragedy of War.

[Metropolitan:] Wordsworth said he could write Shakespeare if he had a mind to, and Charles Lamb retorted that it was just the "mind" that was lacking. Granted the poets, I see no inherent reason why the raw stuff of today should not be transfigured into tragic poetry in "the grand style." The war certainly, as M. Giraud says, offers us matter enough. Nor is it wanting in suggestions of manner.

For the man in the street the grand tragedy of the war was to be the fate of the Kaiser, passing in punishment for his hubris from the apex of an empire to St. Helena, or Devil's Island, or a cage, or even, according to Punch, a gibbet. This concept of tragedy by "decline and fall" is the conventional one. It is the tragedy of Agamemnon in Aeschylus, of Wolsey and Richard II in Shakespeare.

For God's sake let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the Death of Kings.

But who cannot see that this isolation of an individual is utterly disproportionate to the gigantic scale and issues of the war? Already, in fact, the Kaiser has receded into the background even in Germany, where Von Hindenburg and three or four others take precedence in the popular imagination. The fall of the Kaiser would be almost anecdotal in relation to the real theme of the world tragedy.

The young German students who in defense of their state concept advanced in close formation under a hellish British fire, singing "Die Wacht am Rhein," saw themselves fighting for a modern Athens, menaced by all the world's evils and by barbarians of every hue. To the flower of England fresh from the public schools, who freely and in the cause of freedom had thrown up their careers with a gallant gesture, it was those very students who were barbarians and devils. Here is the true tragedy of the war, here the core of its pathos. "For the masses," writes a Times correspondent, "it is a purely defensive war brought about by a wanton attack of jealous foes upon the most peaceful country in the world." He happens to be writing of Germany, but the description will fit any of the many belligerents. "The people are inspired by faith that their cause is absolutely justified. They take their losses as a kind of religious sacrifice." There lies the spiritual tragedy of our mutual murderings.

The Politeness of Portugal.

That Portuguese politeness is most ceremonial and may proceed to extraordinary extent is indicated in the case, say, of a visit to a high dignitary of the church.

The caller ascends a magnificent staircase, passes through a long suite of rooms to the apartment in which the ecclesiastic is seated. He is received with many bows and smiles.

When the visit is concluded the caller bows and prepares to depart. When he reaches the door he must, according to the invariable custom of the country, make another salutation. He then discovers that his host is following him, and that the inclination is returned by one equally profound. When the caller arrives at the door of the second apartment the dignitary is standing on the threshold of the first, and the same ceremony is again passed between them. When the third apartment is gained the caller observes that his host is occupying the place the caller has just left on the second. The same civilities are then renewed, and these polite reciprocations are continued until the caller has traversed the whole suite of apartments.

At the balustrade the caller makes a low, and as he supposes, a final salutation. But no; when he has reached the first landing place the host is at the top of the stairs; when the caller stands on the second landing place his host has descended to the first, and upon each of these occasions their heads wag with increasing humility. Finally the journey to the foot of the stairs is accomplished.

10 S. SOLO IN Clubcom My Wisdom e Leg Three M Feder BY A After on of the State I but appe restraint o council of indoring handal of There v. tion of the terday, at vere, expie a crowded first intr whose pet ing with th criminals. tion of th which wor often asor out by jut w working to tion would of an earl feels woul deaver an fected bi prison sen tances he then to the in which that stam that men \$100,000. sume of mure milit PAX F Another that the criminally necessarily for the fam already w States wit Mrs. H. legislative speech up dored by with subby clubwome ery lavj hary unj of view. ment, th rights in after mas tance tax has all ri pay the rights as her. The w also been the code the count person

Greater Love Hath No Man. By Mrs. J. G. Stoddard.
SAILING ON A LAVENDER SEA OF BLISS.

MAKING A START AT TURKEY RAISING.

Method to be Followed. By M. M. Stearns.

IN PLANNING to start in raising turkeys, the first thing to decide on is the method to be followed.

Turkeys, ordinarily, can be raised to the very best advantage on range. When this is possible, the natural method—of allowing the turkey hens to hatch and brood their own young—cannot be improved upon.

In some instances turkeys have been raised in relatively large quantities on comparatively small areas. This necessitates, practically always, artificial incubation and brooding, which, with any breed of turkeys, is apt to prove a difficult proposition, and might expensive.

A situation between the two exists where a comparatively small flock of turkeys is to be raised on a limited area, which may vary in extent all the way from a city lot up to a ten-acre tract. To meet the conditions imposed by the limitation of area, the birds may be confined in yards like ordinary poultry, and allowed, from time to time, whatever limited range is practicable. They can be raised, and raised successfully, from the financial standpoint that counts, without any range at all. But by the novice, as a general thing, this can be accomplished only when the flock is small, and excellent care is taken of all details of the business.

For raising a small flock of turkeys, wholly or partially in confinement, no method beats that of hatching the eggs under ordinary hens, and brooding the poulters either under ordinary hens or with turkey mothers.

Combinations may of course be used; turkey eggs may be artificially incubated, and the newly-hatched poulters given to turkey hens for natural brooding; or turkey hens in confinement may be allowed to sit on their own eggs and brood their own poulters; or poulters may be hatched out under ordinary hens and then artificially brooded, in heated or fireless brooders. And so on. But it is a pretty safe plan to follow one of the three methods outlined above—with turkeys in range, to allow the turkey hens to do their own hatching and brooding; with turkeys in confinement, to raise them in connection with ordinary poultry, allowing common hens to do most of the hatching

and at least some of the brooding; or, where artificial incubation is to be attempted, to play the game straight through, using artificial brooders as well.

When planning to raise turkeys on range it is best to start with a nucleus of good breeding birds. Trying to get a quick start, by artificially incubating a large number of eggs shipped in, is, ordinarily, a great mistake.

For breeding birds the ideal combination consists of alert, intelligent—tame rather than wild—full-bodied hens and a vigorous, round-breasted, well-plumaged gobbler. The hens should be as large as they can ordinarily be procured, say fifteen to eighteen pounds in any one of the seven recognized breeds. They should be at least two years old, and will usually do better still if they are three or four years old. The gobbler should preferably be a yearling, of medium weight; twenty-five pounds, in any of the breeds, is about right. If one is planning to raise large birds, for show purposes, good results can occasionally be obtained by using big males from a strain of large birds; but as far as my experience goes just as good birds, and as large ones, can be raised from medium-sized as from excessively large or heavy parent stock. Indeed, I think, personally, that overheavy birds are at a disadvantage, in that they are not often quite as healthy and vigorous as medium-sized ones.

Six hens to a gobbler is about the right proportion. Eight, ten or a dozen hens may be run with a single tom on range, if desired, but the chances of losing occasionally an entire clutch of eggs through infertility are far greater. Occasionally a clutch of eggs will be lost when two or more toms are running with the flock, on account of their fighting and interfering with each other; usually there is no trouble from this source when the birds are roaming as they please. With yarded birds it is a different matter.

For range birds, the darker breeds of turkeys ordinarily give the best results, proving usually to be a little more hardy, more easy to raise in good numbers, than the lighter breeds. When I first started raising turkeys my preference would have

been for Bronzes, Blacks and Narragansetts, in the order named, for range birds. Now, after several years of experimenting, I believe I would give Narragansetts the first place, with Blacks and Bronzes an even break for second.

To offset their greater susceptibility to disease, which to some extent is purely theoretical, the lighter breeds of turkeys—White Hollands, Buffs and Blues or Slates—have a decided advantage when it comes to market time, since, with their lighter plumage, they dress more readily and somewhat more attractively. This fact is doubtless in some measure responsible for the rise to popularity of Bourbon Reds, a breed that is in many respects a compromise between the two extremes, being considered harder than White Hollands, and more easy to dress—as well as being more attractive when dressed—than Blacks or Bronzes. Only within the last two or three years have the Reds proved successful as range birds, but already they are jumping into high favor. At the last Los Angeles poultry show as many Reds as Bronzes were exhibited, for the first time in the history of local exhibitions.

For starting in with turkeys on range few detailed instructions, once the birds are procured, will be found necessary. It is wise to have the birds as long before the breeding season begins as possible, in order to allow them to become thoroughly at home, and accustomed to each other. Males and females should be unrelated.

Roosting poles a couple of inches in diameter and six or eight feet from the ground should be set up in some partially-protected spot, as near the lee side of a barn. The birds will roost out in all weather and be the better for it.

When the hens begin to lay, the nests should, if possible, be located, and if necessary protected with boards, a coop or other shelter from the light and weather. This can be done without disturbing the nest itself and so frightening the turkey hen from the spot of her choice to some new location.

When it is planned to raise turkeys on a limited area, so that the birds are to be yarded part or all of the time, it is not quite

so important to begin with breeding stock, instead of by purchasing and hatching eggs; even here, however it is usually an advantage to start with birds rather than with eggs or motherless poulters.

If ordinary hens are to be used for hatching the turkey eggs, a separate henhouse and yard should be provided for the common poultry.

For the turkeys, when they are to be raised for the most part without range, I know of nothing better than an open-front shed, divided into compartments, with runways, the larger the better, in front of each compartment. Compartment dimensions should be not less than ten by ten feet, and only chicken wire is necessary to separate the compartments.

For convenience's sake there should be an ample number of doors; one should lead from each compartment to the next; one should lead from each compartment to the runway in front, and one should lead into each runway from outside. The front of the house should be screened with chicken wire, in order that the birds may be shut in during particularly inclement weather. The floor of each compartment should be covered to the depth of an inch or so with clean, dry litter, of bean straw or hay or the like. The roof of the turkey-house should be single-pitch, with the open front at the higher elevation; the roosts should be placed well toward the roof at the back and provided with dropping-boards.

To see the advisability of all these precautions one need only realize that turkeys in confinement need far more attention than birds ranging wild under natural conditions. The separate compartments make it possible to divide the flock into small units, which will almost always do better than a single large yarded flock. To keep the birds from flying out of their runways one wing must be clipped, or the yards covered with chicken wire. The numerous doors will be found invaluable in saving time, which is always an important element in all successful poultry raising; they will also make it possible to shift the birds about, or catch them, readily, as well as allowing passage from place to place without frightening the birds unduly.

Among the works of women biographers of Washington one finds the volume by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, entitled "Memoirs of Washington," and in that one says, in her treatment of the affair at Monmouth: "What he (Washington) said to Gen. Lee has never been repeated by those who heard it, but it was doubtless as strong an expression as passion could invent or language utter. 'Why this ill-timed prudence?' was the question. Lee, with the most insolent air, replied, 'I know no man better supplied with that rascally virtue than your Excellency.'"

Naturally the encyclopedias do not go into much detail concerning the Lee incident, but it is interesting to note the different versions which they give. In the Encyclopaedia Britannica we find: "Warm words passed between Washington and Lee, which subsequently led to the latter's court-martial and suspension for a year." The New International tells us that "Washington rapidly pushed forward, rebuked Lee with great severity." In Encyclopaedia Americana there appears this: "Exasperated at the failure of Lee to execute his orders he rode up to that general and reprimanded him." Nelson's Encyclopaedia simply says that "Washington, coming up, fiercely rebuked Lee."

It is doubtful if there are to be found as many different ways of putting any one other incident in history as this one of the rebuking of Lee by Washington, an incident which shows the absolutely human side of the man who was "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

[Southern Telephone News:] "Please, Central, will yer glimme back mer two bits—I didn't gft the one I axed fer."

"Why, then, did you keep on talking?" "Well, you see, Central, I thought 'twas her, an' she thought 'twas me, but 'twas neither of us."

[Siren:] Excited Old Lady (who has watched the office boy throw a cigarette butt into the waste basket:) Oh! See that paper burn!

Fresh Office Boy (calmly:) Yes, didn't you know that paper would burn?

Did He Swear?

VERSIONS BY DIFFERENT HISTORIANS ON THE MONMOUTH INCIDENT.

BY ALLEN HENRY WRIGHT.

That even historians differ quite decidedly in their renditions of narratives concerning prominent events in the annals of a country has been shown probably as plainly as in any one instance in the matter of the rebuke which Gen. George Washington gave to Gen. Charles Lee upon the field of Monmouth during the Revolutionary War.

Among the great historians of this country Benson J. Lossing has been conceded a prominent place, and he had already made a name for himself as early as 1856, as is shown in a letter of introduction, now a part of the collection of autographs belonging to the writer, in which William Cullen Bryant, writing under date of October 2, 1856, from New York, addressed to Col. John C. Fremont, afterward general, says: "The bearer of this note is Benson J. Lossing, Esquire, author of the Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution, a very meritorious work. He desires a moment's conversation with you on some matter, the nature of which I am not informed of, and I take the liberty of giving him this introduction."

It was in one of his publications that Historian Lossing made a statement which stirred Edward Everett, one of the great orators of his day, well versed in the history of his country, to address the following letter to him, this letter also being in the writer's collection:

"Boston, July 14, 1862.

"My dear Mr. Lossing:

"Can you give me the authority for the statement that Gen. Lafayette told Gov. Tompkins in 1824, that at Monmouth Gen. Lee was called by Washington 'a d-d poltroon'? I am very much inclined to distrust anecdotes of this kind. At the court-martial, when it was the interest of Gen. Lee to make out as strong a case of provocation as possible, to excuse his writing disrespectful letters to the Commander-in-chief, not a word is said of any such epithet being ap-

plied to him, and Washington himself vindicates the language which he had used in a manner which he would hardly have done if he had been betrayed into the employment of such an expression.

"I have had the satisfaction lately of discovering, from Maj. Denny's Journal, that the cock and bull story told by Lear to Mr. Rush about Washington's violence, when he heard of St. Clair's defeat, is, in many of its details, an utter fabrication.

"Ever sincerely yours,

"Edward Everett."

In Jared Sparks's "Life of George Washington," after telling of the discovery by Washington of the fact that Lee had ordered a retreat before Clinton's troops, he says:

"Washington rode immediately to the rear of the retreating division, where he found Gen. Lee, and, accosting him with a warmth in his language and manner which showed his disappointment and displeasure, he ordered the troops to be formed and brought into action."

Sparks admits that Washington was sometimes hasty in his manner and adds "his passions were strong, and sometimes they broke out with vehemence; but he had the power of checking them in an instant."

J. W. Barber in his compilation of "Incidents in American History," in mentioning the Monmouth incident, says: "In this situation he was met by Gen. Washington, who, riding up to Gen. Lee, addressed him in terms that implied censure. Lee answered with warmth and disrespectful language."

In Joel T. Headley's "Washington and His Generals" the reader finds in the chapter devoted to Gen. Charles Lee's longer narrative of the clash between the two officers, reading as follows:

"He (Washington) galloped to the rear, and reining up his horse beside Lee, bent on him a face, of fearful expression, and thundered in his ear, as he leaned over his saddle-bow, 'Sir, I desire to know what is the reason and whence arises this disorder and confusion.' It was not the words, but the smothered tone of passion in which

they were uttered, and the manner, which was severe as a blow, that made this rebuke so terrible."

After giving orders to Oswald and Stewart, and getting a quick reformation, says Headley, "Washington then rode back to Lee, and pointing to the firm front he had arrayed against the enemy, exclaimed, 'Will you, sir, command in that place?' He replied, 'Yes.' 'Well,' then said he, 'I expect you to check the enemy immediately.' 'Your orders shall be obeyed,' replied the stung commander; 'and I will not be the first to leave the field.'"

Henry Cabot Lodge tells us that "He (Washington) rode straight at Lee, savage with anger, not pleasant to look at, one may guess, and asked fiercely and with a deep oath, tradition says, what it all meant."

Possibly the life of Washington, which his namesake, Washington Irving, wrote, is one of the best known of all. In that we find the following concerning the Monmouth incident: "By this time he (Washington) was thoroughly exasperated. 'What is the meaning of all this, sir?' demanded he, in the sternest and even fiercest tone, as Lee rode up to him. Lee for a moment was disconcerted, and hesitated in making a reply, for Washington's aspect, according to Lafayette, was terrible. 'I desire to know the meaning of this disorder and confusion,' was again demanded, still more fiercely. Lee, stung by the manner more than the words of the demand, made an angry reply and provoked still sharper expressions which have been variously reported."

Gen. Bradley T. Johnson's "General Washington" is an interesting "life," and in that one reads of the Monmouth incident as follows: "This message (telling of Lee's retreat) overflowed the cup of patience and broke the back of self-control. Just then Lee came along with his staff, cool and complacent. Washington rode at him as if he meant to ride him down. He was like a raging lion. 'What is the meaning of all this?' he fiercely demanded of Lee. His manner was more nerve-shattering than his words, his voice than his actions, and Lee was utterly abashed."

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A HONG the wild flowers that are called
Kiln's very own, none is a more
familiar flower than the one

bold: at her feet there lay a bed of op
quills: flowers, each of which reflected the

Origin of the Baby-blue-eyes. By Francis M. Fuller.

THE LEGEND OF A COMMON WILD FLOWER.

Saturday.

HAPPENINGS IN THE TOWN OF OILINDA.

The Method of Arlando. By William J. Burtscher.

CHARLIE BILKY'S eight-cylinder car rolled into the filling station in Oilinda. He had made his second trip to Los Angeles that day, and would soon start on his last. It was not necessary to call out the number of gallons. Fal LaRue knew that it would be five. That was the amount required to make the round trip. Bilty was a Maciste in stature, though not in strength. The car was his own, a fact which because of his unobtrusive dress and humble bearing did not impress itself upon his passengers.

"They say in Los," began Bilty, as his motor died. "That gas may go to thirty, and that there's prospects of the time coming when we won't be able to get it at all."

"H-m-m!" grunted LaRue. "That may happen in Los Angeles, but never in the town of Oilinda! I will always have gas—and I'll never sell it above 20. That's straight!"

"And that's always more than I want to pay," laughed Bilty. At fifteen gallons a day, he was LaRue's best customer.

"Who'd you bring in this trip?" This was one of LaRue's set questions.

"There was a kid with a heavy grip," Bilty answered. "Believe he said he's from Iowa, and has a letter for you."

"A kid?"

"Yes."

"Anything happen in the little old burg?"

Another set question.

"Standard Oil's going to give her men a 5 per cent. raise beginning January 1."

"By gallsies!" frowned LaRue. This was his favorite byword, and had caused some speculation among his friends as to whether he meant to pluralize "gallon" or "golly." "Well, that'll mean that my men'll get it right away," he declared.

"Talk about doing the square thing, you are there with the goods, Mr. LaRue," complimented Charlie, paying for his gasoline and starting his motor. "When gas goes up you wait a month before you raise, and when wages go up you lead by a month."

"Well, Charlie, old boy, I'll be honest about it. I wouldn't if I didn't find that it pays."

LaRue had married early in life—without a cent. It was because of his ability to sense what he pleased to call the philosophical focus of a thing that he had married the girl he did, and that later he got on the trail of the almighty, elusive dollar. Settled on a homestead in the foothills of Southern California, when oil veins were being tapped on adjacent land, he withheld the desired option on his property until he could find his philosophical focus—and when he did he firmly refused.

"I will bore later on my own account," he explained in making his refusal.

The neighbors had called him a fool. When finally he was able to get around to it, fortune would have it that oil should be struck at a depth within his financial reach. He called the well "Betay," and got busy. There are hamlets built around logging camps; villages centering around a cotton mill; and towns which flourish because of a coal mine. LaRue built a city around an oil well. Derricks stand in and about the place as thick as shocks of fodder in a Kansas corn field. These are looked upon as things of beauty and joys forever, since they produce the fluid which oils the wheels of Oilinda industries.

The population averages about twenty-five souls to each automobile. Of these there are LaRue's "twin six," Bilty's eight, a dozen big fours, and 113 tin midgets of various makes. Straight rows of tall eucalyptus, set out to protect the homesteader's cottage from wind and sun, mark the center of the town. There are a few old houses and many new bungalows—with small gardens in the back and scattered flowers in the front. The smell in Oilinda is mostly of oil. There are no fountains, but here and there a pool of crude oil, as if the god of the oil fields had sat down to write and had spilled his ink. The paved boulevard extends to the town, but not through it.

Oilinda truly is an open town—in the sense that it has faith in the honesty of all mankind, and does not think it necessary to lock the doors of its houses or garages. Nothing is ever stolen, and there are no police in the town.

There is no mayor either—just Fal LaRue. He is alike admired, respected, honored, envied and feared. Why shouldn't he be—he lives in the finest bungalow, rides in the finest auto, has the most money, is father of the prettiest girl, and is the big boss who hires and fires.

LaRue was rich enough to do as he pleased—and did. The important work of the office was left in the hands of competent clerks, while he himself took charge of the filling station—because of his weakness for companionship. He knew every man, woman and child in Oilinda—knew the number of every man's auto! He would greet each patron with a smile that seemed forever to be creating new wrinkles about his mouth. His eyes had peered into black oil so much that some of the darkness remained, but when he got wound up telling funny stories they would twinkle and shine with brightness. When business was dull he sat with his right leg crossed over his left knee, tilting his head slightly to the left. He had done this so much that his head tilted when he stood erect. He kept his chair where he could command the best view of his derricks.

Thirty minutes after Bilty had gone LaRue saw a strange boy coming toward him.

"Is this Mr. LaRue?" timidly inquired the lad.

"It is."

"My name is Arlando Wildernit. I have a letter from my father."

LaRue took the paper and read:

"Dear Fal: This introduces my son Arlando, who is tired of the farm and wants to get into business. I shall expect you to find an opening for him. Kindly encourage him to attend night school—and to please his mother see that he goes to church on Sundays."

"Your old schoolmate, Samuel Wildernit."

"Glad to meet you, Arlando. Shake! You'll go to work tomorrow as office boy. We have a good school, and you can go at nights. Remember all they teach, my son, and someday you'll be at the head of something here getting paid for what you know. We've got good churches, too. Practice what they preach and you'll be the kind of a man I shall want for my son-in-law."

Thus it happened that Arlando had dreams about Miss Karlene—the black-eyed, black-haired beauty of Oilinda. He did not know, of course, that her father was a diplomat—and an inveterate humorist—and that he had said the identical thing to a dozen other young men.

There were lulls at the filling station which would allow LaRue to absent himself for hours at a time. Before leaving he would conspicuously hang a placard, which announced:

"YOU KNOW HOW IT'S DONE. HELP YOURSELF. DROP CORRECT CHANGE IN SLOT."

To protect his interests LaRue had attached a unique invention to the pump. While the customer turned the crank a noiseless kodak snapped him. On the back of the picture the device registered its consecutive number and the gallons taken. The money dropped into the slot fell into an envelope, which was automatically sealed and stamped with numbers corresponding to those on the picture.

When LaRue returned to his post he sorted the pictures with their envelopes. Familiar with every face, he would say—"Bill Short got three gallons, and paid—60 cents, correct?" He had in his file the likeness of every gas consumer in Oilinda.

During these lulls he would come unexpected and unheralded into the presence of his workmen. This had a better effect on the men than if his rounds had been regular.

A month after Arlando's arrival LaRue suddenly appeared in the office. The boy was alone, but busy. He did not think of Mr. LaRue as the big boss, but as the father of Karlene. He had seen Karlene a number of times, and felt himself hopelessly in love with her, not because of anything she had done or said—for he had never talked with her—but because of the encouraging words her father had spoken on that memorable day!

"Where's the chief clerk?" demanded LaRue.

"He's went to 'Topsy' to give orders about a pump," Arlando answered.

"Went!" thundered the man. "Aren't you going to night school?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, you ought to know better than to say 'he's went.' Another such a blunder and I'll lay you off and make you go to day school a while. Run out and get him at once."

Arlando dashed out of the office and returned shortly with the chief clerk.

"Sam," began the boss, "business is rotten! The Standard and Union are hard rivals—hard as adamant, with the emphasis on the 'dam.' They have control of markets that logically belong to us, and we ought to have 'em. We are continually increasing our capacity for output, but there's no corresponding increase in the demand. I want you to pick out three of your best men and send them out to look up new business. Tell 'em they are to land it! And not to come back without it. The situation is simply this—we have got to sell more gas!"

Arlando's mother had made him promise that he would go to church in California. The Ten Commandments are in force there the same as here," she had said as a farewell exhortation, "even if you should not find them as popular. Don't forget God while you are in California."

So Arlando went to Sunday school, and liked it, because he saw Karlene there. He remained for the services following, and went again at night. Karlene came then with her mother. Naturally, the night service was the most popular with Arlando.

One Sunday in January he joined a group of men and women about the vestibule of the larger of the two Oilinda churches. When the choir began there were as many standing without as were sitting within—due to the holding power of the perennial California sunshine. Within a few seconds the congregation nearly doubled. A few men waited until after the prayer. Arlando came with the first group.

The scripture reading was from the twenty-third chapter of Second Samuel, to which the boy gave careful attention. The text was rather long:

"And David longed, and said," repeated the preacher, "oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate. And the three mighty men brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem, that was by the gate, and took it, and brought it to David."

About all Arlando got out of the sermon was that David wanted the water, and that the men did not hesitate because of the unreasonableness of the wish. Their chief wanted the water and they were willing to risk their lives. On his way home he likened Mr. LaRue to David. The Standard and Union were the Philistines. Mr. LaRue wanted some of their water—or business. The chief clerk had sent out three men to break through their ramparts. They would attend to that. He would see what he could do at home. He would risk something for the sake of the boss—and Karlene.

"By gallsies," he mimicked. "We'll sell more gas in the morning!"

Monday morning Bilty's eight came to a quick stop at the filling station. He was invariably the first customer.

"Ten!" cried Bilty.

"Do some extra running yesterday?" wondered LaRue.

"Nope," snapped Bilty. "When I got to my garage this morning, blamed if the engine wasn't running. I remember putting her up last night, turning off the switch and all that, and yet this morning she was idling. My surplus gas is gone. Guess she ran half the night."

"You don't say!" exclaimed the other. "By gallsies, Charlie, somebody's played a practical joke on you."

Fifteen minutes later other machines came in. The drivers had the same story. Over half of the automobiles in Oilinda had been found idling that Monday morning. Not a man could find any sign of the car having been out. Many were not running, but as the switch was turned on in each case it proved that the gas had given out. Each man jumped forward to turn off the switch and then instinctively dropped his hand on the radiator to feel the heat. Some

judged that their cars had been running but a few hours, while others were sure theirs had run most of the night.

The consensus of opinion was that, since the cars had not been used by careless joy riders, the devilish trick must have been perpetrated for monetary reasons. It was reported that Fal LaRue's car had not been molested, that he seemed perplexed, and that he had said that idling was good for any motor. These reports had spread over town like news of an assassination.

"It'll do an engine as much good to idle an hour as it will a man to play golf an hour," LaRue was saying, having found his philosophical focus, when Bill Short came up with a can for gas. "If the engine isn't pulling anything almost any minor trouble will be eliminated if you allow it to idle long enough. Idling to an engine is like recreation to a man."

Bill Short held out his can. "I want some gas to start my car. I was puzzled about the switch being turned on, but didn't think much about it until after I had turned the crank a few times. Then I discovered that the tank was empty. LaRue, you had this done!"

It had not occurred to LaRue that he or his company might be suspected.

"Why should I have had it done?" he demanded, coloring.

"For three reasons. Yours wasn't idling, you've defended idling as being good for the engine, and you'll sell more gas."

"I'm selling more gas, all right, but I know nothing about it personally. By gallsies, I won't let this reflection hang over me. If any of my men did it, they'll be properly punished. Believe me, they certainly will!"

Nearing the noon hour, when the rush at the station was at last over, LaRue dashed into the office.

"Sam," he ordered, "get a lot of the boys in here at once."

In a minute the office was jammed.

"Boys, what do you know about this auto idling mystery? Did any of you do it, or have a part in it, or know who did do it?"

No answer.

"There's suspicion that the motive was monetary, and that I had it done. This company holds the highest standards of honesty, and its reputation in the town must not be sullied, or jeopardized. I want to know who perpetrated this fool stunt. He'll be punished according to his crime. I assure you. Now, boys, don't be all day—speak up, somebody!"

More silence.

Then, "I did it!" The confessor was Arlando. His face was pale.

"You!" raged LaRue. "By gallsies, kid, haven't you got past the practical joking stage yet? This isn't April, nor Halloween—this is January."

The others were dismissed.

"Now, Arlando," he pleaded, "tell me what you meant?"

"I meant it for the good of the company," sobbed the boy. "You said you had to sell more gas, and I thought that would help. I knew it wouldn't hurt the engines to run idle, and I didn't think any fuss would be made about it. If you'll—Mr. LaRue—if you'll—"

The telephone tinkled. The chief clerk came in to answer.

"Hello! Gas!" He turned to the boss, "Sam Smart says he wants gas—and wants it P.D.Q."

"Tell him to help himself, the fool," laughed LaRue.

"He says there isn't any—the tank is empty!"

"The dickens! By gallsies, rush some over at once."

The chief clerk dashed out of the office. "Now, look here, boy," continued LaRue. "Your motive wasn't so bad, but your method was. As you meant well, I won't fire you, but our rules have been violated, and some action has to be taken. The sentiment of the town will be for justice. You will get a lay-off, starting today, to last a month—but your pay will go on just the same. You will go home to your dad and mother."

"But, Mr. LaRue—I haven't enough money—"

"I'll attend to your ticket. When you get

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO)

MAKING A START AT TURKEY RAISING.
SAILING ON A LAVENDER SEA OF BLISS.
Greater Love Hath No Man. By Mira J. Glidden.

COMING out of the teachers' meeting, the third-grade teacher, Miss Neola Helfenstine, twined around my unwilling arm, and turning her large green eyes up to mine gurgled, "Oh, I am just so happy I don't know what to do with myself!"

"Why, what's the matter?" asked I. "Has Joannie Turner at last moved away, and so restored peace to your room?"

She rolled her eyes, and her pale hair, in its loose knot, slipped further down her long back toward her indefinite waist line, where her skirt band had slipped from the belt. She gushed, "Oh! if my soul didn't so aspire to tell you, I should be soaring aloft with pure joy."

"Well, what in the name of the seven hills of Cibola has happened to you?"

"I have at last found my heart's mate, my own, upon whose soul the lineaments of my inmost being are photographed."

"Rather a poor place for a photograph; shouldn't think there would be much play of light and shade there. Who's the victim?"

"I cannot tell you, but he's just too lovely."

"When is the wedding coming off?"

"I haven't thought of that, but he's so entrancingly sweet. I want you to come when we are married and wear lavender. Won't you? I shall have everything in different shades of lavender; I do so dote on it, it's such a soulful color; the decorations shall all be wistaria blossoms, with one great deep-hearted one in his coat."

"I'd as soon teach agriculture in a farming community as to wear lavender; it makes me look like a mud-hen on the Mojave Desert."

"I shall have it so very subdued, just merely suggestive."

"Why, you must have gotten the suggestive idea from our old English professor. You remember he would suggest the sun and moon and stars by a tip-tilted chin, or the whole universe by a wave of the hand."

"I don't remember his saying anything like that."

On our way to school next morning, I caught a glimpse of a sagging gown entering a florist shop. At recess Neola captured me and pointed to her cardboardlike chest which was adorned with a mass of trailing flowers, purple, of course. Her bony breast heaved as she panted forth:

"I am so deliciously happy that I don't know what to do with myself."

"What's the trouble now? Did the conductor forget to take up your fare?"

She straightened her thin shoulders and pulled her waist with its downward crawl halfway into place.

"My noble one sent me these flowers; every blossom is a star of love plucked from his burning bosom."

"You're mixing your metaphors so their own mother wouldn't know them. Where does this complexity of wistarieness let his light shine any way, here in Los Angeles?"

"Oh, that's a secret," she said, her hands fluttering about. "Far, far from the rows of

branching fig trees and the golden orange groves of the sunny south."

After school one afternoon as I slipped out of the back entrance, Neola hurried after me, her arms pumping up and down, her heels pounding the hard white playground, her dress ducktailing in the back as usual. She gushed forth: "I could float away on feathery cloud beds far, into the depths of ethereal splendor. This wondrous secret my breast of clay can no longer contain."

"Well, out with it then, before your clay is shattered. Has your swain sent you the conventional diamond, or a horned toad, or what?"

"No, no, not a ring, or the world would know; this is only to be shared with you, my heart's ease. Last night he came with the most exquisite box of candy, tied with lavender. My dear, we are to become one at Christmas, to live as one all through the storms of life, and to be buried with arms entwined."

"Well, you are realistic; one of my earthly ambitions is to be cremated."

"Oh, how can you?" shuddered Neola. "Why do you say such horrid, horrid things?"

"It's such a tidy way," said I, brushing a bit of dust from my blue tailor-made sleeve. "Where are you going to get your wistaria blossoms at Christmas, make them out of tissue paper?"

"Miss Weston, you are just too sweetly funny for anything; that's why I like you, also because you are so responsive. I walked home with Miss Black one night, and she really acted as if she didn't want me. I believe it would be poetic to mingle one's ashes in a lavender-colored urn, wouldn't it? But oh! the furnace blast! I've always been such a coward. I cannot bear the thought," she shuddered, rolling her emerald eyes.

"You would not have to bear it; it's such a neat idea; I've always hated to have things muddled up; here's my car."

"Just a little heart-to-heart talk," said Miss Helfenstine, as she panted onto my car, after I had succeeded in eluding her in the school yard. "I've changed my boarding place to be nearer the shopping district. I'm so busy buying you know what, friend of mine, and just think, I can ride home with you every night, my sympathetic darling. I am floating, floating tonight in realms of delight! My prince has sent me the dearest locket; see, here it is. His picture is in it, but that's your glad, glad surprise later on, so I will not let you feast your eyes upon his angel face now. Ah! I am drifting beyond ether toward the gate of heaven."

"A dangerous voyage; if you get too far in the azure depths, you may drop, into a region of nothingness where the absence of environment may pall upon you."

"You're always so dear and comforting," said Neola.

After my Christmas vacation, I tripped joyously to my work, thinking of quiet homeward rides with only the silent Sierras for companionship, when, whom should I see running down the hall to meet me, with wavering hands, but Miss Neola Helfenstine, her hair slipped a little lower, her dress tail

somewhat droopier. "Why, I thought you'd have a school of one by this time," I blurted out.

"My poor beloved king! He had such a horrid old accident. He was cutting kindling with a double-bitted ax, when the miserable thing flew up and cut his princely nose right in two. Of course, it is growing together again, but the dear unselfish thing, fearing to pain me by a sight of the wound, put off our union till next summer vacation. Then, oh, then? Why, I am fairly paralyzed with joyousness when I think of it. My heart is ready to break out of my breast." The bony fingers fluttered and the chest heaved.

"Well! I said, 'don't let it burst right here and mess up the hall; better keep some of your energy for Joannie Turner. It's bell time.'"

She floated me a kiss as she entered her room, while I muttered: "Take up the white man's burden; I thought I had dropped mine forever. I believe her white man's a negro or he'd have shown up before this."

"I've just had such a love of a letter," said the third-grade teacher, planting herself on the car seat beside me. "If it were not for this sweet symbol," holding up the locket, "I could not hold myself to earth until next summer. I am drifting, up, up on the glory of contentment."

Her green eyes were raised and her angular arms waved almost in the glaring face of a dignified school principal who sat next to us. As I moved her over out of harm's way, I said, looking at the trinket around her neck, "Let me look upon his manly features."

The locket rose and fell as she gasped back: "No eyes but mine must gaze upon them. You never could resist even the pictured temptation of these melting eyes, these roseate, clinging lips."

"Very well, I should hate to have anything of so melting and clinging a nature sitting by my fireside every evening, or lying on my soft pillows."

The September term opened, and free and happy almost as Neola herself, I danced through into the old familiar hall, to be caught around the waist by Miss Helfenstine's meager arms, as she gushed, "I'm just too exquisitely joyous for words."

I pulled her arms away and looked at the pale face, the faded green eyes, the skirt that had parted company permanently with the waist and sagged more hopelessly than ever. "In the name of Sam Hill, why didn't you get married?" I exclaimed. "Where's the king of men?"

The locket pressed against the bosom, she panted forth: "Oh, my poor delicious angel, he's had such hard luck! I know that he could never live through another such disappointment."

"What in time is the matter with him now? Did he fall on a feather bed and bump his precious proboscis?"

"My angel," she answered, "was dressing for our wedding, and sat down to pare the dear corns on his feet, when the provoking razor slipped and cut one of his pink toes; the blood poured forth in a crimson stream, staining all his wedding gear."

Plans were made to build two sailing vessels, one to carry ten guns and the other fourteen. On October 30, 1775, it was decided to fit out two additional ships; others soon followed, and a list of names of officers was prepared by the Naval Committee, with Esch Hopkins as commander-in-chief, and John Paul Jones among his lieutenants.

A Shameful Company.
[Pacific Coast Manufacturer:] Instead of managing the California State political campaign the Southern Pacific Company has entirely neglected that business and has been rushing in the foundations of a two-million-dollar office building.

The company shamefully spent \$7,500,000 for supplies in the State last year, paid \$31,000,000 in wages and pays \$10,000 taxes every twenty-four hours, and there seems to be no way for the politicians to stop it. The politicians did put one over on all the railroads though in passing the Adamson bill to give 15 per cent. of the employees ten hours' pay for eight hours' work, and, of course, will promise the rest the same.

Traffic Manager McCormick, at a Home Industrial League dinner, showed what a

"Jupiter Ammon, couldn't he tie up his toe and buy some fresh gear?"

"Ptomaine poisoning set in; he was ill for such a very long time, that our wedding was put off till next Christmas. I am floating on limitless seas of bliss when I think of that wonderful time to come. I used to know that he was perfectly fine, but now, the fluttering hands toyed with the locket, "I think that he's a prince of light with a great warm heart of gold."

"Yes, Neola, he seems about as warm as a man sitting on a block of ice with an electric fan going on each side of him."

"Oh, you funny lady," said Miss Helfenstine.

"Sometimes I'm going to show you my lovely lacy things and my wedding gown," gurgled Neola; we sat on an outside seat facing the Sierra Madre as the car whizzed along. "It is all chignon with the faintest tint of lavender coyly peeping through, I tell you it's a dream."

"I should think it would be a nightmare by this time," I murmured, wishing to be left in quiet communion with the evening view of the mountains.

"You're always such a kind friend to me," said Neola. "Sometimes I think that the other teachers snub me but as I don't care as long as I have you and my godlike king." She flung out her arms, rapping the school principal's shoulder smartly. "Too full for sound," as Tennyson says, he got up and went inside of the car.

"If I were not holding on to you, I should float up, up, up on misty clouds of delight—right through the gates of heaven."

A voice shouted, a trample of flying hoofs, and a big gray horse attached to a broken carriage dashed around the corner; made still more terror-stricken by an oncoming automobile, it turned and leaped frantically at the car, its plunging fore-feet reared directly in front of my cowering head.

The thin figure at my side sprang outward and onto the great gray head. The horse fell snorting and kicking, the girl beneath.

The car stopped, the horse struggled to his feet and rushed on; many people came running. I covered my shrinking eyes, and when I could look I saw her small doubled form lying on the ground—one pitiful, outstretched hand still fluttering.

Some one led me to her and I knelt beside her and cried, "Oh, Neola, how could you? I am not worth it."

The large green eyes opened and looked at me with a world of love as she gasped, "I am just so happy. I am soaring on a sea of bliss."

The eyes turned and stared into the blue unfeeling sky.

"What shall I say to him, Neola, when he comes next week? It is Christmas time you know," I cried.

The wide, sightless eyes looked on; the locket on the still breast caught a gleam from the setting sun.

When the poor broken body had been moved and laid in a position of rest, I opened the locket. It was empty.

fine opportunity there was for capital to get in and build freight cars on the Pacific Coast and save sending the lumber East.

If the States would spend half the money it costs to maintain forty-five railroad commissions to make conflicting rates in building box cars there would not be any car shortage to complain about.

Detects the Left-handed.
[Minneapolis Journal:] Prof. Franklin Jones of the University of North Dakota has invented an instrument to detect left-handedness in children. He calls it a brachimeter and claims to be able to detect left-handedness in an infant.

Out of 10,000 children brachimeter test proved that 417 were born left-handed, or in other words had the ulna bone of the left arm a trifle longer than that of the right, which is nature's method of indicating which arm is to be used.

Prof. Jones believes that nature's intention should be followed, and claims that the attempt to make the left-handed child use the right arm may lead to speech affections, such as stammering or stuttering, because the speech connections are partly linked with the nerves of the arms.

Happenings in Oilinda.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN.)

home tell your dad that I have sent you to tell him about the glories of California. Tell him he is to sell his farm and come out here with you when your month is up. When you get back your job will be gone—but there'll be a better waiting for you. That's all."

By this time the chief clerk had re-entered.

"Issue a bulletin, Sam," directed LaRue, "and post it about town. Make it to the effect that the harmless practical joke was perpetrated by one of our employees, on his own initiative, and that he has been duly reprimanded, and punished."

This, however, was not sufficient to reassure Oilinda to remain an "open" town. After the run on gas there was a run on padlocks. Men saw a reason for locking their doors.

Arlando made preparations to start for his home in Iowa. His emotions were a mixture of joy and sorrow. He was glad enough to see his parents—but in the meantime Karlene might marry!

He had packed his belongings into the grip, and was lugging it to Billy's stage to become a passenger on the last trip in. In his purse he had two months' salary, and the price of a ticket.

A big car slowed up behind him. "Hop in, Arlando," spoke the familiar voice of LaRue. "We'll take you to Los Angeles."

Mrs. LaRue sat with her husband on the front seat. Karlene was by herself in the back.

"Daddie is taking us to see 'The Eyes of the World,'" she said, sweetly, as Arlando dropped beside her.

Thus he rode for thirty brief miles—for one very short hour. How little a boy of 15 can say to a girl of 13 in an hour! But there is no end to what he may think and hope!

Birth of Our Navy.

It was the year 1775 that saw the birth of our navy. News reached the Continental Congress that two British transports laden with munitions of war had sailed from an English port for Quebec. Congress determined on the capture of these vessels, since our army was in great need of supplies.

Recent Notable Cartoons.



THE HARD-WON GUERDON OF THE FLAMES.

He had looked at the other and the other, the back and forth taking high into the air loose woods and dirt. It swept down on Jere and he was forced to move quickly to prevent his hat from soaring into the sky.

After the twister had gone a light, smoke-laden wind grew up and followed in its wake. Jere and Tony sniffed suspiciously, for they both knew from long experience what it meant. When the weather gets dry in the short-grass country, fires don't have to be set—they just start!

Jere jerked his head and looked off to the north. Before he looked, he knew what he would see. Far away on the horizon, with nothing but sun-burned prairie between, an immense white and yellow smoke column shot up into the sky in rolls and puffs. It was almost black at the base, with just the faintest hint of a reddish glow. It was yet too far away for the flames to be clearly seen.

Tony needed no spur to guide him. He started to round up the cattle. The north-west breeze stiffened into a wind. The smoke subtly dimmed the sun, giving it a brassy hue. At the ranch houses on the river toward the fire all was action too.

In this hour of fight against a common foe Old Man Gray forgot his score against the cowmen and joined in hustling plows and other fire-fighting gear to the front. Two punchers rode out to help Jere with the cattle. And the fire burned rapidly toward them.

Jere knew of a sand-flat over on Lone Butte Creek, two miles south of the Smoky Hill, where the grass was too thin to carry the flame. The flat was about a half-mile long and more than a quarter wide—sufficient to protect the herd. He knew if the fire reached the Smoky River it would jump across, so he rounded up the cattle and hiked them toward the flat.

The cattle, too, felt the coming fire and fled into line over the low-lying hills, away from the conflagration. With the help of the other punchers Jere quickly moved the herd. He left the boys with them and galloped back to the ranch.

It was not likely the cattle would leave the flat unless the fire burned down to the edge; then, they might stampede. If the cowmen were near to call and quiet them, there was much less danger of this.

Already the smoke clouds were closing

the way ahead, and Jere saw the smoke rising from the fire. He caught a glimpse of Badie and Mrs. Gray as they hurried here and there putting things away as a protection in case the fire should leap the guards around the buildings.

"Soak the frame buildings with water!" Jere shouted as he shot away toward the fire. They were his first words to Badie for nearly two years. As he rode, the subconscious love he had smothered for many months returned. His lips were parched and drawn as he bent stubbornly on toward the fire. In a lull of the wind a faint note cleft the air. Even one less preoccupied would scarcely have heard it. As it was he heard without heeding, and the slight impression faded as quickly as it came.

Out at the front men with plows had run a long furrow for miles in front of, and across, the path of the fire. Other men with torches had followed closely and set out back-fires which burned slowly from the furrow toward the head-fire, bearing down. At times the wind was so strong that it blew the back-fires out and they had to be reset.

From the source, the men fought the side fires with shovelful of dirt followed by wet sacks to kill out any sparks which, if left, would quickly develop into flame.

The flames raged on until they neared the back-fire, now burning more than a hundred yards away from the furrow. Jere looked grimly on to see what the result would be.

"That'll surely hold 'er!" he shouted confidently to the blackened visage of Goldie Lane, and they watched it silently.

As Jere waited a new terror gripped him. He turned and shook Lane savagely. "The kid! The kid! That was the kid!" he yelled, "I didn't see her at the ranch!" He shook Lane again, furious at his silence. But the latter failed to fathom his meaning. Jere turned like a flash and gathered up the reins. Then he waited for the clash.

"If she jumps the guard, she won't stop short of the Arkansas in a wind like this!" roared Lane.

The men stood on tip-toes as the blazes met. The meeting caused a catapult of flame to shoot fifty-sixty-seventy feet into the air, and then the back-fire bent to the opposing force as the willow would to the giant oak, and fell back, swallowed up and crushed by the charging holocaust.

Jere leaped for the saddle. Tony was the fastest horse on the Smoky Hill, but Jere knew he would have to press him hard to beat the flame that arose where the tumble-weed had started the fire afresh. And press him he did.

"The little one!" he thought, "the little one! She wasn't at the ranch. They must have forgotten her in the excitement!" The smoke poured down around the horse and rider, nearly choking them. But on they flew. And before long it was plain they were leaving the denser smoke behind.

At Grays' Jere saw what he expected—the fearful faces of Badie and Mrs. Gray. He heard the words he also expected—"we can't find Gladys anywhere!" He pulled up, wheeled, and scanned about the ranch buildings. The smoke and flame were already bearing down over the hills, less than a mile away. Then Jere sat stiff in his saddle, his trained ear catching a note that missed the women. He rode away across wind toward a small valley in the path of the fire. It was covered with a dense growth of long grass.

Tony fairly leaped into the air to do his master's bidding. Then—then, as they neared the guard around the ranch houses, Jere felt with a sickening heart that his mount was falling beneath him. "This never happened before," he thought dully, as he rolled himself free from Tony who was struggling to arise. No use. The faithful beast had stepped into an earth-encrusted hole. One of his forelegs was broken and useless.

Jere was on his feet in an instant, although in his stupor it seemed to him an age. He started to run for the spot where, before his horse had fallen, he had seen a flash of something white, like linen. He breathed a husky prayer for strength to reach that flash of white before the flames should do so. He saw the baby's dress again, and then it sank from view. But on he ran. There was a momentary lull in the wind, to usher in a fiercer blast.

"Gladys!" he shouted. His voice rang clear as a bell. She must have heard for he saw the flash of white again, this time coming toward him. His breath was coming fast. Things were growing black before him. But the blast

had almost reached the short grass and had fallen near a badger hole—a blessing at such a vital time. He lowered Gladys into the earth and collapsed, unconscious, over her, with his arms protecting his head and face. And the little one was safe.

When the men came running up the flames had eaten his clothes. His body was badly burned and his hair was gone. But his face had fared the best. More than a week later, when the burns were healing fast, and his hair had started to grow beneath the swaths of bandages, he was resting after delirium. His brain was clear and calm. He felt with pleasure the presence of some one he knew, without looking, he wanted to see. She bent her head low over his, for she knew he had something to say.

"Tony" he questioned anxiously. "His leg is in splints, and they have him suspended in slings. They say he is coming on nicely."

Gladys was there to speak for herself and his mind seemed at rest for the time. Then a worried look came into his face. His hand stole up to Badie's. She bent lower to catch what he said.

"Badie," he begged, "when I'm well, will you move to the house under the cotton-woods, down the valley of the Smoky Hill?" And then delirium returned. "But the long grass—the long grass! If I—can get out—I can save her!" He fumbled wildly with the covers. Two hot tears struck him on the cheek—then two more—and then—Badie went to the window and looked down the valley. It seemed that the chalk-buttes always grew dim when people needed them the most.

Americans, Though Born in Belligerent Nations.

BY HARRIET LANTERMAN.

ALL DAY long, Frederick Haupt tolled in the heat and grime of the gas works. In the twilight, he watched Mary English cut sooty roses from scraggy bushes beyond the picket fence. Mary had the blue eyes of an Irish ancestor, the shy glance of a demure English maiden, and a trace of the Cockney tongue. Frederick Haupt adored her.

Frederick had passed the stage of merely talking business to father English, and had come to the one where he hung over the fence and talked roses to Mary when Paul Lind precipitated matters. Lind was handsome in a nonchalant way and he paused one evening to lean upon the English fence and to hold converse with Mary. The night was still except for the fretful cry of a child down the street, and Lind's clear bantering voice wafted across to Frederick who was smoking a pipe next door.

"Haven't you a posy for me, sweetheart?" sighed Lind.

Mary retreated. "Come, you're not going, surely," continued Lind. "I have come to court you. There's not a prettier damsel on the street, nor a better."

"I'm not thinking of marrying yet, Mr. Lind."

"No? Perhaps you'll change your mind?" "Not a bit."

"Still your father's behind on his rent, and I happen to own the building and his grocery too, it would seem. Come, don't you think a cancellation of debts and a year's free rent would be a nice present for father? As I was saying, you are a clever girl—"

Mary stared at him, then cast a despairing glance at Frederick. "I wish you'd go, Mr. Lind," she said.

"Not before I have a kiss to seal the bargain," he answered, opening the gate. "It is no bargain," said Mary, retreating.

He seized her arms and crushed her to him. The next instant he was jerked from behind by the burly Frederick.

"What're you mixin' in this for, Dutchy?" snarled Lind.

"The girl did not want to be kissed," replied Frederick in his laborious English. "We are to be married. I'll kiss her when I like. Let me go."

"That is not true," contradicted Frederick, pushing Lind out upon the street. "I am the one she shall marry."

Lind, gathering his breath, flung himself at Frederick only to be knocked aside. "Ugh!" said Frederick. "You are drunk." And he turned and walked through the gate to Mary, leaving Lind muttering upon the gray curbing.

"You are a brave man," said Mary. Frederick's chest expanded. "Then you do not mind what I said?"

In reply, Mary placed her two hands in his, and all Frederick could see was the dark softness of her hair as it rested against the tan of his shirt.

In the evenings the picket fence no longer separated Frederick from the English roses. Tranquillity rested upon the street while Lind drank himself into stupor in the corner saloon. Frederick's horizon was bounded by the gas works and the street, by roses and Mary. Finances interested him only as regarded his pay envelope. For politics he cared not. The war in Europe failed to concern him otherwise than to further hasten his desire to be naturalized. In thirty days by the calendar he would be an American citizen. It was to be a surprise for Mary. But the process of law is slow.

In the meantime, Lind's money vanished, and he grew sober. With his senses came rage, blind rage with no fixed object in view until he encountered Mary's father.

"I'm after the rent," said Lind leaning upon the counter.

"I-I haven't it now, but—er—next month—H'll be it. Nobody pays."

"Well, you pay," said Lind, "or I'll take your daughter. I told her I'd give you a year's rent free, but she was headstrong." "She's h'already h'engaged," said English.

"Aha!" nodded Lind. "A loyal Englishwoman is to marry a German."

English scowled. "That makes her German, you know," continued Lind, "and Germans are England's enemies."

"E lives 'ere now."

"I can have him sent back to fight to-morrow. Germany has him spotted, you bet."

English had an awe of governments. "I'll speak to Mary," he conceded.

But Lind was out for trouble. The English roses fascinated him. That evening he sauntered by to see if Mary was in sight. He found her there, right enough, taking a thorn out of Frederick's thumb. Lind kept well outside the picket fence with the memory of a previous encounter, but he could not resist taunting Frederick now he was down among the roses having a thorn extracted by the prettiest girl of the street. "Well, Dutchy," sneered he, "your Kaiser is putting his head in a noose torpedoing our citizens. He'll be sending for you to help him fight pretty soon."

Frederick turned and looked Lind over. "So you are out again," said he. "I am an American now."

"Well, the Dutch Consul doesn't know it," retorted Lind.

"I am not interested in German Consuls now," said Frederick taking up the pruned shears.

"Just wait till the English lick you, Dutchy." Lind came nearer and leaned upon

the fence. "And I suppose you're thinking of falling into a soft snap in the English grocery store by marrying the girl? English money isn't so bad, is it, Dutchy?"

"I shall work at the gas works," denied Frederick.

"It's easy to talk," drawled Lind. "It's easier to fight," returned Frederick dropping the shears.

"You keep away from me," Lind backed off, but the fence was low and Frederick was across in a second. "Let me go," cried Lind, as Frederick's great hand fell upon him.

"How much do you owe Lind?" asked Frederick over the fence.

"Six months' rent h'at \$30 h'a month."

"Humph!" mused Frederick. "I have saved a couple of hundred. A start in housekeeping, I thought it. Still—you can have it, Mr. English. Mary and I will not need much and I am able to work."

English wished to clasp the hand of Frederick in thanksgiving, but a little demon of a newsboy with a flaring headline to his paper screeched along the street.

"No," said English. "I don't want German money."

"It is not German money. It is American money. I earned it here in the United States," explained Frederick slowly. "I am an American. You are an American. We live in America. We have no fight."

"I have my naturalization papers," continued Frederick. "I will show you."

"I believe you," accepted English, "but bring them over tonight. Come to supper, Mary's h'a good cook, my boy."

"She is the best girl ever," said Frederick, his hand now clasped by English across the picket fence. But his eyes were on Mary's face framed in the light of the kitchen window.

And the newsboy returned unheeded up the street.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.

Compiled for the Illustrated Weekly.

The Ensign's Embarrassment.

NOTHING the immature in a little brief authority and responsibility is frequently attended with results the reverse of impressive, as in the case of one of Uncle Sam's youthful officers below set forth.

While a certain war craft was lying at the Brooklyn navy yard a young ensign was placed in command of the deck. It happened that only one item remained on the list of the morning's duties, and that was to sweep decks at seven bells.

It was not a very martial command to give, but as the time approached, the officer of the deck waxed nervous. He imagined that the eyes of all hands were on him, and that the safety of the ship depended upon his giving the order in the proper voice. At three minutes to seven bells he again scanned the order-book. It read, "Seven bells: Pipe sweepers."

It was plain enough, and the young officer took no stand near the mainmast, and called out in a very weak voice, "Bo's'n's mate!"

The man addressed sprang to his feet with finger touching cap. "Aye, aye, sir," he replied.

Glancing hastily around, the scared officer muttered hoarsely, "Swipe sweepers!"

It was an entirely new order to the boatswain's mate. He touched his cap inquiringly. The ensign, more confused than ever, stammered desperately: "Peep sweepers, my man."

The words were overheard, and the laugh which followed proved the last straw. The ensign drew himself up, and with withering scorn explained:

"Sweep pipers, and be quick about it, too!"

This time his order was obeyed, the grinning boatswain's mate having fathomed his meaning.

A Turner Story.

IT APPEARS that Turner, the English painter, was blunt-spoken and often gruff, but that on occasion he unbent enough to jest, occasionally at his own expense. Here is an amusing instance:

His famous picture, "The Slave Ship,"—that wonderful combination of flaming and gorgeous colors—was once described by an exasperated critic as "a cat having a fit in a dish of tomato salad." Turner had never heard the phrase, but once when a salad was passed to him at dinner, he put on a critical and considering air as he regarded it, and remarked to his neighbor:

"Nice, cool green, that lettuce, isn't it? And the beet-root a pretty red—not quite strong enough, and the dressing, delicate tint of yellow, that! Add some mustard, and then you have one of my pictures!"

Fairly Caught.

IT IS said that Peter de Wint, the English landscape painter, was accustomed each year to have a semi-private show of his pictures before sending them to the Water Color Society's exhibition. On such occasions his friends frequently bought pictures, which, of course, appeared at the public exhibition marked "Sold."

Among the painter's friends was a wealthy man who wanted to appear a patron of art and at the same time to keep his money. He managed this by loudly admiring the paintings already sold. He was always a bit too late to buy the pictures that pleased him most, and having seen them, as he was wont to declare, he could never content himself with less beautiful works.

De Wint at last suspected the man's sincerity, and when the next show-day came round, he concluded to test him. After plenty of time had been allowed for De Wint's friends to make their purchases, the rich man arrived. As usual, his eye soon fell on two "perfect gems," marked "Sold." Turning to the artist, he said, "Now, De Wint, those are exactly the things I should like to possess; what a pity they are not to be had."

"My dear sir," said the painter, slapping him on the back, "I knew you would like them, so I put the tickets on them to keep them for you."

The awkwardness of the situation was only relieved when the enthusiastic admirer became the somewhat unwilling purchaser of the two "gems."

O'Connell and the Reporter.

WHEN Sir William Howard Russell—then Mr. Russell—was a young reporter, he was sent to Ireland by the London Times to report Daniel O'Connell's speeches during the repeal agitation. One of the first meetings he attended was in Kerry. Having heard of O'Connell's courtesy, he thought he would ask his permission to make a verbatim report of his speech.

The "liberator" not only consented, but in his suavest manner informed the assembled audience that "until the gentleman was provided with all writing conveniences, he would not speak a word."

Russell was delighted. His preparations were soon completed.

"Are you quite ready?" asked O'Connell.

"Quite ready," Russell replied.

"Now you are sure that you're entirely ready?"

"I am certain, sir."

The crowd was becoming excited and impatient. O'Connell rebuked them:

"Now upon my conscience," said he, "I won't begin my speech till the London gentleman is entirely ready."

After waiting another moment, O'Connell advanced to the front of the platform. Eyes glistened, ears were all attention, and the reporter's pencil was poised in the air. O'Connell bestowed one more benignant smile on the correspondent, winked wickedly at his auditors, and began his speech—in the Gaelic language.

Could Take it on Company.

SIR JOHN JELlicoe, the latest recipient of the greatly coveted British Order of Merit, told a good story recently of a train journey he took one bitterly cold night on a local line in Scotland.

His only fellow-traveler in the same compartment was a Scotsman, and he had just drawn his flask from his pocket when the train stopped at a little country station and the door opened.

"Tickets, please," said the shivering collector, with a longing look at the flask.

"Oo, aye," observed the Scotsman, as he fumbled in his pockets. "Wull ye take a nip?"

The ticket collector looked up and down, and as the coast was clear he remarked that he didn't mind if he did.

The traveler handed him the ticket. "Take it oot o' that then," was all he said, and he transferred his attention to the flask.—[Salt Lake Herald-Republican.]

"Real" Life.

IT WAS at the movies. An old couple sat together through a picture that included many views of the Wild West. In one of these a cattle "round-up" appeared, in which the dust rose in clouds from the parched ground.

The old lady began to cough, and finally, when the neighbors began to fidget, her husband nudged her with his elbow:

"Don't cough, Annie; can't you see you're disturbing the other folks?"

His wife looked at him apologetically over her handkerchief, smothering a spasm. "I can't help it, Ephraim. The dust tickles my throat."—[Everybody's Magazine.]

His Choice of Car.

LOTTERIES appeal to him. Day or night, rain or shine, he is ready to take a chance on anything from a game rooster to a ten-story building. Results are invariably unfavorable, but his optimism continues.

Recently his friend Jones, likewise a traveling man, met him in a dairy lunch.

"Well, Bob, how's business?" Jones asked.

"Pretty fair, Jones," Bob replied, "but nothing like it will be when I get my car. I figure I can cover twice the territory and in less time."

"Well, we all fall for the car stuff," Bob exclaimed. "What make will you buy?"

"Either an M—or an I—," his friend

answered; "I have a chance on both."—[Indianapolis News.]

Never Again.

A RECRUITING sergeant stationed in the south of Ireland met Pat and asked him to join the army. The latter refused, whereupon the sergeant asked his reason for refusing.

"Aren't the King and the Kaiser cousins?" asked Pat.

"Yes," said the recruiting sergeant.

"Well," said Pat, "begorra, I once interfered in a family squabble, and I'm not going to do so again."—[Chicago News.]

Not Fair.

LOTON HORTON, a New York milk distributor, was talking to a reporter about milk prices.

"But our adversaries' questions are not fair," Mr. Horton said. "Our adversaries are like the cross-examining lawyer."

"Is it true," this lawyer asked a witness, "that you were the only sober man at the banquet?"

"No, of course not," the witness answered indignantly.

"Who was, then?" said the lawyer.—[Washington Star.]

Being Kind to Her.

A COLONEL'S wife, who is doing real nursing at a certain London hospital, was recently offered a tip of six pence by an honest old couple in gratitude for her care of their soldier-son. Tact personified, she slipped the six pence back into the father's hand, saying, smilingly, that nurses weren't allowed to accept gratuities.

"Oh, that'll be all right, sister. I'll not say nothing about it. Just take it, and get yourself a drop o' gin in your off-time."—[Tit-Bits.]

Direct Answer.

THE boss of a woodworking shop in West Philadelphia was examining an Irishman as to his fitness for a job as a cabinet-maker.

"After a somewhat lengthy examination, the foreman asked: 'How would you make a Venetian blind?'"

"I'd poke him in the eye wid me screw driver," answered the tired Celt.—[The American Boy.]

Auctioneer's Start.

"NOW, then," said the auctioneer, holding up a pair of antique silver candlesticks, "give me a start."

"Tenpence!" came from a voice at the back of the room.

"What!" exclaimed the horrified auctioneer.

"Ah!" said the bidder, in an undertone. "That gave him a start all right!"—[Answers.]

Repartee.

WHEN it comes to repartee trust the Rotary Club to have a quota under steam all the time. Just for instance:

At a recent meeting of the club Rollare-Eggleston was on the floor calling for volunteer performers for the forthcoming Rotary minstrel show.

"I can play a flute," Walter Kipp shouted.

Somebody suggested that Harry Stormont could play the trap drums.

"Dale Eaglefield can play horse," piped Frank Shepard. The laugh went round and everybody thought Shepard had it on Eggleston, but the Keith manager came back with:

"We'll book him. Somebody has to haul the baggage."—[Indianapolis News.]

Food and Finance.

HES just a bit of a kid—but he's smart, mind you, he's smart.

His mother sent him downtown the other day to do some buying. She gave him an additional 15 cents with which to connect up with a one-arm lunch.

About ten minutes before high noon the boy edged into a one-armed, ordered a flock

of food and devoured it. When he looked at his check it said 35 cents. And he had only 15 cents.

Boy strategy went to work immediately. He edged up to another part of the counter and ordered 15 cents worth of food. The waiter gave him a 15-cent check. He choked the provender down, and then ambled over to the cashier and passed her 15 cents and his check.

That evening he told his mother about it and she upbraided him for his dishonesty.

"Don't roast me, mother," he said, soberly. "Eating that extra 15 cents' worth was punishment enough."—[Indianapolis News.]

Shucks!

A PEDESTRIAN on the Circle saw a glittering object on the sidewalk and stooped to pick it up.

"Shucks!" he exclaimed as he examined the piece of jewelry he had found. "It isn't worth a dollar."

"Well, what did you expect to find?" asked a passer-by.

"Oh, I was just commenting on my luck. I've found hundreds of things in the course of time, but nothing very valuable. I was hoping my luck would turn."

The passer-by, after taking a few steps toward the gutter, slipped a diamond ring off his finger, stooped and held up the ring, pretending to have found it.

"What do you think of that?" said the astonished finder of things. "Say, mister, I'll give you a hundred for it."

"Not for sale," and the passer-by put the ring back on his finger and walked away.—[Indianapolis News.]

Stood on His Rights.

"WHY did you strike this man?" asked the judge sternly.

"He called me a liar, Your Honor," replied the accused.

"Is that true?" asked the judge, turning to the man with the mussed-up face.

"Sure it's true," said the accused. "I called him a liar because he is one, and I can prove it."

"What have you got to say to that?" asked the judge of the defendant.

"It's got nothing to do with the case, Your Honor," was the unexpected reply. "Even if I am a liar I guess I've got a right to be sensible about it, ain't I?"—[Topeka State Journal.]

An Optimist.

IT WAS 5 o'clock a.m. He was starting the furnace fire at that unseemly hour.

Without warning a large lump of coal leaped from its berth on top of the coal pile and landed squarely on the captain of his toe brigade on the left foot. In other words, the coal landed squarely on his big toe. He warmed up much more quickly than the fire as he hopped about on one foot in imitation of a Russian toe dancer.

He swore, cursed his luck, increased the white space on his face and then—then—he began to smile. And his toe thumping like a stranded auto engine!

"Why, I really am lucky," he thought, "I'm lucky to have a coal pile big enough for a lump of coal to get a start on. Come on, do it again," he dared and smilingly cast his grouch in the furnace, gave his aching toe a rub or two and cheerily went to work.—[Indianapolis News.]

How They Were Made.

A GROUP of northerners at a hotel in Louisville were poking fun at the partiality of southerners for the titles of "colonel," "major," and "judge."

"What is a colonel hereabouts?" asked one of the group, and there immediately followed a discussion. Finally a colored attendant was drawn in.

"Well, gents," said the negro, "dere's lots of ways to answer dat question. I've knowed folks what was born kunnels—it jest run in de blood foh generations. An' I've knowed folks what was jest app'nted to be kunnels. An' yit others what was made kunnels by bein' kind to niggers. Foh instance, any man dat gives me a dollar is a 'kunnel to me hencefo' th' forevah.'"—[Everybody's Magazine.]

THE HARD-WON GUERDON OF THE FLAMES.

For Gladys and Badie. By Verden Bashore.

JERE GOODWIN sat erect in his saddle as his wiry cayuse jogged listlessly over the blazing sands. With an arm outstretched he counted the cattle by twos as they lay in the sweltering heat. The only available shade was an occasional plum bush or cottonwood. The Smoky River wound its silver ribbon here and there among shimmering sand flats. Up and down the valley the throbbing heat beat forth in great waves and lost itself in the smoky haze of the distant hills.

"Ninety-six, ninety-eight, seven hundred, two-four—and one are five," finished Jere. "I reckon the others are over in yon cut-banks."

The break in the herd allowed him a rest in the count. Lolling in his saddle he gave himself to his melancholy thoughts.

"Jumping, sun-burned Apaches!" he mused, as he flicked a dead fly from the end of Tony's ear. "I've done it sure." Tony thrust the ear forward and turned his head. "But I had to dress the old man down, or acquiesce to eatin' dinner on my knees, ladled from an automatic Colt's."

Then his effort at cheerfulness left him as the real anticipation claimed his thoughts.

Years on the plains had thrown him into contact with men who had little time for the nicer modes of speech. Consequently at times, he drifted into the concise form of expression common with the men of the plains-frontier.

With the instinct of a trained cow-horse, Tony ambled for the cattle that had separated from the larger herd. A spring of water gushed forth in a little draw close to the river bed. Tony edged toward the sparkling spring. "All right, Old Scout," said Jere. "Cold water is good on a day like this."

Tony thrust his soft muzzle four inches into the pool and held his breath while he drank deep draughts of the cooling liquid. Jere dismounted to stretch himself while Tony quenched his thirst. Six feet of well-proportioned bone and sinew draped themselves in the customary western attire. Rather more than thirty, the handsome sun-browned face had taken on firm lines; lines, if you will, of men who struggle hard, and win. Or lose. He slowly removed his broad-brimmed hat and mopped its band with a silk handanna.

"Yes, I've done it, Badie."

He had unconsciously spoken aloud. Let us leave him at the spring a moment.

Ten years before he had been in his senior year at Yale—happy-go-lucky, and loved by all who knew him. His allowance was sufficient. He had money and he spent it. But even so, he was often serious and given to long hours of lonesome thought and study.

Then came his crucial time. He was wrested from his road in the Valley of Idleness and thrust upon the jagged trail to the Peaks of Effort.

First came a telegram. He received it while pitching a winning game of ball. He crushed it and checked a welling sob. "Your mother low. Come quick," it read. He went. His father met him at the door. Jere understood.

Next was his father's failure. The creditors foreclosed. Jere left college. The business went to ruin. With it were lost hours and days and years of toil. The wolves had caught the horse. Jere lacked the business sense to check the slaughter. Then the father was laid to rest in the little plot on the shady green beside the mother.

The ordeal sobered Jere—and wised him. He learned that wealth was but a flimsy slave which would turn on the master when he should manifest signs of falling power.

He packed the more essential personal belongings into a suit case and said good-by to the few who stood as friends to the last. He bought a ticket for the West and traveled in quest of new environment. He gazed listlessly out of the car window on fertile valleys and wooded hills; green fields of waving grain and streams of muddy water. Then came miles and miles of green-brown prairie, stretching out on either side till it met with the azure blue of the cloudless sky. Prairie dogs scurried hither and

thither in consternation as the "Cannon Ball" on its way toward the setting sun, dashed through the rodents' densely-populated towns. The rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat of the wheels as they sped over the rail joints were deafening music to his ears.

The train pulled up at O—, a little Western Kansas town. Jere's destination—the one marked on his ticket, still lay many miles away. The water pipes creaked and groaned as the fireman swung it back to place. "Bo-o-o-ard!" sang out the conductor, and jets of steam shot out on either side of the engine, mingling their swish-swish with the clanging of the bell. Slowly the train moved away.

Jere looked off to the south at the broad, free span of prairie. Its somber, lonesome freedom seized and held him. "Lemme out!" he shouted to the porter who was closing the vestibule. The ruffled porter stood aside and Jere, suit case in hand, swung lightly off the moving train.

Thus entered his life on the Eight-X-Four. The boys there welcomed him in their quiet, western way. They showed him his bunk in the bunk house and suppressed persistent grins. For Jere was a tenderfoot, then.

"Can you ride?" Pete Binkley asked. Pete was the owner of the Eight-X-Four.

"Try me," Jere answered.

Standing-Abraham was saddled. Jere mounted (and dismounted) all in the twinkling of an eye. But not without a struggle. As he lay in the earth, trying to count his broken bones, the unfairness of the deal dawned upon him. Rising, he slowly brushed the dust from his clothing. Then he stalked angrily up to the group of laughing cowboys.

"You're a devilish coward!" he said to Pete in even tones. "I don't know how to ride a horse, but I do know how to fight. I can lick you all, one by one, on the same ground that I was thrown!" And no man cared to call the issue. To Pete's credit, it may be said that afterward no notice on the Eight-X-Four had to ride to win his spurs. Pete found the man in Jere and the understanding was mutual. As comrades they rode in burning heat, and weathered many a storm; and once while crossing the Great Southwest, Jere fell in a shapeless heap while pressing his own canteen to the lips of Pete. A miner happened along before the voice had called. That act won Pete's undying faith in Jere, and afterward as the former failed in health, the ranch ownership fell to him who had groveled in the dust at the feet of Standing-Abraham.

One day Old Man Gray came to the valley of the Smoky Hill and took up a homestead beside the Eight-X-Four. Back in his Virginia home he had learned that cattlemen were relentless to the sheepmen and hostile to the homesteaders. With this in mind, he eyed the boys of the ranch distrustfully—eyed them over a bushy, red mustache as he passed back and forth, hauling his goods from the squalid little railway town. But he had no fear of them. Born a pioneer, he was ever ready to buffet with the hardships that go hand and hand with the taming of the plains.

The work on the Gray homestead rapidly progressed. Then, one day, the Old Man went to town to meet his wife, a little, smile-wrinkled lady with light gray hair, fast turning white; and Badie, his daughter; Badie with deep blue eyes and rosy lips, and neatly-rounded form. She may have had another name, but this was the only one we ever knew.

We cannot record her thoughts as her father drove across the treeless plain to the home on the Smoky Hill; but let us say, that educated in eastern schools as she had been, and having had the pleasures and refinements of social life, those thoughts could not have been the brightest.

Horseback riding was about the only pleasure which broke the monotony of her lonesome life, and it was this that brought about the meeting. She had fallen from her horse. Jere, being near, had helped her to arise and asked if she was hurt. No, she was not. But she wondered at his strength, his graceful manner, and gentle speech. A thrill of pleasure flashed between them as each realized the other's admiration.

Having seen her home, he jogged back to the ranch. The chalk-buttes across the

river shone reddish-white in the setting sun. "I'll call her 'Badie.' That's enough," he whispered. As he rode on the chalk-buttes turned to the whitish blue.

The friendship grew, despite the snarlings of Old Man Gray. Finally Jere built a little home beneath the cottonwoods that overlooked the broad, blue valley of the Smoky Hill.

But he tasted bitter wine. Old Man Gray grew restless about his boundary line—the one on which Jere's fence was built. Survey determined the fence to be upon the old man's land. Satisfied this was wrong, Jere ordered that the line be re-surveyed. More careful work proved that in the first place it was where it should have been.

Not satisfied, the old man cut the wires in many spans. Jere came upon him in the act. The old man promptly drew and warned him off. Slipping from his mount, Jere walked up to the scowling gun. But the old man couldn't pull. Why, he never fully understood. Maybe Jere knew why. Anyway he left the former shrinking and disheveled, disarmed and thoroughly submissive.

The next day Jere saw Badie and tried to explain. She drew away.

"I'm sorry, Jere, you seemed a man." And her snapping eyes prevented further speech.

A blinding flash of lightning rent the air. In the brief instant that the heavens were lighted, a clear, white thing could be seen close at hand on the horizon of the rain-soaked prairie.

Jere, returning late from town, was giving Tony the reins. The crash knocked the horse to his knees, and just for a moment, Jere smelled that sickening, brassy odor which accompanies the near-by thunderbolt. Then he sank into a stupor. The beating rain revived him, and Tony was standing near. But there was something else, too—a covered wagon, not fifteen feet from Tony. Jere stared at the object blankly, trying to collect his wits.

A wall from the wagon aroused him. The horses picketed near plunged and snorted at the ends of their lariats. Jere summoned all his senses. The wall came faintly to his ears again—but clear and unmistakable. He arose and staggered toward it. Waiting for the lightning-flash, he folded back the flap-door and looked inside. What met his eyes appalled him. The thunder-bolt had struck the wagon, as two silent forms would testify. It was a prairie tragedy wherein the hopes of two were dashed as by the rain.

Another flash permitted Jere to see the situation in its fullness. He saw two round blue eyes, set in tear-stained, rosy cheeks, from which two chubby fists were brushing curls of golden hair. The little girl had seen Jere there as the lightning silhouetted him in bold relief against the blackness of the awful storm. With the instinct of the helpless babe, she put her trust in Jere, not knowing who he was, but feeling the need of a guiding hand—a hand of flesh and blood. The freakish lightning flash had left her to survive.

"Will oo wake my mudder and my pa?" she pleaded fearfully, with wide and trusting eyes, as she toddled toward the door. Jere stooped and clasped the warm little body to his heaving breast.

"Little one," he whispered, "your ma and pa don't need no wakin' up. They've gone out on the broad, free prairie; out where the sun shines all the while, and where the meadow larks are singin'—"

A purple glow and a deafening crash cut short his speech.

"Come honey," he said, as straggling bursts of thunder slowly died away. "We'll hike out o' here."

The next morning when the boys filed in to the breakfast-room at the Eight-X-Four they were astonished to find a chubby mite of a girl, possibly three summers old, perched on a soap-box at Jere's side, her eyes just level with the table top.

Art Clayton surveyed the child, then Jere, the ceiling, and the child again. He leaned against the wall and grinned faintly.

"Boys," he said, "remove the blind-fold and lemme buck out o' this here haze!"

"Goldie" Lane started to chime in, but Jere shut him up with a steely glance—one

that some of the boys had seen before. They meekly took their seats.

Jere cared for the little one with tenderness. After breakfast he told the boys—and the wanderers of the night before found peace far down in the meadow of the Eight-X-Four. The baby became the mascot of the ranch. She could not speak plainly enough to make her name understood, so Jere could only guess at the liped pronunciations, until that afternoon as he took her for a horse-back ride, he detected a tiny gold chain about her neck. A locket was appended which bore the inscription: "Gladys, from Mamma and Papa." But who the parents were, no one could tell. And Gladys, with her baby lip, seemed not to know.

As time went on, Old Man Gray spat contemptuously beneath the fiery, red mustache. "It's a blitherin' sin to see that little un in the hands o' Good'n! I almost sometimes 'low them folks had a sack o' dust, and somethin' different than lightning struck 'em."

Badie turned on him with eyes dilated, passion flaming from her face. Her mother saw her trembling lips and quickly sealed the breach.

"Why Ephraim!" she scolded, "you've no right to talk like that." She knew the old man was wrong and felt that she must speak before Badie did.

Badie's fight was a hard one. She loved this man, loved him for his strength and manly ways. And yet, she hated him too; hated him because he had thrashed a Gray, her own flesh and blood. She could not, with grace, endure the humiliation.

Returning from town one day, the old man brought a letter from his brother, Donald. It told of those who were lost in the storm. Years before the Gray brothers had drifted into divers paths, neither knowing where the other lived until Donald, returning to the Virginia homestead, learned of the brother's departure for Kansas years before.

Donald's letter was filled with anxiety for his daughter and her baby, Gladys. For the daughter had married a sturdy pioneer and they had left for O—in a wagon more than a year before. They surely had settled there. Had Ephraim seen them? If he had, would he tell them to write to their dad—just a line now and then about baby?

Old Man Gray bit the corners of his fiery, red mustache. He thought of Jere Goodwin and smiled. "That'll settle 'im," he said to the family, and stalked gingerly out to care for his team.

He drove over to Jere's the next day. When Jere read the letter his glance stole to Gladys at play in the sand. Then it roved to the chalk-buttes over the valley, beyond the cottonwoods. He choked back what he wanted to say. His breath quickened. A lump, unbidden, formed in his breast and crept up into his throat. It seemed that the chalk-buttes grew dim in the morning haze.

He had no doubt of the Grays' moral right to take Gladys, but he wanted her himself. But how about her? She would be in good hands with the Grays, and there was Badie—

His jaws closed with a click.

"Gladys, come here," he said between his teeth.

She looked up with wonder, unused to the tone, but toddled up and wrapped her hand in the buckskin fringe of his chaperajoe. When he stooped she was lost in a hug. He pressed a kiss to the warm, yellow curls, stroked softly the red little face with his big, hard hand. Then straightening quickly, he turned to Old Man Gray.

"There she is!" Wheeling, he stalked straight away, his spur wheels counting his steps.

Down by the cottonwoods, Tony was cropping the grass. When Jere reined him up, he spoke in his ear: "I guess it was best, anyway." And Tony no doubt understood—even the arm clutched tightly about his neck.

Back at the spring Jere tightened the cinch a hole, swung lightly into the saddle and rode slowly away. A sand lizard deftly dodged the pony's hoof and scurried away to the shade of a near-by soap weed. Away to the northwest a dry whirlwind caused

THE VEGETABLE GARDENS OF CALIFORNIA.

A Source of Wealth, Health and Happiness. By Percy L. Edwards.

VERY likely, there are parts of this country where garden vegetables are produced in greater quantity than in California. But it is a safe assertion to make, that in no other part of this land of ours do the real out-of-doors gardens produce green peas, string beans and ripe tomatoes in midwinter. "What, green peas, string beans and ripe tomatoes growing in the gardens of California in midwinter?" "Yes, why not?" Barring the happening along of a freak frost heavy enough to stop the growth of the vines, all of these and other green stuff may be gathered in the gardens of California at this time and any other time throughout the year.

All that is needed is a little protection from itinerant frosts, that may or may not come along. Some seasons there is an entire absence of these killing frosts. Then the gardens of this land of sunshine are most pleasing to the eyes. It is the effect produced by the mingling of the practical and the artistic in the vegetable garden and the flower garden that gives added interest to living in California, especially in the season which we call winter. Here our spring begins with the ending of summer. We are planting in February, in May and again in September. Indeed, many gardens are cultivated every month in the year. And this condition distinguishes this section of the country from all others. Flowers are blooming and gardens producing the year around.

In writing about the vegetable gardens of California, the writer wishes to give importance to the growing disposition of people to cultivate these gardens for their own use. And, although the market gardening of this State is a very important industry, in the mind of the writer, its importance is less in comparison with the economical advantage of our people growing at least a part of their necessities on their own lands. With the evident inclination of all food products to attain, permanently, a higher scale of prices, the production of greater supplies, spread over a greater area, with the idea in mind to make the soil help in maintaining the balance between income and expenditures, is the most reliable factor in solving this perplexing question of how to live within our incomes.

Beginning with the little "two by four" strip of garden in the sunny corner of the back yard, where the fruit trees permit sunlight to enter, the small plantings of lettuce, seed onions and radishes, thousands of our people are learning to do better. The back garden is no longer a joke. A considerable space is set apart for the "regular garden." Tomatoes, peas, beans and sweet corn have been added to the "elementals" named above and in some gardens are found rows of potatoes. With the present prices demanded for potatoes, backed by the evident fact that they will not, at least for some time to come, be any lower, potatoes would seem to claim first attention, on account of being the most needed vegetable. And so, the large number of our people now growing vegetables in out-of-the-way corners, is being increased by the many who are doing it on a larger scale for the economical advantage. This gives importance to the subject of private gardening.

We learn from the figures, officially correct, that California has 99,617,280 acres of land and did have a little more land before the overflow of what is known as the Salton Sea. Two hundred thousand acres are now submerged. Of this land area 27,931,444 acres are designated as farms, of which 11,389,894 acres are improved. The value of the farm property at the time of the last census, 1910, was given at \$1,614,694,584. Of course, this land has improved in value since then. But, why extend these figures, already beyond the comprehension of most of us? The only thing about the statement that we would like to change is the average size of the farm, 316 acres. Large acreages of grazing lands are included in the cultivated farms, which makes the average seem very large. For intensive effort small farms are required. There are still nearly 5000 farms, of above 1000 acres. This is by far too many.

At the present time the largest number of farms are 100 acres up to 500. But the smaller farms are rapidly growing more and now number upward of 25,000, of be-

tween twenty and fifty acres. This is the popular size and it is large enough for the intensive cultivation which will, undoubtedly, be the rule in agricultural operations in the years to come.

Official returns from the State statistician show 43,145 of the farms above stated as having vegetable gardens, with an acreage of 78,163. It is likely that most of these farms reporting vegetable gardens have some commercial value to them. Of the thousands of gardens growing vegetables for family use, nothing is said, quite likely. With the acreage of potatoes added to these figures, there were 151,962 farms growing vegetables in this State.

The writer finds on close examination of the figures given by the State statistician, that considerable confusion occurs in trying to make the United States census figures serve the purpose which only the State officials are supposed to carry out. It is the judgment of practical farmers that tens of thousands of vegetable-growing farms should be added to the above figures. The same authority gives the value of the vegetables raised at \$12,121,958, which goes to show that there are more farms producing vegetables of commercial value.

The value of the products of classified vegetable farms for the year stated is given at \$6,886,000. All vegetables of civilization may be grown in California. Those leading in commercial importance are potatoes, both Irish and sweet, tomatoes, asparagus, artichokes, cauliflower, cabbage, lettuce, onions, peas, beans, beets and also sweet corn. All of these are grown in large quantities for export trade. They are shipped both fresh and put up in cans.

Vegetable gardening on a commercial scale of importance started in California in the early years of 1880 when the first carload of vegetables was shipped out of the State. Since that time the growing and shipping have advanced until today the output is enormous. The average annual shipments of carloads are now given as follows: Potatoes, 10,000; asparagus, 350; artichokes, 150; celery, 2500; cauliflower, 800; cabbage, 1000; lettuce, 300; tomatoes, 300; onions, 3000; mixed vegetables such as peas, beans and sweet corn, 1000. That is about 13,500 cars of fresh vegetables.

Shipments are made to all parts of America. Both north and south parts of the State contribute to this production. The rich delta lands of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers produce great quantities of potatoes, onions, celery and asparagus. Los Angeles county produces tomatoes, cabbage and cauliflower in abundance. This county contributes a greater and more varied supply of vegetables than any other portion of the State. Orange county produces large amounts of tomatoes, celery, cabbage and the smaller vegetable products. From this county there is annually shipped over 1000 carloads of celery. The Orange county celery has a reputation that insures the highest market price, in both Canada and the United States.

The California Vegetable Union is one of the largest mutual concerns operating on this Coast. It now controls about forty packing-houses in California. Vegetables, fresh for the markets, is the exclusive business of this concern. The main office is in Los Angeles, with branches in San Francisco, Stockton and Sacramento. Representatives of this company are kept in the principal markets of this country and Canada. About 80 per cent. of the celery and asparagus produced are handled by the company. Lands in favorable locations are owned and others leased and operated by this company. Encouraging help is also extended to vegetable growers to co-operate with the Union in growing special lines for the market. The company guarantees to find the market for the growers and to obtain the best prices.

The canning of both fruits and vegetables has now become a great industry in California, and together with the canning of fish and other meats on the Pacific Coast, is now one of the great sources of supply in the economic requirement of the world. The output of some canned vegetables, especially asparagus, which was merely nominal in 1910, has now reached the remarkable figures of 198,500 cases, valued at nearly \$1,800,000. The total yearly output

of all vegetables canned is officially reported to be 2,365,000 cases of twenty-four cans each, which would mean nearly 60,000,000 cans. These cans are two pounds each for beans and peas and three pounds each for all other vegetables.

California cans more asparagus than any other State. There are several States which can more tomatoes. Over 2,000,000 cans of tomatoes are annually put up in this State. Los Angeles, Orange, Alameda, Santa Clara and Sonoma counties furnish the bulk of this vegetable. In this section there are yields of fifteen to twenty tons per acre and the growers make good returns from their crops. From \$6 to \$8 per ton is paid at the canneries. Farmers in the valley lands of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers are now cultivating extensive acreages and these sections are fast gaining ground in this industry. The value of the canned-tomato output is now above \$1,120,000 annually.

The quantities of the other vegetables named during the past season are beans, 150,000; peas, 200,000 cases. Besides the vegetables named above, there were canned 17,000 cases of spinach and above 15,000 cases of squash. There are other products coming under the head of vegetables, such as sweet corn, pumpkin and the like, which help to swell the total output, some seasons, over 3,000,000 cases, with a value of, approximately, \$3,500,000.

Considerable time is given by employees of the government in extending cultivation of various vegetables and truck crops. Their adaptability to different regions, the selection of varieties and methods of planting, cultivating, harvesting and marketing, are subjects constantly studied by employees having some unusual knowledge of these matters. Thus experiments have been made with all of the vegetables named above, especially with the production of celery, onions, lettuce and sweet potatoes.

The matter of seed selection is most important to the gardener. Especially is this true in the case of those gardeners producing on a large scale. The success of a crop may depend largely on the character of the seed. Government officials co-operating with producers and jobbers of seeds, make tests of seeds to determine their germinating quality. These tests are extended into experimenting with the productiveness of certain soils and the manner of making the soils produce more and better crops. In this way small gardening as well as larger is helped.

The intensive operations needed for successful gardening requires not only the best of the seed. Government officials co-operating of seeds to insure a fair start, but the application of more and better fertilizers. A careful study of the right time to plant and the right manner of planting, giving special attention to rotating crops and protection from pests, is helping the growers of vegetables for the market to realize good returns on this Coast. And the market gardening seems to cover all sorts of crops needed for the requirements of mankind. Let us take note of one specialty used by many people as a vegetable.

Chili-pepper growing has reached the dignity of an industry in Southern California. Within a short distance of the great city of Los Angeles, is, perhaps, the center of the chili-pepper production of the United States. Near the little town of Garden Grove are upward of 800 acres cultivated for chili peppers. From this acreage, recently, 1200 tons of green peppers and 500 tons of dried peppers were gathered. These brought the growers about \$121,000. In this same locality fifty acres of sweet Spanish peppers were raised for pickling purposes. Thirteen private drying plants are used in this neighborhood and others will be added as the business grows. When these green peppers are harvested, the pickling plants at Los Angeles pay prices ranging from \$18 to \$20 per ton. The crop begins to mature in August and runs into December. Red peppers follow later in the season.

This one product illustrates the splendid prospect for market gardening on this Coast. The long season of warm weather together with the use of irrigating water, enables the grower to get the highest productive results from the soils, especially the soils of Southern California.

We have paid more attention to the commercial side of this subject than at first intended; this, largely on account of the commercial idea being always uppermost. As said above, the writer attaches great importance to the spread of the idea of the small vegetable garden as an adjunct to every home place, combining the flower and vegetable gardens so as to beautify and render useful the whole.

This land is essentially a land of homes in the great out-of-doors. Its chiefest attraction, perhaps, is its climate. The most precious of all our blessings is good health. The home has its best setting where natural conditions are most conducive to the health of the family. Therefore, California, particularly, the southern portion, is a land of homes. And these homes may be made beautiful and of practical value by gardening. It is a mistake to assume that this attractive land of the south, among the golden orange groves, is reserved for the homes of wealthy people. To be sure, there are many great estates owned and occupied by people of wealth. Naturally they may choose where they live and may own what they may purchase. They have helped to make Southern California a wonderland of beauty. There is room for the rest of us who live less ostentatious lives.

While these luxurious homes of the wealthy are very attractive and apt to excite the envy of the less fortunate, it is no less true, the ideal California home is built on less pretentious lines. Some are so wonderful in their simplicity of build and surroundings as to attain the artistic. The vegetable garden instead of detracting from the general effect adds to it.

There is more practical sense than poetry in the song "Ten acres is enough." Ten acres in California is an estate. There is a long road leading from the day of the great 50,000-acre ranches to the modest ten-acre ranch of today. But, with the advance of time has come the greater wisdom of more intensive and efficient effort. The big ranges of fifty years ago have served their purpose, as did the ox teams, and have passed on. The ever-increasing force of population has broken the great land holding to pieces. In their place are the fifty and hundred-acre farms, which are gradually giving way to the ten and twenty-acre places.

And so on to the smaller suburban homes such as give the most attractive tone to the remarkably beautiful picture of the Southern California home. The owner is of those who, either from need or disposition, wishes his land to be a contributor to his necessities.

Likes the Cold.

[Minneapolis Journal:] She just hopes the temperature will drop to 40 degrees below and stay there, does Miss Loana M. Miller, freshman medical student at the University of Minnesota. Fellow "medics" looked at Miss Miller in amazement when they first heard her express that wish. The very sound of the words made 'em shiver. Some there were who favored an immediate psychopathic clinic, with Miss Miller as the subject.

Then they remembered that the girl student had registered at the university from Nome, Alaska. That explained all. And then Miss Miller went on to explain that in Alaska she spent most of her time in the winter months caring for and exercising her team of eight sledge dogs—driving them across packed and drifted snow wastes. She is studying medicine, so she can go back to Alaska and become a practitioner there.

"How about being called out of bed at midnight, with the temperature 40 or 50 below and hurrying twenty or thirty miles through a blizzard on an emergency case?" she was asked.

Her eyes sparkled. "That's just what I want to do; that's what I know I'll like best about my profession," she cried.

The girl student's father is a deputy United States marshal at Nome. Six years hence, if she persists in her present ambition, the jingle of the bell on her "lead" dog as the girl doctor makes her round of daily calls over the snow will be a common sound in the Far North.

*See Illustration on Page 14.

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EMBARGOED by every European nation, belligerent, non-belligerent, their colonies and by Japan; a rapidly decreasing yearly crop already insufficient to meet the annual demands; the potential reserve of centuries fast diminishing by abnormal inroads of the war—such in brief is the position of wool in an international sense at the beginning of 1917. True, record increases in prices, a shifting of the world's wool center and the temporary capture of the choicest foreign markets by new figures in world trade furnish the sensations in the international drama around this world commodity, but their entrance into the situation is made possible by the existence of the foregoing fundamental conditions.

The two great classes of wool which are most in demand for the manufacture of textiles are merinos and crossbreds. Of less importance are alpaca, mohair and llama wools. Merino is the finest of wools and is the standard by which the fineness of all wools is measured.

London for many years was the world's wool market and for a long time practically all wool passed through the great Wool Exchange on Coleman street. During this period the total clip of the world with the exception of South America's clip was assembled in this one market and there auctioned off to the great manufacturers who came to London yearly from all quarters of the globe to purchase their twelve-month supply. The movement to hold wool auctions in the countries which produce the wool has of late gained considerable momentum and for some time London has been fighting a losing battle against the coast towns of Australasia to retain all of this world market. A gradual change has taken place in this part of the machinery for wool distribution until at the present time the entire Australasian clip is sold at auction directly after shearing at the coast towns of Australia. The auctions are now the Mecca for many wool buyers who formerly dealt through London.

London still remains the greatest international wool market of the world, but since the war commenced has been outstripped by Boston in volume of distribution. In normal years London handles from 500,000,000 to 600,000,000 pounds a year, while this year's figures show Boston at slightly over 500,000,000 and London slightly less than this. Boston, however, acts largely as a distributor for the United States, and it is doubtful if that city will displace London in an international sense for some time to come. Other great wool markets are Melbourne and Sydney in Australia, Bradford and Leeds in England, Havre and Marseilles in France, Bremen and Hamburg in Germany, Antwerp in Belgium, Amsterdam in Holland, and Philadelphia and New York in the United States. New York is perhaps the greatest market in the world for the coarser wools from Russia, Asia, Turkey and India. These are used principally in the manufacture of rugs, carpets, coarse blankets and the like.

The normal production of wool in the world amounts to 2,800,000,000 pounds yearly, of which the United States produces one-eighth to one-tenth. This approximates the normal yield of Russia and likewise is equal to the aggregate crop of South America. Australia's crop is normally about twice that of the United States.

The wool grown in the United States is principally of the finer quality and is consumed entirely in the United States in the manufacture of products for personal use. The rougher, more bristly wool comes from Turkey, India and the other Asiatic countries and is consumed largely in the United States in the manufacture of carpets, rugs, rough blankets and other articles requiring a coarser variety of wool. Australasian wool is uniformly of a finer texture and is exported largely to England, the United States, France and other European countries to be used in the manufacture of textiles of the better grades. South American wool is practically all crossbred and in the main is coarser and requires more working to fit it for cloth manufacture than does the wool produced in either Australasia, England, or the United States. England formerly boycotted South American wool on account of its burly quality and in the past used Australasian wools almost entirely. However, the continental countries by monopolizing the South American clips and by

developing what is known as the "French Process" have been able to make good yarns and textiles of this cheaper material and sell them at prices which the English could not touch. These fabrics have a soft, even finish, and largely owing to this fact France and other continental countries are the chief manufacturers of women's goods, while England excels in men's.

Less than one-fifth of the wool imported into England is grown outside of the British Empire, while France, Germany and Belgium use South American and similar wools to the extent of one-half of their requirements.

The significant feature about the commodity wool is that although many countries produce it in enormous amounts, an international trade in it is very essential in order to assemble in sufficient quantities the correct percentages of different kinds of wool required to manufacture the various textiles correctly. Here then is a point of far-reaching consequence which many of us have previously overlooked in our consideration of the effect of the British embargo on wool. England's action in regard to wool was taken early in the war and her move has been followed by like decrees on the part of her Allies and later by every other country in Europe. More recently British colonies followed the lead of the mother country. Under the embargo exports of wool are allowed only upon licenses or permits issued by government authorities. These have been granted in limited numbers by England and her Allies after the requirements of the war have been met. In order to guarantee that none of the wool thus exported shall reach enemy countries all goods shipped under permit are handled in the countries to which they are consigned by specially organized combines such as the Textile Alliance, Inc., in the United States and the Netherlands Overseas Trust in Holland, which guarantee against the re-exportation of goods so received.

As a final step to stop suspected leaks in the wool embargo and likewise to prevent the possible purchase and subsequent storage in neutral countries until the close of the war by the Germanic Allies, England on June 10, 1916, commandeered the entire wool crop of the British Isles. On November 25, it likewise commandeered the clip of Australia and New Zealand. This action has resulted in even greater stringency in the issuance of permits. Wools thus commandeered by the government have been taken over at approximately the market price, the recently commandeered Australasian crop having been paid for at a rate 55 per cent. over the market rate in 1913-14.

Consumers in the United States have been fortunate in receiving a goodly portion of the wool clip of the United Kingdom. This is perhaps due largely to the fact that the colonies have brought pressure to bear in favor of the United States, because they have realized that if we were to be eliminated from the competition for their wool the price would sag, and partly because of the bearing that such exports have had upon the balance of trade and upon the rate of exchange between the two nations. At the present writing American buyers are anxiously awaiting announcements as to the course which the British government will adopt in regard to the Australasian clip just commandeered.

In analyzing the changes in the wool situation as wrought by the war a primary consideration is the decrease in the production of wool during the period of conflict. This may be ascribed to a certain extent to a loss of many wool-bearing sheep in the southern hemisphere during the past year due to the extreme drought which has prevailed. More than this, however, the immense drain on the labor resources of many great wool-producing countries whence men have been called to the colors has resulted in a dearth of help to properly care for the sheep during critical periods. These factors coupled with the increased demand for sheep as food have depleted the supply of sheep to such an extent that it will take years to bring it back to normal or before-the-war figures.

The following table shows the number of sheep in the world according to the latest available reports and estimates of National Association of Wool Manufacturers:

Country	Year	Number
North America		
United States and continental	1914	49,160,000
Noncontiguous, except Philippine Islands:		
Hawaii		76,719
Porto Rico		6,363
Alaska		199
Total United States		49,242,981
Canada	1914	1,945,101
Newfoundland		97,497
Mexico	1902	3,424,325
Guatemala		114,000
Other Central America		124,644
Cuba		9,882
British West Indies		27,860
Dutch West Indies		22,443
Guadeloupe		11,721
Total North America		55,487,769
South America:		
Argentina	1912	82,545,931
Brazil	1913	10,652,000
Chile	1910	1,454,723
Colombia	1914	3,594,195
Uruguay	1909	26,284,296
Venezuela		17,000
Falkland Islands		100,000
Other South America		300,000
Total South America		124,476,273
Europe:		
Austria-Hungary	1910-11	12,327,847
Belgium		234,723
Bulgaria	1910	4,032,528
Denmark, Iceland and Faroe Islands	1914	1,246,000
Finland		1,369,000
France	1912	12,376,124
Germany	1913	3,594,195
Greece		2,547,000
Italy	1900	11,162,326
Montenegro		400,000
Netherlands		845,000
Norway		1,258,000
Portugal	1904	3,972,588
Romania	1911	5,269,492
Russia in Europe	1914	42,730,000
Saxony		55,125
Serbia	1910	2,518,997
Spain	1913	10,441,497
Sweden		958,000
Switzerland	1912	161,000
Turkey	1910	20,364,000
United Kingdom, including Isle of Man, etc.	1915	27,954,000
All other Europe		20,000
Total Europe		180,714,292
Asia:		
British India	1914	23,001,955
Native States	1914	8,306,400
Total		31,307,955
Ceylon	1913	64,000
Cyprus	1913	263,000
Japan	1912	2,207
Philippine Islands	1912	163,000
Russia in Asia	1912	23,321,000
Turkey in Asia		27,094,078
Other Asia		60,000
Total Asia		60,921,632
Africa:		
Algeria	1912	4,338,023
Basutoland		1,268,000
British East Africa	1912	6,154,000
German East Africa	1912	6,435,047
German Southwest Africa	1912	458,000
Madagascar	1911	162,000
Rhodesia	1911	200,000
Soudan (Anglo-Egypt)	1909	520,000
Tunisia	1914	1,119,000
Uganda Protectorate	1914	545,000
Cape of Good Hope		
Natal		
Orange Free State		
Transvaal	1913	35,718,843
All other Africa		2,000,000
Total Africa		64,921,932
Oceania:		
Australia	1913	62,781,283
New Zealand	1913	24,407,863
Total Australasia		87,189,146
Other Oceania		16,000
Total Oceania		87,205,146
Total World		616,267,049

*Includes lambs.

Of even greater importance in the war-time changes in the international wool situation are the immense inroads which have been made upon the existing wool reserves which had been accumulated through the years. Whereas under normal conditions the wool fibers are used over and over again, during the present war-time period the majority of the army clothing has been destroyed outright. The amount of wornout fiber thus destroyed would run to enormous figures. Thus what has taken years to accumulate is being destroyed seemingly overnight and with no evident prospect of replacement for many years to come.

The results of these war-time changes are already evident. Markets which Germany, England, France, Italy and the other European countries had taken years to build up have been abandoned without notice and for an indefinite time. Other nations like Japan and the United States and more recently Italy have not been loth to grasp the opportunities thus offered and have exerted every effort to establish themselves in this new trade.

Another result of the abnormal conditions is that the increased demand for wool for the use of the soldiers on the battlefields coupled with the fierce competitive bidding for the available supply on the part of neutrals has caused prices of wool and wool fabrics to increase from 50 to 100 per cent.

A prophecy as to the future status of wool would not come amiss at this time. Certainly girls

it is that there will be an era of continued high prices in wool and woolstuffs for some years to come. The flocks can only be increased gradually and an immediate appreciable increase is necessary to again bring the yearly crop up to the point where it is large enough to meet all demands. The yearly shortcomings cannot be offset by recourse to reserves, because the latter have already been seriously depleted.

In the opinion of one high authority in woolen circles, the Allies will do everything in their power when the war is over to prevent Germany and her allies from purchasing any wool in the markets which they control. This will force the Germanic allies to bid against the entire neutral world in the independent wool markets, notably South America, in order to secure wool with which to enter immediately into the commercial battle to regain their lost foreign trade, and will likewise keep the general level of prices high.

Will the new entrants into the field of international trade be able to hold their newly gained markets in the trade war which is sure to follow the peace declaration? To a considerable extent they will. Japan has succeeded in taking over a large woolen trade dropped by the belligerents, most notably Germany, in the Far East, and has supplanted the textiles formerly sold there by a cheaper variety of goods containing a portion of cotton which has been very satisfactorily received. There is no reason to believe that with their shorter haul, cheaper labor, and the prestige of several years of successful dealing they will not be able to retain their share.

The United States is likewise fairly certain to retain an appreciable portion of her trade conquests, and this applies to wools as well as to other commodities. While our foreign trade connections are rapidly being extended, so, too, are our facilities in this particular industry. Many of our staple textiles such as blue serges are manufactured on such a large scale in this country that in the matter of price we are fully able to meet the European competition. So that while some of our newly gained trade will be lost it is safe to assume that a substantial portion will be retained after the war.

Another after-the-war prediction is that a larger proportion of mixed cotton and woolen goods will be manufactured. This seems to be a logical consequence of present conditions and the trend is already visible in offerings by various manufacturers.

An outgrowth of the situation which is bound to come and which has even now been made the subject of organized and concerted action upon the part of the wool manufacturers of the United States is a campaign for more sheep throughout the world. This movement is certain to gain momentum at the close of hostilities, and will, it is hoped, bring relief from the acute situation brought on by the war.

Raise in Sugar Prices.

[Pacific Coast Manufacturer:] There is just a little demagoguery in the following that needs exposure:

"Raise in sugar prices may be basis for prosecution."—News Item.

Many newspapers printed the above, some in headlines across the page.

Sugar is a State product, or soon will be, of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Utah and Montana. These factories employ 200 to 300 men each at big wages.

These six States now have between twenty and thirty sugar refineries with possibly \$20,000,000 invested.

These factories distribute millions in wages and to the farmers, and good prices for sugar are shared with labor and the producer of beets. At some factories labor gets a 25-cent-a-day bonus and the farmer \$1 a ton over contract price.

A government prosecution of sugar producers would employ politicians, officeholders and Federal lawyers.

As a world product next to meats and flour, sugar is probably subject to the law of supply and demand.

[Panther:] Po! Your roommate says that he is a practical socialist.

Dunk: He must be. He wears my shirts, smokes my tobacco and writes to would not come amiss at this time. Certainly girls.

THE WAR AND THE WORLD'S WOOL TRADE. How the Trade Has Shifted. From the "Americas." TRIUNFO FINAL DEL GENERAL BOLIVAR. Independencia Sudamericana. Por el Dr. J. Ziegner-Uribe.

Hemos visto en las anteriores entregas los importantes sucesos del General Bolívar, y en el presente veremos como este gran patriota llevó a feliz término la guerra de la independencia en la parte Norte de la América del Sur.

En Cádiz (España), el rey preparaba una fuerte expedición para enviarla a Venezuela, la que se sublevó, proclamando el restablecimiento de la Constitución de 1812. Entonces el gobierno de España encargó a Morillo que abriese negociaciones con los revolucionarios.

En virtud de estas instrucciones, Morillo dirigió una nota circular a todos los jefes de divisiones patriotas que recorrían el territorio de Venezuela (17 de Junio), en que les daba cuenta de los cambios ocurridos en España y proponía una suspensión de hostilidades para entrar en negociaciones.

Las contestaciones de los jefes insurgentes no se hicieron esperar; muchas se manifestaron inclinadas en favor de la paz, pero todos declararon que no era posible tratar sobre otra base que el reconocimiento de Colombia. El presidente del Congreso y el de la República contestaron de un modo análogo.

Morillo soportó con profundo dolor esta humillación. Propuso a Bolívar una tregua, ya que este se negaba a aceptar las proposiciones de paz.

El libertador de Colombia, por su parte, recibió bien esta última proposición. Los plenipotenciarios de ambos ejércitos se reunieron en la ciudad de Trujillo y allí firmaron, el 25 de Noviembre de 1820, un armisticio que debía durar seis meses.

Al día siguiente, se firmó un tratado por el cual se regularizó la guerra, comprometiéndose Bolívar y Morillo a respetar la vida de los prisioneros.

Firmado este convenio, Morillo manifestó a sus comisionados que deseaba ardientemente tener una entrevista con Bolívar. El libertador aceptó y se puso en marcha para Santa Ana, al norte de Trujillo, donde estaba acampado el ejército español. Allí se encontraron los dos generales, rodeados por algunos oficiales y edecanes de ambos ejércitos.

Al acercarse, Morillo y Bolívar echaron pía a tierra, y se abrazaron con manifestas señales de estimación.

Los dos generales, después de haber combatido a muerte durante cinco años, pasaron algunas horas en la más estrecha cordialidad, y se separaron al día siguiente despidiéndose como viejos amigos.

El general español se felicitó de haber celebrado el armisticio de Trujillo. Desde algunos meses antes, había solicitado y conseguido del gobierno de Madrid, su relevo del mando del ejército; pero no quiso alejarse de América, sino cuando creyó que los negocios se encaminaban a la consecución de una paz definitiva con la metrópoli.

El 17 de Septiembre de 1820, se embarcó para España, tomando el mariscal de campo Don Miguel de La Torre el mando del ejército español.

El armisticio proporcionó un momento de descanso a los beligerantes; pero no detuvo la marcha de la revolución colombiana.

El 28 de Enero de 1821, la importante ciudad de Maracaibo se declaró por la independencia.

Indefinidas fueron las reclamaciones entabladas por el General La Torre contra esta violación del armisticio; surgieron más bien nuevas complicaciones. Entonces fijó el 28 de Abril para la reapertura de la campaña.

Bolívar se reunió con Páez en San Carlos. Mientras tanto, una división patriota, mandada por el General Bermúdez, cayó sobre Caracas, obligando a las tropas españolas a evacuar esta ciudad (14 de Mayo). Esta división distrajo un cuerpo considerable del ejército de La Torre, pero se vio forzada a abandonar la capital, y a retirarse a las provincias orientales.

La Torre quedaba acampado en la llanura de Carabobo, al norte de la montaña que lo separaba de Bolívar. Tenía un ejército de 5500 hombres perfectamente disciplinados y aguerridos.

Para llegar a este campamento, el libertador tenía que atravesar la montaña, por estrechas gargantas, en donde un puñado de hombres habría podido detenerlo.

El ejército independiente, fuerte de 6000 soldados, penetró resolutely en esas desfiladeros. Al notar su aproximación, La

Torre hizo romper fuego sobre la vanguardia patriota.

El batallón que marchaba a la cabeza de esta, resistió vigorosamente a pesar de hallarse casi auso; pero vacilaba y retrocedía sin oír la voz de Páez, que lo alentaba con la palabra y el ejemplo, cuando bajó de la montaña un regimiento de Auxiliares indígenas, mandado por el Coronel John Farrier, formó en batalla bajo el fuego más horroroso, y echando una rodilla a tierra, resistió el ataque de los españoles hasta que se organizó el primer batallón y llegaron en su socorro los otros soldados que bajaban por la montaña. Los patriotas cargaron a la bayoneta sobre la primera división realista, obligándola a caer en desorden sobre el grueso de su ejército.

Una hora después, todo el ejército español era puesto en fuga. Batallones enteros rindieron las armas, otros se dispersaron en las selvas; y sólo muy débiles restos del poderoso ejército de La Torre llegaron a Puerto Cabello (24 de Junio de 1821).

Bolívar y Páez entraron en Caracas el 29 de Junio.

Después de esta batalla de Carabobo, Bolívar se dirigió al Congreso Nacional, instalado en Cucuía, y manifestó que habiendo sido nombrado Presidente de Venezuela, no se consideraba Presidente de Colombia y que, en consecuencia, hacía renuncia de su puesto.

El Congreso discutió y votó tranquilamente la Constitución de Colombia. Consignó dicha Constitución, el gobierno popular y representativo; que el presidente duraría cuatro años y no sería reelegible. Proclamó también la Constitución el sistema unitario de gobierno, dividió la República en seis o más departamentos, y declaró a Bogotá capital de la República. El Congreso, en seguida, nombró a Bolívar presidente de la República, y a Santander, Vicepresidente.

Al mismo tiempo, juró y promulgó modestamente la Constitución de Colombia, y asumió nuevamente el papel guerrero, delegando el mando supremo en el Vicepresidente de la República.

En el mismo día que Bolívar se recibía de la Presidencia de Colombia, Mantilla entraba triunfante en Cartagena, después de 14 meses de sitio.

Las provincias del Istmo, Panamá y Veraguas, proclamaron su independencia, y las fortalezas de Chagres y Portobelo quedaron por los patriotas (Noviembre de 1821).

Bolívar dividió a Venezuela en tres departamentos militares que encargó a Maríño, Páez y Bermúdez, bajo la dirección superior de Soublatte.

Poco después, Cumán se rindió a Bermúdez, quedando los españoles reducidos a Puerto Cabello, con una guarnición de 4000 hombres. Los patriotas la atacaron, bajo el mando de Páez, tomando por asalto la plaza (Noviembre de 1823).

La guerra del Sur de Colombia, emprendida después de la reconquista de Nueva Granada, con Quito por objetivo, no había sido tan fella como la del Norte.

Los realistas se hicieron fuertes en las provincias de Pasto y Patía, haciendo experimentar serios reveses a los patriotas.

Esta desastrosa guerra se hubiera prolongado indefinidamente, sostenida por las poblaciones realistas de Pasto y Patía, auxiliadas por el Perú y apoyadas por Quito, si la expedición de San Martín y el dominio del Pacífico, no hubieran aislado ese foco de resistencia, y permitido atacarlo por su base.

Convencido pues, Bolívar de que la guerra del Sur no daba resultados llevándola por los valles de Pasto y Patía, resolvió atacar a Quito por el Sur y por el Norte, buscando el camino del Pacífico.

Faltaba un solo jefe capaz de llevar a cabo esta combinada operación, y Bolívar fijó en un modesto oficial, que por sus brillantes cualidades, debía llegar a ser uno de los más grandes generales de la independencia americana.

Llamábase "Antonio José de Sucre." Nacido en Cumán, y educado científicamente, había desde muy joven combatido con Miranda, Piar y Bolívar. A la sazón, era Ministro de la Guerra en Colombia.

Sucre se embarcó en Puerto de Buenaventura y se dirigió hacia Guayaquil (Mayo de 1821).

A su arribo, encontró que esta provincia se había declarado independiente. No pudiendo, sin embargo, sostenerse por sí misma, habíase dividido en dos partidos; uno (el

más numeroso) que optaba por su incorporación al Perú, y otro que optaba por su incorporación a Colombia.

Sucre se mantuvo ajeno a esta cuestión, y se contentó con prestar a Guayaquil sus auxilios contra la reacción realista que se produjo en esa República.

Al frente luego de sus fuerzas unidas con las de Guayaquil, batió al realista González, segundo de Aymerich, en Yahuachi, siendo más tarde batido por el mismo, con fuerzas muy superiores, en Huachi o Ambato.

Sucre reunió entonces sus diversas tropas y se ocupó en defender los ríos y pasos difíciles de las montañas, esperando auxilios del Perú y Colombia.

Entretanto, Bolívar marchó hacia el río Guallará para penetrar en el territorio de Quito.

En su marcha encontró con el ejército realista, fuerte de 2000 hombres, en el mayor parte voluntarios del país, fortificado al pie del volcán de Pasto, apoyando su derecha sobre el volcán, y su izquierda sobre la margen del río Guallará, siendo el centro espeso bosque, con barranco al pie, y defendido por trincheras de árboles abatidos. La posición era inexpugnable.

Bolívar, sin embargo, decidió atacar (7 de Abril de 1822).

El ejército independiente formaba en la llanura de Bomboná.

Se combatió energicamente por ambas partes, durante 8 o 10 horas. Los realistas se retiraron, al fin, pero nadie sabía quien era el vencido ni el vencedor, pues ambos ejércitos estaban derrotados. El campo quedó por los patriotas, pero perdieron la tercera parte de su ejército.

Esa fue la estéril batalla de Bomboná.

Bolívar, reducido forzosamente a la inacción, vióse obligado a emprender la retirada, perdiendo en ella varios destacamentos, 500 fusiles y la correspondencia oficial. Hizo alto en Patía, y pidió refuerzos a Popayán, que le fueron inmediatamente enviados.

Entretanto, Sucre, comprendiendo que con las escasas fuerzas de que disponía le sería imposible abrir campaña formal sobre Quito, escribió a San Martín pidiéndole auxilios. Al mismo tiempo los solicitaba de Bolívar, quien apenas pudo enviarle algunos reclutas y la orden terminante de atacar a Cuenca.

Tal operación era imposible sin el auxilio del Perú, y Sucre aún no contaba con fuerzas suficientes para tomar esta ofensiva parcial.

Entonces fué cuando el General San Martín decidió tomar parte en la guerra de Quito, y envió una división auxiliar bajo el mando del coronel Santa Cruz, de 1300 a 1500 hombres, formada por el batallón número 2 del Perú, bajo las órdenes del coronel argentino Félix Olazábal; otro batallón mandado por el comandante argentino Villa; dos escuadrones de cazadores a caballo del Perú, mandados por Sánchez; y un escuadrón de Granaderos de los Andes con su comandante Juan Lavalle a la cabeza.

Los dos generales patriotas, Bolívar y Sucre, convergieron sobre la capital. El general realista Aymerich se situó en el Valle de Riobamba con el grueso de su ejército.

Sucre que contaba con 2500 hombres, provocó con insistencia la batalla que rehusaron los realistas. Descuidaron sin embargo, cubrir una quebrada, único punto accesible. Sucre, aprovechando ese descuido, penetró por allí, desplegando su línea de batalla en el valle opuesto.

Los realistas excusaron aún el combate, y se retiraron a otra posición más a retaguardia de la villa de Riobamba. La caballería realista avanzó a su vez, pero el comandante argentino Juan Lavalle cargó a fondo, sable en mano, con sus 96 granaderos, poniendo en completa derrota a los realistas. Rehucos éstos, volvieron al ataque, siendo acuchillados por segunda vez por los Granaderos Argentinos, sostenidos por los Dragones Colombianos, y puestos en desordenada fuga.

Tal fué el combate de Riobamba, acaso el más brillante de caballería en la guerra de la independencia americana.

El comandante Lavalle y sus granaderos fueron los héroes de la jornada. Bolívar les honró dando al escuadrón argentino el nombre de "Granaderos de Riobamba."

Después de esta refriega, el ejército español se retiró e hizo fuerte en las inaccesibles posiciones de Jatupana.

Sucre avanzó por un camino que, ascendiendo del volcán Cotopaxi, le condujo des-

pués de cuatro días de marcha a través de heladas cimas, hasta el valle de Chillo, a 20 kilómetros de Quito. Sucre, entonces, siguió durante la noche la escabrosa falda del volcán de Pichincha, que dió su nombre a esta jornada, vino a colocarse a la mañana del siguiente día con su vanguardia, en las alturas de dicho volcán, que domina a Quito, y a cuyo pie se desenvuelve aspera cuesta.

Los españoles atacaron por dicha cuesta, siendo contenidos por el coronel Olazábal al frente del 2 del Perú, y por los demás batallones colombianos que fueron sucesivamente entrando en fuego.

El general Córdoba completó la derrota, echando cuesta abajo al enemigo, que se refugió en la ciudad (24 de Mayo de 1822).

El general Sucre intimó rendición a la ciudad. Aymerich capituló; entregando a Quito con sus fortalezas, tropas y armamentos (25 de Mayo de 1822).

Entretanto, Bolívar, replegado como sabemos en Patía y fuerte de 2000 hombres, obligaba a capitular a Pasto, que con tan grande energía cuanto valerosa decisión había sostenido la causa realista.

Los vencedores de Pichincha enarbolaron en Quito las banderas colombianas, declarándolo de hecho incorporado a la Gran República de Colombia, no obstante las protestas de la Municipalidad contra tan injustificado avance, contrario a los votos de la mayoría de los ciudadanos.

Sucre perfeccionó este acto destruyendo hábil y prudentemente la oposición, de modo que al llegar Bolívar a Quito, todo estaba sometido a las bayonetas colombianas.

Quito recibió en triunfo al libertador Bolívar (16 de Junio de 1822).

Fué entonces cuando San Martín, el libertador del Sur, y Bolívar, el del Norte, proclamaron a la faz del mundo la gran alianza de las armas triunfantes de la revolución sudamericana.

Toda la América Meridional estaba independizada y barrida de enemigos, desde Méjico hasta el Cabo de Hornos. Quedaba sólo Puerto Cabello, en Colombia, y una parte del Perú por libertar.

Unite Nation With Song.

[Thomas W. Surette in the Atlantic Monthly:] Anyone who has compared town and city life in this country and in Europe and has seen what a pleasure and what a civilizing influence music may become when it is properly taught in childhood, must realize how great a loss our people sustain by the neglect of singing.

We are only now beginning to realize how long it takes to weld a diverse people into one by means of an intellectual conception of nationality. The thin bond of self-interest, the advantage of "getting on" in the world—these keep us together in ordinary times; but in a great crisis such bonds break. The heaven of sentiment is needed. We want a common sympathy; we want above all some means of expression for that sympathy.

There have been of late numerous great meetings, at which the feelings of men and women have expended themselves in shouts, and cheers, in the clapping of hands, and in others in articulate methods of expressing emotions. What would not a song have done for these thousands—a song they all knew and loved? Are we forever to be dumb?

Altered War Words.

[London Chronicle:] An examination of modern military terms reveals the fact that very few of them possess the meaning originally assigned to them. Munitions, for example, in ancient times signified not only the materials of warfare, but also the fixed defenses of an army. Thus the translators of the authorized version of the Bible use the phrase "munitions of rocks," to translate "impregnable rock fortresses," and the defending army is charged to "keep the munitions" when the meaning is "guard the fortresses." Carriage is another word with a changed meaning. In Acts appears the phrase "We took up our carriages." It is one Greek word meaning "having packed up," and the Geneva version (1557) has "we trussed up our fardels." In those days the word's meaning was "something carried," not as now, "something that carries."

ed his leaders of absent himself and to return would make his their hats into y," have been der for several ct was not dif- f these stories, ived here both and government ord of Villa's been obtainable reports given out ita have placed parts of Chihu- officers and off- ted they did not was. received here to- Mexican Central open south from to Mexico. Re- Lower Chihu- ine, according to is, was not with illa, but by lesser is in command of country recently en. Pershing, ac- ports. IR SITUATION. (next week) ab. 17.—A report are tonight that Americans have d to cross into Me- d attack the Me- the Corner ranch allied three Amer- rt said the Amer- d the border and band of Mexican on the Mexican hite, N. M. Hasbina known there of a rrier ranch is near- on Hasbina. CON PATROL. (next time) HANCH (N. M. pointer to Hasbina. —When the border, Burton Jensen d were committed late today the that Corner ranch told three more names of Americans killed axico. rmon change, chob- r Father," as the lowered into the d Mormon scouts rican boundary line rian attack by bar- e and homesteaders graves, with their as in one hand and se other. eone of the triple sed within sight of ch where the three e were captured late an riders, dragged or and killed, after lies were mutilated. eadlance of Mon- ch, where Salazar's entomped while the eir United States on this page.)

